KING GEORGE
AND THE ROYAL FAMILY

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AND THE ROYAL FAMILY

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

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KING GEORGE
AND THE ROYAL FAMILY

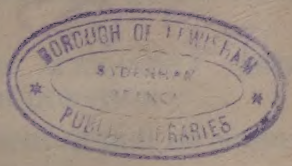
BY

EDWARD LEGGE

AUTHOR OF

"KING EDWARD IN HIS TRUE COLOURS"

VOLUME II



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CHAPTER I

THE KINGSHIP: "HECKLING" HIS MAJESTY: "HONOURS"

"WHAT the King must do" and "What the King must not do"—to save his Crown and preserve his Dynasty—are points very fully discussed in a preceding chapter, but calling for supplemental reference here owing to certain questionings of Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons on August 9, 1917. The interrogators were that zealous guardian of the public weal and fervent patriot, Mr. Lynch, and (by deputy) Mr. Swift MacNeill, both representatives of Irish constituencies. Future historians of the reign of our present Sovereign will, I hope, remember me in their prayers for putting on permanent record these extracts from the proceedings in Parliament on the date mentioned:

LORD R. CECIL, answering an inquiry by Mr. LYNCH,* whether there was any record in the Foreign Office of any correspondence in the days preceding the war between the King, on the one hand, and the Kaiser or Prince Henry of Prussia, on the other, and if so whether it would be submitted to the consideration of Parliament, said: I would refer the hon. member to p. 538 of Command Paper 7860 of 1915.

Mr. LYNCH: As I have not all the papers at my fingers'

* House of Commons, August 9, 1917.

ends at the moment, may I ask whether in these matters the King has a foreign policy of his own and whether he has ever pursued that foreign policy without direct reference to the Foreign Office?

The SPEAKER: That raises a very different question.

[The Command Paper entitled "Collected Diplomatic Documents relating to the outbreak of the European War" was presented to Parliament in May 1915. Extracts from it are given in another part of this work.]

Mr. LYNCH, for Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, asked the Prime Minister whether, having regard to the telegram sent by the German Emperor to President Wilson on August 14, 1914, containing statements alleged to have been made by Prince Henry of Prussia in relation to the foreign policy of Great Britain and her attitude towards the Allied Powers by His Majesty the King, to which a denial had been given, the Government would give an assurance that the rule of constitutional practice still obtained, that the Sovereign did not take independent action in foreign affairs, and that everything which passed between him and foreign Ministers was known to his own Ministers, who were responsible to the people for policy and to the law for acts done; and whether, in accordance with the practice in Queen Victoria's reign, private letters addressed by the Sovereign to foreign princes or received from them, if they touched upon politics, were shown to the Prime Minister or to the Foreign Secretary, or to both.

Mr. BONAR LAW: The answer to the first part of the question is in the affirmative. With regard to the second, there has been no change in the practice prevailing in the reign of Her late Majesty.

Mr. LYNCH: Is it customary for a Sovereign to deal directly with foreign affairs? Has the Sovereign a foreign policy of his own?

Mr. BONAR LAW: It was not the custom of Her late Majesty, nor is it the custom of His present Majesty.

As Queen Victoria was referred to in Mr. MacNeill's question, which, like so many of his always interesting and pointed queries, was elaborate in

its character, it may be recalled that King George's illustrious grandmother had a very strong will of her own, and that Ministers like Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury not infrequently found their audiences of Her Majesty somewhat trying. As the questions which were put to the Government by the two Irish Members were the outcome of King George's communications to the Kaiser and his spy brother, Prince Henry, it may be noted that an observer at once acute and impartial, in the person of the late Mr. Smalley, did full justice to Queen Victoria's Consort, a German, but not a Hun—a German who was the antithesis of the semi-crazed barbarian who has conducted his country to her doom: howsoever the war may end, that much is certain.

Prior to Queen Victoria's marriage [wrote Smalley five-and-twenty years ago in the *New York Tribune*, a journal of which we are all proud] she showed a tendency to follow the example of her uncles, King George IV and King William IV, who had identified themselves with one or the other of the political parties of the day to such an extent that a mere Ministerial defeat either in Parliament or at the general elections developed into the proportions of a popular slap in the face to the Sovereign, to the detriment of the dignity and influence of the Crown. Indeed, at no time in English history had the prestige of the throne reached so low an ebb as at the time of Queen Victoria's accession. A mere girl at the time, she at first placed herself too unreservedly in the hands of the earliest of her Premiers, Lord Melbourne, whom she grew to look upon as her political mentor, and for a time it seemed as if the errors of the previous reigns were about to be continued. But her marriage brought about a beneficial change in this respect. For Prince Albert, in spite of his youth, was perhaps, just because he happened to be a foreigner, able to take a clearer and more independent view of the situation than any Englishman, and to perceive that the true source of the strength, influence, and prestige of constitutional monarchy in Great

Britain lay in its absolute impartiality as far as the political parties were concerned. From that time forth Queen Victoria kept concealed from public view her true sentiments with regard to the platforms of the day. True, she may sometimes have manifested a greater degree of personal liking for one statesman than the other, and there is no doubt that during the latter portion of the career of Lord Beaconsfield he held a higher place in her affections and friendship than his political opponent, Mr. Gladstone. But that did not in any way mean that Her Majesty preferred the Conservatives to the Liberals, nor was it interpreted as such, since her son-in-law, the Marquis of Lorne, sat in the House of Commons on the Liberal benches, and the husband of her grand-daughter, the Duke of Fife, of whom she was always particularly fond, was likewise a Liberal, while there is reason to believe that Lord Rosebery is far more *persona grata* at Windsor and Osborne than Lord Salisbury.

There were, to be sure, speculations about the Queen's political preferences. But nothing positive was known about the matter until the day the nation was startled to find that Lord Tennyson's life of his father, the greatest poet of the Victorian reign, contained not one, but several private letters of Her Majesty bearing her signature, and addressed to the bard, in which she assailed in the strongest manner possible, not only Mr. Gladstone, but his policy, especially with regard to Ireland. In fact, so vehement was she about the matter that it is difficult to conceive how she would ever have been able to bring herself to give the royal sanction to the Home Rule Bill had it passed the House of Lords. Until the publication of this book no one knew exactly how the Queen viewed Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. There were many rumours on the point. But there was absolutely nothing decided on the subject, and under the circumstances it is impossible to avoid a feeling of regret that the fair name for strict political impartiality of near threescore years should have been impaired at so late a period in the day by what can only be regarded as the unfortunate indiscretion of a biographer, since Her Majesty's conduct throughout her entire reign since 1840 shows how anxious she is to avoid giving any public manifestation whatever concerning her party preferences.

And King George's beloved father was equally careful not to let his most constant associates have the slightest idea as to whether his preferences were

for the Conservative, the Liberal, or the Unionist platform. "He was just as cordial and friendly to Mr. Gladstone as to Lord Salisbury." Yet, I may here interpolate, King Edward, in the early days of his reign, "fell out" with the latter in the circumstances detailed in another chapter. Those circumstances are the more notable because the question at issue between the Monarch and the then Premier was one concerning the bestowal of "Honours," a subject which was once more being discussed at the time of writing these lines (August 12, 1917), and will be presently dwelt upon, *à propos* of the debate in the House of Lords.

But I must first mention a statement by Mr. Smalley which, were he still among us, he would read, as I did, with amazement. Dealing admiringly with the then Prince of Wales's invariable neutrality in foreign affairs, our American friend, for whom the Empress Frederick had a great regard, said:

> Similar tact has been displayed by the Prince with regard to foreign countries, and while he manifests a natural fondness for Paris, a fondness which is shared by most foreign princes, and especially by those of Germany, Emperor William first and foremost, yet *no one knows precisely whether in the event of a war between the two nations his sympathies would incline more to France than toward Germany.* He kept the true state of his feelings carefully concealed during the war of 1870, *and is certain to do so again should the occasion arise for the exercise of similar discretion.* Indeed, the remarkable tact which this warm-hearted, generous-minded and somewhat impulsive Prince has displayed in connection with his attitude toward both domestic and foreign politics constitutes the strongest possible assurance that when the time comes for him to take the place of his venerable mother as the ruler of the British Empire he will worthily continue the traditions of impartiality which she has imparted to constitutional monarchy in England.

Let me add here that the Prince is quite as much interested in foreign affairs as he is in those domestic, and that whenever an important dispatch reaches the Foreign Office from abroad a copy of it is at once forwarded by wire, not only to the Queen, but also to the Prince of Wales, who is thus able to keep himself quite as well posted upon international relations as is the Queen herself.

The words italicised in the above passage show, incredible as it may seem, that an exceptionally knowledgable man like Smalley was unaware of the bad blood which existed between the Prince who became our King and the nephew who was already German Emperor! It is inconceivable, but so it was, and the more I ponder upon it the greater is my surprise. Had Edward VII been living in July–August, 1914, he would assuredly have supported with all his British bulldog force the Government of that day; would have, I am convinced, had it been necessary to do so, entreated Ministers to save France from undergoing the fate which befell her in 1870. I do not think he "concealed his feelings" in the "Terrible Year" so "carefully" as Mr. Smalley imagined. One who never concealed them at all was "the Princess," for so everybody called her. *She* remembered what the Germans, the Prussians, had done to her own little country—how they laid their marauding hands upon the Duchies which had belonged to Denmark; how, with tears in her eyes, she had prayed her Royal mother-in-law to intervene on behalf of the Danes; how Queen Victoria had turned a deaf ear to her pleadings. "My daughter is Crown Princess. The Duchies *belong* to Germany." Cold comfort for the wife of the future King. But it was all she got from her illustrious relative, who

had had a German mother and a German husband and a household half German.

"The Prostitution of Honours": "Injury to the Prestige of the Crown"

These are the words of the *Times* on August 8, 1917, the day after the debate in the House of Lords, when it was a case of "Eclipse [Lord Selborne] first, and the rest nowhere." The leading articles in the same journal, in the *Morning Post*, in the *Daily Telegraph*, and in many other foremost papers were highly stimulating. The principal "sixpennies" (August 11) were equal to the occasion. "Of the injury this furtive and illicit traffic does to the prestige of the Crown, of its contaminating influence upon the vendors, the purchasers, and the brokers involved, and of the widespread demoralisation it spreads through our political and social life, there can be no real question." With these anathemas we can all—or nearly all—cry: "Agreed! Agreed!" "The evil," said Lord Selborne, "was distinctly impairing to the prestige of the Crown, and that was the last thing that we could afford in these days to have impaired in the slightest degree." And Lord Beresford: "The public thought . . . that enormous sums were being paid for peerages, baronetcies, knighthoods, and Privy Councillorships. He had heard it said that these sums did not all go to Party funds, but that large proportions of them went to the people who touted for those honours and got people to pay for them." I myself was told of a man who let it be known that he would give £250,000 for a

peerage. He learnt, however, that it was impossible, as his brother had already been "ennobled," and "it would not do to give *two* peerages to one family!"

A case in the Law Courts a few years ago drew attention to the always new question of the distribution of "honours" to those more or less deserving of a titular rise in life. On the eve of resignation a Prime Minister passes a bad quarter of an hour; while those who assist in the compilation of the decorative catalogue are sore beset by moving appeals from the relatives and friends of some of those who aspire to figure in the list. I have heard it said that the maxim, "self-praise is no recommendation," is held not to apply to those who are interested in the complexion of the "Honours" list. Lunch at one or other of the clubs in the West End or City when there is a change of Government, or a week or so before the King's birthday, and you will hear a flow of anecdote concerning the artifices employed to "get on the list" by pertinacious claimants, whose main desire is to obtain something which the majority of their fellows do not value at, in a memorable Gladstonian phrase, "one brass farthing."

It is a curiously amusing fact that, no matter what the proportions of the list may be, its presentation to any Premier is invariably met with the cynical, even brutal, comment, "Too long!" Then comes the cutting-down process, a comparative butchery. Those whose duty it is to hack and hew at the catalogue may almost fancy they hear the long-drawn sighs and despairing groans of the unwanted, as one easily dispensable name after

another disappears, sometimes to reappear in a future list, but not always. And even when the Prime Minister has signified his approval of the sadly curtailed roll, it has to undergo revision at august hands, occasionally with disastrous results —to somebody. When the list ultimately appears in the papers it is too frequently made the subject of bitter gibes, heartless jeers, and criticism almost inhuman in its well-simulated jocoseness. Only at the breakfast and dinner tables of the lucky ones are the shouts of triumph, the murmurs of approbation, heard; only there is the good genius who has "not forgotten" father, or brother, or uncle set on a pedestal, and kotowed to as "a man who has faithfully served his country and his King, loyally remembered his friends and his friends' friends, and proved himself—er—worthy of the confidence, the esteem, and the respect of—er—the nation—(John, the champagne). I give you the health of ——, God bless him! Musical honours, please!" I had almost omitted to say that this little chat about "Honours" is really and truly by "one who has missed them."

The list of "Honours" published on King George's birthday in 1913 contained only one surprise, but that was a great one: Mr. J. M. Barrie, the Scottish novelist, was gazetted a baronet. He had been previously offered, and had refused, a knighthood: he accepted a baronetcy. Yet many good men and true have consented to be first made knights—the late Lord Glenesk (*Morning Post*) for one. The late Lord Burnham (*Daily Telegraph*) was given first a baronetcy and later was deservedly raised to the peerage. I think I am

right in saying that prior to the baroneting of J. M. Barrie, the only author in comparatively modern times who had been similarly honoured was Sir Walter Scott. And I question if Barrie would have received the higher distinction had he not written the play *Peter Pan*, which has brought him an immense fortune.

For the honour laid at Barrie's feet many men have cheerfully contributed large sums to the political fund of Liberals and Conservatives. The ruling price of a baronetcy which has, or had, to be paid for is, I am told, £50,000. That is the sum which the financier Hooley was told by his Carlton Club friends he would have to " shell out " for the " honour " coveted by him. He was ready to pay the price, and in 1897 (the Diamond Jubilee year) he deposited with the " party " a cheque for that amount; but Lord Salisbury dared not recommend a company promoter for a baronetcy. Knighthoods were much cheaper: £5000 was an average price; but I think they have gone for less. A few years ago one was " quoted " to me at an insignificant figure. Lady Dorothy Nevill wrote:

> One of the most amusing stories connected with this iniquitous system of barter is that relating to a certain vendor of patent medicines well known by profuse advertising. This worthy, it is said, having been told that he could procure a knighthood for £15,000 (to be paid into the war-chest of one of the two great political parties), actually went so far as to attempt to enter into *pourparlers* with certain individuals well skilled in arranging such matters. His proposals, however, did not contemplate the payment of the whole sum in cash. He was ready, he is supposed to have said, to pay £3000 down, the rest of the sum to be liquidated by the delivery of his remedy up to the value of the remaining £12,000. Needless to say this amazing offer was not accepted.

Doctors, lawyers, actors, singers, composers, journalists, authors, explorers, and some others get knighthoods free of any charges except those levied by officials for preparing the requisite documents for the Heralds' College, and so forth.

As Israel's host, in days of old,
Knelt down upon the desert sand,
And waited patiently until
The blessed manna came to hand;
So faithful placemen in our age
Bow humbly at our Premier's feet
What time the showers of honours float
Down through the air their heads to greet.

They do not murmur that the path
They hither trod was wild and rough;
It led them to the Promised Land,
And helped them to a lot of "stuff."
Sweet Canaan! They have found the milk
And honey of a titled name,
And humbly pray "God save the King
For raising us to rank and fame!"

CHAPTER II

LAST MEETING OF KING GEORGE AND THE QUEEN WITH THE EX-TSAR AND TSARITSA

Prince Edward of Wales as Cicerone

The scene was "off Cowes"—the date July–August, 1909, when King Edward and Queen Alexandra were the host and hostess of their nephew, then Emperor of All the Russias, their niece, the Tsaritsa, and the Imperial children. The Prince and Princess of Wales of those days could have had no premonition of the heavy blow which they would sustain nine months later, nor is it conceivable that the son of the Empress Marie was haunted by the fear that he, the "Little Father" of some 170 millions, would within eight years be degraded to the dust, the prisoner of the Revolution, his official nomenclature "Nicholas Romanoff."

The friendship of the ex-Tsar Nicholas II and King George dates from a period anterior to the reign of Nicholas. The then Tsarevitch was present at the wedding of the Duke of York in the Chapel Royal, St, James's, in 1893, and when, in November 1894, the Prince and Princess of Wales journeyed to Livadia to take farewell of the dying Tsar, Alexander III, they were accompanied by Prince George. The Emperor had passed away before the arrival of their Royal Highnesses, who were

present at the funeral, the Duke of York attending the State ceremonies with his parents at the special request of the new Emperor, who had been the most conspicuous of the brilliant throng at the present King's marriage. The extreme deference paid by the young Tsar to the future King Edward at the funeral rites in 1894 was the subject of general comment, and may be said to have paved the way for the Anglo-Russian alliance which was sealed at Reval in 1908.

By bringing Nicholas II to Cowes in 1909 Edward VII crowned his life-work as the world's Peacemaker and wrote "Finis" on the historic pages which record his achievements as Sovereign.

The Cowes "week" * opened with the annual fixture under the burgee of the Royal London Yacht Club. I must pass over the numerous contests, only noting that the Kaiser's new *Meteor IV* sailed for the first time in English waters and won the first race, owing to a mistake of *Germania* (owned by Herr Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach), which, after leading from the start, passed the wrong side of the committee boat at the finish, thus disqualifying herself.

This memorable historic "week" began on Monday, August 2nd, but thousands of people had seen the King on the previous Saturday, when he reviewed the fleet in Cowes Roads. On Sunday night, the cruisers *Indomitable*, *Inflexible*, and *Invincible* anchored in Sandown Bay, with the

* There has been no Cowes "week" since 1913. In 1914, although people had gathered for it, the festival was postponed at the last hour, by the King's desire, owing to the imminence of war.

Bulwark and the *Minotaur* near-by; and between six and seven the next morning a few of the earlier birds saw the monster vessels moving towards Cherbourg, to meet the Tsar and Tsaritsa and their children and convey them to Cowes. Before they had been steaming a couple of hours the *Standart*, the Imperial yacht, came in view. With her was the other Imperial yacht, the *Polar Star*, on which the Empress Marie had so often been taken to Denmark to join Queen Alexandra and the other members of the Danish Royal Family for the annual gathering, which our poor King thought less attractive than Biarritz or Marienbad, while his Imperial brother-in-law, the Emperor Alexander III, found a few weeks in his wife's country irresistible.

The yacht bringing to England the Tsar of All the Russias was escorted from Cherbourg to Cowes by four French cruisers and eight destroyers; these, with the two Russian armoured cruisers and two destroyers, made a fine show as they approached Spithead and Cowes, all eyes at Portsmouth and in the Island being strained seaward. Those who were on board vessels near the Nab now caught sight of the *Victoria and Albert*, on board of which was King Edward, waiting for the Tsar at the anchorage at Spithead. Here the two Sovereigns visited each other on their respective yachts as the guns boomed and the flags fluttered.

The procession to Cowes was a magnificent spectacle. On the bridge of the *Victoria and Albert* stood the King, in his Russian Admiral's uniform, and by his side was the Tsar, clad as a British Admiral of the Fleet. Great cheering came from the crews on board our ships as the Royal yacht

and the Russian vessels passed, and the Russian National Anthem greeted the Tsar. When the Royal yacht reached her moorings in Cowes Roads the battery belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron fired a salute, which temporarily deafened those of the crowd, mainly excursionists, who had pushed themselves into positions close to the Castle. As the Royal and Imperial yachts approached Cowes they came quite close to the shore, so that the mass of visitors from all parts saw King Edward and the Tsar and the bonny Imperial children quite plainly

In the evening came the Royal dinner-party on board the *Victoria and Albert.* It was an unparalleled scene in the annals of Cowes—an Emperor and an Empress of Russia dining with a King and Queen of England; and it stirred the imagination as nothing else could have done. At the table in the saloon the Emperor Nicholas and Queen Alexandra sat on one side and King Edward and the Empress on the other. It was a large and very gay party, conversing in four languages—English, French, German, and Russian. The dining-table was decorated with pink roses, and among the gold plate were the Nelson and Collingwood vases, one of which was presented by the Patriotic Fund to the widow of Lord Nelson and the other to Collingwood; so King Edward told the Tsar and the Tsaritsa, who were both in high spirits, the Emperor, as was his wont, asking endless questions. Those of the guests who had not previously had an opportunity of seeing His Imperial Majesty found him the reverse of the silent, moody personage depicted by Maxim Gorky and a few uninformed English writers.

The banquet was not unduly prolonged, for all were anxious to enjoy the cool breeze on deck, watch the illuminated yachts and the larger vessels, and marvel at the beautiful spectacle which Cowes presented during this greatest and most memorable of its "weeks." The Tsar learnt with pleased surprise that since his arrival that afternoon he had been elected a member of the "Squadron" along with that intimate friend of King Edward (and now of King George), Lord Derby, and some other popular yachtsmen. In the course of the evening the Tsar authorised the publication in the next day's papers of a statement expressing his deep appreciation of "the splendid welcome accorded to the Empress and himself and of the magnificent and impressive appearance of the British Fleet."

The Tsar ("Nicky" to his relations) heard with amused incredulity that his "Aunt Alix" dates one of her first Cowes weeks from 1870, the "Terrible Year," when the then Prince and Princess of Wales were staying at Osborne Cottage for the Solent pageant. In the year noted Queen Alexandra was charming in her navy-blue serge dress, trimmed with white, and her sailor hat, as I see her in one of the photographs of the period. The Tsar knew how the Imperial lady * over there in the *Thistle* had several times given the Kaiser the "slip" before, in July, 1907, she finally received him at Bergen, but probably some one on board the King's yacht told him the story again.

During dinner, King Edward rose and amid profound silence said :

* The Empress Eugénie.

"SIRE,—The hearty and friendly reception your Majesties gave the Queen and myself at Reval has not been forgotten by me, and I am proud to welcome you both to British waters. Your Majesty, as well as my dear niece, are no strangers to England, especially to the Isle of Wight, and I trust your memory will carry you back to years ago, when the hospitality of my beloved mother was extended to you both.

"I am glad, Sire, that you should have had an opportunity of seeing perhaps the most powerful and largest fleet that has ever assembled, but I trust that your Majesty will never look upon these ships as symbols of war, but on the contrary as a protection to our coasts and commerce, and, above all, for upholding the interests of peace.

"I had an opportunity this year of receiving some representatives of the Duma, and I need hardly say what a pleasure it gave to me and the Queen to see them. I trust their stay here was an agreeable one. They had every opportunity of seeing many people and institutions of the country, and I hope that what they saw will increase the good feeling existing between the two countries. I will say no more, except to thank your Majesties for paying us this visit, and to assure you of the great pleasure it has given to the Queen and myself to receive you."

The Tsar replied in suitable terms, in perfect English, saying that fifteen years had elapsed since he was last at Cowes. The two speeches were intended for the world's reading, and they appeared verbatim in the official record of King Edward's

daily doings. On the following day they were printed in the principal European journals.

The King's guests that evening were numerous, and included the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden, the Prince and Princess of Wales (King George and Queen Mary), Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and several other members of the Royal Family, the Russian Ambassador and the Countess Benckendorff, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. McKenna, M. Isvolsky, the Countess of Derby, and Miss Charlotte Knollys.

On the day of the Tsar's arrival Prince Albert of Wales, who was staying with his parents at Barton Manor, was attacked with whooping-cough, and was sent to Balmoral for change of air.

On the second evening of the visit the King and Queen dined with the Imperial couple on their yacht. No speeches were made, but the King and the Tsar stood up and clinked glasses. The next night King Edward gave a dinner to the Tsar to celebrate his election to the "Squadron." The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the late Lord Suffield were among the guests. Queen Alexandra dined that evening with her niece by marriage, the Tsaritsa, a daughter of our lamented Princess Alice, and daughter-in-law of the Dowager Empress Marie.

Certain papers which had opposed the visit of the King and Queen to the Tsar and Tsaritsa at Reval the previous year were now at the pains to inform their readers that the Emperor "would not be allowed to land at Cowes during his stay, for fear of attempts upon his life." These predictions were falsified by the appearance of a launch con-

veying the Tsar and the King up the River Medina to Kingston Quay, the landing-stage connected with the engineering workshops of the Royal Naval College, where the present Heir Apparent (then Prince Edward of Wales) was being educated. The honour of showing the Tsar and the King over the College devolved upon the young Prince, who fulfilled his duties as cicerone very ably, and much to the amusement of his august grandsire. The Tsar minutely inspeeted everything, and made no secret of his admiration of the perfect system of training officers for our Navy.

It soon got about that the Tsar was with the King at the Naval College, and that on his return to his yacht he would pass through the streets. The crowds were so dense that it seemed impossible for a carriage to pass through them. But presently a brougham appeared containing the Tsar and King Edward, their faces all smiles as they acknowledged the salutations of all who contrived to approach the carriage.

Two of the Imperial children—the Grand Duchess Olga, then fourteen; and the Grand Duchess Tatiana, then twelve—had a delightful time ashore. Attended by two ladies and two gentlemen of the Imperial suite the Princesses landed at Trinity Wharf, and crossed on the floating bridge with an army of passengers, whose nods and smiles were laughingly returned. The Cowes shops were very attractive, and the young ladies peered into window after window, entering one shop to buy some jewellery and another to get picture post cards and photographs of their parents and of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It was a novel and an amus-

ing experience for them, and they were bent upon making the most of it. Before returning to the yacht they were driven to Whippingham Church, and shown the chair used by Queen Victoria at her devotions. Once the five Imperial children came ashore together, dug on the sands, and picked up shells. The little Tsarevitch was not the least active of the party. Other children stopped their play to watch the games of the "foreigners," who seemed to have an intimate acquaintance with the language of the natives. But at the Imperial Court English was more frequently spoken by the Emperor and Empress and their children than any other tongue.

In that fleet of "white wings" in the Solent in 1909 was a spacious vessel known in all the seas in which our pleasure ships are to be met with as the *Thistle*, originally owned by the Duke of Hamilton. On her deck every day, before, during, and after King Edward's last Cowes "week," we saw through our glasses a venerable lady whose black robe emphasised her snow-white locks, and as we gazed we remembered that in her time she, like the Tsar and the King, had swayed the destinies of peoples, for she had been an Empress, the Empress of the French. Her eyes were riveted on the goings and comings of the Imperial and Royal personages, and she could hardly have failed to recall the time when, at Suez, on board the famous yacht *L'Aigle*, she was, after the Sultan and the unforgettable Khedive Ismail, regarded as the paramount personage among those who had gathered to witness her inauguration of the Canal.

That was in November, 1869. Some nine or ten

months later France was smashed and pulverised by the victorious enemy, the Emperor and his army were prisoners, and Eugénie de Montijo was in this same Isle of Wight, a fugitive. Focusing her glasses on the Russian yacht she saw, surrounded by his little family, the Tsar, by whose side, when he was Tsarevitch, she had sat at Queen Victoria's dinner-table at Windsor Castle. Nicholas II was now fresh from his visit to the President of the Republic at Cherbourg, and, as far as he was concerned, the *Thistle* might have been in the Mediterranean.* King Edward and Queen Alexandra found their way to the Empress's yacht, but it was the last time His Majesty saw the aged widow of Napoleon III. In the October of the following year she was lunching at Marlborough House with King George and Queen Mary, not then installed in the Palace at the top of the Mall.

When, in 1909, King Edward and Queen Alexandra were on board the *Thistle*, the thoughts of the Empress must have drifted back to the " week " of 1902, when she was a guest on the Royal yacht. This was the first and only occasion when she was photographed with Edward VII and Queen Alexandra ; in this unique picture are seen also Queen Maud, the Queen of Spain, Princess Victoria, the late King of Denmark, our present King, Princess Henry of Battenberg (now styled Princess Beatrice), the Duchess of Argyll, the Duchess of Albany, and many others, among them the venerable Admiral Sir Harry Keppel, all assembled for the " week " and King Edward's review of the fleet.

* In 1916 the Empress Eugénie disposed of her yacht, which has been since used for war purposes.

Tea under the spreading trees and the music of the "Blue Hungarians"—King Edward was in his element. Here had assembled the *crème des crèmes*: the Duchesses of Somerset and Westminster, Lady Londonderry, Lady Donegall, Lady Dorchester, Lady Ormonde, Lady Arthur Butler, Lady Blandford, Lady Arran, Lady Newborough, Mrs. George and Mrs. Derek Keppel, Lady Evelyn Guinness, Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, Lady Leicester, Lady Maxwell, Lady Muriel Willoughby, Countess Wedell, Lady Grisel Hamilton, Cora Lady Strafford, Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, Countess Benckendorff, Lady Gort, Lady Darcy de Knayth and Conyers, Emily Lady Cranworth, Lady Joicey, Mrs. Wood of Hengrave, Mrs. Godfrey Baring, Lady Muriel Paget, Mrs. Alfred Yorke, Mrs. Dudley Ward, Miss Hozier, Baroness Meyendorff, *e tutti quanti*.

King Edward enjoyed crowds, for he had the democratic instinct strongly developed, more especially in his later years, and it amused him to hear himself admiringly spoken of as "Good old Teddy," a familiar designation only accorded him when he had become that sacrosanct personage a crowned King, or, as the Kaiser puts it, "the Lord's anointed."

The King had his pleasant, friendly word for each and all—for his brother, the Duke of Connaught, for his then Secretary, Lord Knollys, Lord Ormonde (to-day, as then, Commodore of the R.Y.S.), the Duke of Leeds, Lord Wolverton, Lord Dundonald, Lord Harrington, Lord Crawford (the savant, no longer with us), Lord Robert Brudenell-Bruce, Major-General Sterling, Lord Dunraven, Lord Brassey, Lord Ailsa (whose cutter, the *Blood-*

hound, first raced in 1874, and twice sank, the second time at Cowes), Lord (Charles) Beresford, Sir Allen Young,* and how many others! Mostly "King's men" now, as they were in 1909. In the umbrageous garden there is one whom it would be unpardonable not to name, for he is one of the veterans of the squadron, and has probably seen more Cowes "weeks" than any other surviving member of the club. He is Sir John Burgoyne, who, after the Empress Eugénie's flight from the Tuileries on September 4, 1870, brought her in his yacht, the *Gazelle*, from Deauville to the Isle of Wight, and landed her at Ryde on September 8. Here, at Cowes, after all these years, is Sir John on the lawn, shaking hands with the King, and here is the Empress on the *Thistle*.

In the days of his Princedom King Edward's passion was, I think, less for the turf than for yachting. He owned some fine vessels, and was very lucky with them. Many readers of this record will recall in particular the schooner *Hildegarde* (198 tons), the *Formosa* cutter (103 tons), and the renowned *Britannia* (a cutter of 151 tons). The King won the Queen's Cup (always in the Solent, of course) with these three yachts four times—in 1877, in 1880, in 1895, and in 1897. The *Britannia* carried off his Royal mother's prize in both the two latter years. In the first year of his accession (1901) King Edward had the narrowest conceivable escape from death when on board Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock II*, during her trial trip in the Solent. A sudden squall sprang up, and brought down, close to where His Majesty was standing,

* Died 1915.

a sail with spars and rigging. Those on board were frightened within an inch of their lives. King George's father was as cool as a cucumber—so unmoved that I have always imagined him to have been somewhat of a fatalist. His first thought was of his wife. Some busybody would be sure to "wire" the news to her. "Put me ashore," he exclaimed. "I must go to London at once, and *be the first to tell the Queen that I am not hurt.*" And it was he who told her all about it.

The Revolution of March 1917 led me to re-read M. John Grand-Carteret's volume, bitterly entitled "Nicholas, Ange de la Paix—Empereur du Knout." It is a collection of caricatures of the ex-Tsar which appeared in the "comic" papers of Europe and the United States, accompanied by explanations and heralded by a preface from the incisive pen of M. Grand-Carteret himself, whose similar work, "L'Oncle de l'Europe," afforded so much amusement to King Edward. The coloured drawing on the cover indicates what the reader may expect to, and what he does, find in M. Carteret's pages. It depicts Nicholas—his hands, in prayerful attitude, dripping with blood. In the background are gibbets with their victims; the ground near-by is crimson. There are some few caricatures by English artists, Bernard Partridge and Sambourne; and their *Punch* drawings offer a strong contrast to the works of the Continental satirists, who seem to have revelled in depicting the Tsar that was in the most odious attitudes. A favourite subject with many of the foreign artists is that of Louis XVI, who appears to Nicholas with his guillotined head in his hand; obviously intended as a portent. *Simplicissimus*

(Munich) shows Nicholas under the guillotine. Just as the knife is about to fall, he exclaims: "Stop! stop! I will give you a Constitution!"

In "Chez Lui, en Famille" (*Ulk*, Berlin) we have him surrounded by his children, who are looking at a paper in which a picture has been "blacked out" by the censor. One of the little Grand Duchesses says to her father: "Papa, whose portrait can this be?" "Mine!" he replies. When a picture has been obliterated, it is technically said to have been *passé au caviar*, a very happy phrase. *Pasquino* (Turin) gives us "The Thanks of Nicholas." He says to a Cossack, a clothed skeleton: "I thank you, O great Cossack. You are the only one who has not deserted me, and who has never failed to respond to the call of your Sovereign." *Der Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart) has a picture entitled "Visits of Chiefs of States: *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*" The Sovereigns and President Loubet are seated on seals in the Channel; Nicholas is in the centre, Loubet bowing low before him; King Edward and Queen Wilhelmina are side by side, with the Sultan, the late Emperor of Austria, and the present King of Italy in the background. "Round the Cradle of the Tsarevitch" is from *Simplicissimus*. The ex-Empress, *en déshabillé*, is standing by the window, saying: "Look out here, Nicholas; in the street they are massacring the people by hundreds." With one hand on the cradle he exclaims: "What with their shouts and revolts they will wake the baby again!"

In his preface M. Grand-Carteret complains that the circulation of his book was forbidden in Russia,*

* It is now (1917) probably being widely read in Russia.

and on this point he addresses the deposed Emperor in these words: "If you were really the all-powerful Tsar of All the Russias, you would follow the example given you by your two cousins, those men of lofty aims and profound political sense, William II and Edward VII; you would sign with your Imperial hand an Imperial rescript, and the lessons of things, here conveyed by pictures of such startling eloquence, would enter freely your immense Empire. 'By order of the Tsar!' What an immense effect that would have! But, unfortunately, the being still all-powerful in Holy Russia is the Censor." And he directs the Tsar's attention to the fact that the volume entitled "Lui" (caricatures of the Emperor William II) is sold in Prussia and all over Germany by order of the Kaiser, and that a copy of the book "L'Oncle de l'Europe" was graciously accepted by King Edward VII, as proved by a letter from Lord Knollys, given in facsimile.

The ex-Tsar, as we have seen him at the theatre, was a study. He was attentive and motionless; allowed himself to be convinced by the laughter or the tears of the audience. Spontaneously, and like a boy, he became a simple spectator, so engrossed in the piece that he forgot to applaud; he was carried away by the situation, and seemed most anxious to see "how it will end." When the Kaiser is at the play he is conscious that he, the German Emperor, is presiding over the performance. The Tsar who is now no Tsar, but merely "Romanoff," often forgot that he was in a like position. He laughed or was affected, just like the public, apparently, as I have said, taking the cue from the

audience, and quite forgot that they were waiting for him to give the signal to applaud. He was a great admirer of the French theatre, both of the modern and the classical schools. They told this story of him when, during his last visit to Paris, he witnessed a performance at Compiègne. Mme. Bartet was to recite an ode written by the eminent Rostand in honour of the Tsaritsa, and the author was presented to Nicholas II.

The Monarch took pains to let Rostand understand that he was by no means unknown to His Majesty, and that he was also aware of the existence of some of Rostand's *confrères*. He even impressed this pleasing fact upon Rostand by mentioning the names of several authors, living and dead, the poet listening with the utmost gravity to the Imperial roll-call, for it was easy to see that Nicholas was very proud of his knowledge. At that moment, unfortunately, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, then President of the Council—or, as we have it, Premier—came up to lead the visitor away, as the curtain was about to rise. Nicholas was moving off with the Minister, but, turning round, he said, smilingly, to Rostand, "And then there was Molière!" As he was following the Premier, he again turned to Rostand, saying, "and Racine, and Corneille!" He strolled off to hear Mme. Bartet, immensely pleased that he had had an opportunity of airing his literary knowledge before the great Rostand. The ex-Emperor's father, Tsar Alexander III, was an ardent theatregoer, and, like his august brother-in-law, King Edward, favoured pieces which made him laugh. A great theatregoer, too, was Alexander II, father of the Duchess of Edinburgh,

as she may again style herself in future in lieu of the discredited "Saxe-Coburg-Gotha." In 1867, when "All the Sovereigns" were in Paris as the guests of the Emperor Napoleon III, the then Tsar (the Duchess's father) was missed from the Tuileries, and much surprise was expressed as to what had become of him. They soon found him, for an Emperor of Russia could not lose himself in Paris as easily as the Emperor of the Sahara. Alexander II had, in the most casual fashion, strolled off to the theatre in which a certain Mlle. Hortense Schneider (a survivor in 1917!) was making all the world talk about the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein!

CHAPTER III

QUEEN VICTORIA

Mother and Grandmother of Kings, Queens, and Sovereign Princes

Some of my younger readers will ask, "What was Queen Victoria like?" The Queen was very short—4 ft. 8 in. She was the shortest Queen I have ever seen; Queen Isabella, King Alfonso's grandmother, was unquestionably the biggest. The Empress Eugénie can hardly be described as tall; yet, even in her ninety-second year, she is a good head taller than was her Royal friend and sister at Windsor Castle. Everybody has heard of Queen Victoria's liking for fresh air, and how she would have the doors and windows at Balmoral open, even when the ground was white with snow and frost. No wonder, then, if the mere thought of going to Scotland made the poor ladies in waiting shudder as they recalled experiences of the draughts for which Balmoral Castle has an unenviable reputation. Until her later years, the Queen always seemed to be in robust health, for the constant outdoor exercise, either in the carriage or on foot, which she compelled herself to take made her cheeks as ruddy as a rose, in striking and picturesque contrast with the silvery locks which gave her a

delightfully grandmotherly look. More dignity and grace combined in one person we seldom saw.

At public and state functions Her Majesty assumed an almost preternatural gravity of demeanour. A smile on her face was the last thing you expected to see. In fact, looking at that grave, immobile countenance, you found it difficult to believe that it was ever irradiated by even a transient gleam of sunshine; yet when the Queen was "off the stage" she could be as "jolly" as anybody. She was seen to the greatest advantage when driving through the Berkshire and Hampshire lanes—now to make a call on the Imperial Lady at Chislehurst, or, later, at Farnborough Hill; anon to receive an address from some school or other in the neighbourhood of Windsor Castle. I happened to be (for "my paper") at Beaumont College, the great Catholic school at Old Windsor, when the boys presented Her Majesty with an address congratulating her upon her escape from the miscreant * who fired at her near Windsor railway station; and I was greatly struck by the Queen's homely manner on that occasion. The youth who read the address was very nervous, and, but for the complete command which Her Majesty possessed over her countenance, I felt certain she would have laughed more than once during the little ceremony, which, from first to last, did not occupy more than six or seven minutes. The Sovereign, however, admirably preserved her gravity (which was more than Princess Beatrice did), and when the lad finished his rather trying task, the Queen, with her

* O'Connor, who was defended at the Old Bailey by one of my friends, in whose chambers I "read" previous to my "call."

most winning smile, said, "I accept your loyal address with great pleasure. Thank you *very* much."

Like all her family, Queen Victoria spoke with a strong German accent, though perhaps not so marked as that of the Duke of Edinburgh. From his constant practice in public speaking King Edward was almost exempt from this linguistic peculiarity, except when he used such words as "through," "broadly," and "brought," rolling the "r's" in thoroughly Teutonic style.

Increasing years did not lessen the Queen's resolve to retain her position at the head of affairs; she clung to her absolute sovereignty with the tenacity that the drowning swimmer clings to the proverbial straw. To account for this unwillingness to withdraw altogether from public life we must remember that Her Majesty at seventy was intellectually as young as many women at forty, while her bodily health was apparently unimpaired. Besides continuing to transact the routine business inseparable from her position, the Queen conducted a most active correspondence with her innumerable friends at home and abroad, writing all these letters with her own hand. Her calligraphy was as easy as print to read, written though it was in a fine "running" hand.

We can the more readily realise Queen Victoria's industry when we know, as Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower assured me, that she personally answered the multitude of letters written to her after the death of Prince Leopold. When she was on the Continent she not only wrote all her letters, but the drafts of the numerous telegrams which she

dispatched, using a pencil in preference to a pen. The telegraph forms used by the Queen were printed expressly for her; they were the size of a sheet of letter (not note) paper, and were headed "From the Queen to ——" It was not, of course, the Queen's own message, but a copy, which was handed in at the telegraph office.

The Queen took a lively interest in all that the newspapers published concerning herself and her family and the Royal *entourage*. She was not always too well pleased with certain articles and paragraphs on herself and the Royal Princes and Princesses which occasionally appeared in some of the papers. The Queen particularly objected to anything like prying into her movements, unless the information was given to the public in the orthodox manner—namely, through the medium of the Court Circular, the rough draft of which was composed every day by the Queen herself, and forwarded by telegraph to the official known as the Court Newsman, who made, as he still makes, copies of the Circular, sending one to each of the morning newspapers. The Court Newsman receives a not very large salary from the Sovereign, and a small fee from each of the daily papers which he supplies with the items of news that we read under the heading of Court Circular. The rule at the English Court until the accession of King Edward was to turn a deaf ear to all inquiries by journalists, who were regarded by the majority of the permanent officials as beings of a very inferior order, to be carefully watched off the premises. We cannot, however, wonder at this contemptuous treatment of the representatives of the Press when we recall

the cutting language employed by Queen Victoria herself anent an incident in the Highlands.

In her "Leaves," Her Majesty, describing her return from a picnic during her visit to Inverlochy in September, 1873, writes, with singular bitterness:

We met those dreadful reporters, including the man who behaved so ill on Saturday, as we were coming back [i.e. returning from Glenfinnan]. We meant to go to Glencoe, which was the principal object of our coming here. Our nice little breakfast as usual. A start was made at eleven o'clock, Francie Clark (one of John Brown's innumerable cousins) and Cannon going on the box of the second carriage. . . . About ten miles from Ballachulish we stopped and got out, and we three [the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Lady Churchill] sat down under a low wall. We sat down on the grass on our plaids, and had our luncheon served by Brown and Francie, and then I sketched. The day was most beautiful and calm. Here, however—here, in this complete solitude—we were spied upon by impudently inquisitive reporters, who followed us everywhere; but one in particular (who writes for some of the Scotch papers) lay down and watched with a telescope, and dodged me and Beatrice and Jane Churchill, who were walking about, and was most impertinent when Brown went to tell him to move, which Jane herself had thought of doing. However, he did go away at last, and Brown came back, saying he thought there would have been a fight; for when Brown said quite civilly that the Queen wished him to move away, he said he had quite as good a right to remain there as the Queen. To this Brown answered very strongly, upon which the impertinent individual asked, "Did he know who he was?" and Brown answered he did, and that "the highest gentleman in England would not dare do what he did, much less a reporter"—and he must move on, or he would give him something more. And the man said, "Would he dare say that before those other men (all reporters) who were coming up?" And Brown answered, "Yes," he would before "anybody who did not behave as he ought." More strong words were used; but the others came up and advised the man to come away quietly, which he finally did. Such conduct [concludes the Queen] ought to be known.

I can quite imagine the glee with which Brown "heckled" the unfortunate reporter, for I was a witness of his rudeness to the Press when the Queen reviewed the troops commanded by Sir Garnet Wolseley * on their return from Ashanti. A stand had been erected in Windsor Park for our accommodation, and, despite our protests, John Brown introduced into our midst a number of maid-servants from the Castle. Remonstrance was useless, for the Scotch gillie did as he liked, as none knew better than the Queen's sons.

A great Queen and a little woman, truly! This fact I first recognised at the opening of the Royal Albert Hall, that wondrous music-house, the like of which the world has not seen, perhaps never will see. The immense building, erected as a splendid and a fitting memorial of Albert the Good, was thronged. I had been unable to find my place, and got jammed between two beauteous dames, so perfumed, so gorgeously attired, that I remember the vision to this day. We were waiting in breathless expectancy, in a species of suspended animation, when a murmur arose, "She's coming!" Then the National Anthem pealed from the organ and the bands, and we stood up and craned our necks to see a stout little lady, in deep mourning, gliding along a narrow platform stretched athwart the hall. And this was the Queen.

Yes, this diminutive figure, moving along the crimson-carpeted platform with a grace that every

* A day or two previously, Sir Garnet, before landing at Portsmouth, had given me full details of the achievements of the expedition. This conversation, which appeared in the *Morning Post*, was, I believe, one of the first "interviews" with eminent men published by our journals.

woman envied and admired, sailing through that vast concourse as if she were propelled by some delicate machinery hidden in the voluminous folds of the heavily craped robe, was the most potent female Sovereign in the world—

> A pattern to all Princes living with her,
> And all who shall succeed.

There was no more domesticated woman in all her realm than Queen Victoria. This quality she inherited from her mother, who with her own hands nursed baby "Vicky," and brought her up in the way she should go. A dutiful child herself, she always exacted obedience from her sons and daughters.

Those who are disposed to "belittle" Queen Victoria's abilities in statecraft, as the "Dictionary" has "belittled" her son, are woefully ignorant of the facts recorded by the historians of her reign. She sedulously studied the minutiæ of the art of governing, and in the King of the Belgians she had the most brilliant and painstaking "coach," as is shown by their published letters. She had the defects of her qualities, or she would not have been human. She brooked no control, and she took dislikes to some of her Ministers, notably to Lord Palmerston, whose waywardness and dilatoriness vexed her. That she got upon the nerves of "Pam" and others is undeniable. She was seldom crotchety; she was merely self-willed, occasionally impulsive, and very rarely wrong in her view of affairs. All the workings of her mind are so fully revealed in her letters that nothing is easier than to form a just estimate of her exceptional powers

as a Ruler. It was well said by Lord Derby in the debate on the Address in 1854 :

> The people of this country are under a great mistake if they suppose that the Sovereign does not exercise a real, salutary, and decisive influence over the councils and the government of this country. The Sovereign is not a mere automaton or puppet of the Government of the day. She exercises a beneficial influence and control over the affairs of the State ; and it is the duty of the Minister for the time being, in submitting any proposals for the assent of Her Majesty, to give satisfactory reasons that such proposals are called for by public policy and justified by the public interests.

In March, 1891, Queen Victoria held her second Drawing Room in Lent, and some good people, such as are overscrupulous about the observance of Church seasons, were thereby given offence. This was absurd. They had forgotten that the time of a Sovereign—one who, like Victoria, really attended to the business of the State, has to be mapped out weeks beforehand ; and it is impossible to do everything to suit everybody.

In the same month and year Hare and company played before the Queen at Windsor. Undoubtedly Her Majesty's appetite for theatricals had been whetted. Of course, it was not a new taste with her. In her younger days she was an energetic theatre- and opera-goer, and it was only after the death of the Prince Consort, when, nursing her great grief, she abjured all kinds of pleasure, that she ceased to patronise the stage. In 1891 her liking for the drama revived. This was in every way good, for it was hoped that it would serve as an antidote to the rabid Puritanism which denounced playhouses as the habitations of the devil.

There was only one danger—that the actor, already spoilt by the petting he had received from society, should get so puffed up with pride as to become unbearable. Heaven and earth would not have held some had they received the Royal command to appear at Windsor.

There was no doubt upon whose recommendation the Queen selected "A Pair of Spectacles" and "A Quiet Rubber" as the pieces she would like to see. Both are in their way masterpieces of good comedy—comedy with just sufficient pathos to bring out the flavour, like a pinch of salt in the apple-pie. And neither piece, clever and interesting as both are, contains a word of vulgarity or suggestiveness. "Touching" plays, plays of emotional interest, were not to Her Majesty's liking. She was very susceptible, and easily moved to sorrow. The fact did credit to her sympathetic soul. But at the same time such plays worked upon her feelings too much; she could not bear them. And although a Queen may laugh before her Court, it would be hardly dignified that she should be seen to cry. In some things she was very English, and we English think it absurd to show emotion in public. It is one of our special characteristics, and one which, not being understood abroad, has been misinterpreted by our foreign critics. I do not speak, of course, of the humbler folk, who above all things love "a good cry," and have a special preference for funerals.

It was in 1891 that Queen Victoria witnessed for the first time the performance of a comic opera; and it was "The Gondoliers." Her Majesty's delight was unbounded; those who were privileged

to be present remember how the illustrious lady laughed and applauded heartily all through the piece. The Queen clapped her hands "with the vigour of a two-and-sixpenny pittite." In her younger days Her Majesty had seen the classic comic operas of the Italian variety, but she had not had any experience of the pure home-grown article invented by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. With most of Sullivan's works the Queen had become acquainted, but Gilbert's amazingly clever libretti were as a closed book to her. It was not, therefore, surprising that she did not always "take" the witty sayings of the author, and frequently turned to the Duke of Connaught for an explanation of the jokes.

The Queen took the greatest interest in the whole affair, going through the rooms before the arrival of the Savoyards, and testing the temperature of the Throne Room, which was set apart as a dressing-room for the ladies. It was a curious scene, that Royal apartment, used only on State occasions, littered with powder-puffs, wigs, "make-up" boxes, and all the frills and fripperies of the fair performers' wardrobe. Never had such a spectacle been witnessed before—never has it been seen since that representation of "The Gondoliers." And how well the performers were looked after! They were given tea on their arrival, and, after the opera, supper. The Queen, it was said at the time, gave special directions that "the best of everything" was to be provided, and in the early morning a telegram was sent to Mr. D'Oyly Carte asking if all had reached London safely

At the time "The Gondoliers" was performed

for the entertainment of the Queen, there was staying with her the lamented Empress Frederick, still grief-stricken at the loss of her illustrious consort, Frederick the Noble. The Queen, the Empress, Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Connaught visited the Agricultural Hall to inspect the horses which had been brought together mainly through the instrumentality of the Prince of Wales and Sir Walter Gilbey. I recall the sombre garb of Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick, and the knot of eglantine ribbon in Princess Beatrice's hat, the solitary bit of colour in the raiment of the illustrious trio. The Colonel Newcomes and the Major Pendennises of the day tottered down the club steps between Marlborough House and the Athenæum, braving the bitter March wind to get a glimpse of the Sovereign and her daughters. That same week everybody was noting the surprising fact that the Queen had held a Drawing Room, visited the Horse Show, and witnessed "The Gondoliers" at Windsor Castle.

I have indicated how the unco' guid turned up the whites of their eyes at the holding of that Drawing Room in Lent. How shocked some of them were, or perhaps only pretended to be, at the performance of an opera—a "comic" opera, too!—at Windsor Castle on a Friday during the week of repentance! Ritualists, Low Churchmen, and Nonconformists all had their say about it. "Perhaps," it was said, "the most noteworthy development of what we may call the Windsor Castle policy lies in the increasing frivolity of the amusements provided for Her Majesty. We may never see the entire Alhambra company, ballet and all, taken down

to Windsor, but Grossmith first and Savoy opera next surely tend in that direction, whilst dancing bears come dangerously near the mark!"

Queen Victoria's "privy purse," with which no Administration had the right to meddle, was only £60,000 a year, as against the £440,000 of the Civil List; but the Sovereign's affairs were so well managed that her fortune (she banked at Coutts's) was said to be close upon £30,000,000, some of which was left to her by enthusiastic subjects. Never under any circumstances did she ask for an augmentation of the Civil List; and for that Sir Robert Peel thanked her in the House of Commons in 1845, immediately after she had entertained several foreign sovereigns with a magnificence worthy of the English Court.

Queen Victoria was a good singer in her time. The late Sir Paoli Tosti was a favourite at Court, and frequently "accompanied" the Queen and Princess Beatrice when the illustrious couple were in the mood for warbling. Tosti composed perhaps the most popular drawing-room ballad of the eighties, "For Ever and for Ever,"* of which some hundreds of thousands of copies must have been sold, after being first sung by Santley. It is odd that the refrain of Tosti's song should figure word for word in Pope's "Rape of the Lock." The Bard of Twickenham, describing Belinda and others at their toilettes, in the incident of the ravished lock, wrote:

> The forfex' meeting-points the sacred hair dissever
> From the fair head, for ever and for ever.

* The verses ("For Ever") set by Tosti were written by the late Lady Currie (Mrs. Singleton—"Violet Fane").

Another of Tosti's famous songs, "Good-bye," was written by Major Whyte-Melville, and I was fortunate enough to secure the right to first print the words.

The reception of the Duchess of Marlborough by Queen Victoria at the first May Drawing Room in 1889 excited the Ritualists, who said all sorts of unpleasant things about the "Defender of the Faith." Great pressure was brought to bear on Her Majesty in this matter; and the world doubtless held that the Queen acted sensibly, as she almost always did, making the best of accepted facts. Remembering the married history of the Duke, however, and the brutal treatment to which he subjected his first wife at a great crisis in her life, one could not marvel at the outcry raised, not only by pronounced "Clericals," but by the Nonconformists, who do not often intrude in questions of this kind. The Ritualists follow the Roman Catholics in regard to the indissolubility of marriage, and most assuredly very few, if any, Church of England clergymen would have consented to remarry that Duke of Marlborough under any circumstances whatever. It was affirmed that no Dissenting minister would have consented to perform any ceremony of marriage in which the Duke was a principal actor. That the ill deeds of a man, no matter whom, should recoil on the head of an innocent woman would have been hard. Her Majesty, as might have been expected, took the woman's view of the question, and consented to receive the new Duchess at the Drawing Room.

Queen Victoria's reception at Windsor in May, 1889, was a chilling contrast to many a former

return to the Royal borough. It was not expected that any keen excitement would be exhibited in the close vicinity of a Royal residence. No man is a hero to his valet, yet the valet has moments of public and ostensible hero-worship. Utter silence greeted the Sovereign as, punctual to the moment, the scarlet outriders rounded the curve and piloted Her Majesty in sight of the few who stood to gaze. It was deplorable to see the return of one who had served the people with indefatigable zeal greeted by the stares of flunkeys and pot-boys, without so much as a smile or a God bless you! The bows and condescension of the holders of the Battenberg babies commanded instant admiration. Who was it said:

> The rogues that sullen viewed their Sovereign pass
> Woke to the wench that smiled herself to fame?

In Mme. Waddington's reminiscences, "My First Years as a Frenchwoman," which appeared in 1914, we get this piquant anecdote of our Great Queen:

We saw a great many English at the Quai d'Orsay. Queen Victoria stayed one or two nights at the British Embassy (1879), passing through Paris on her way south. She sent for W. (M. Waddington), who had never seen her since his undergraduate days at Cambridge. He found her quite charming, very easy, interested in everything. She began the conversation in French (he was announced with all due ceremony as Monsieur le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères), and W. said she spoke it remarkably well; then, with her beautiful smile which lightened up her whole face: "I think I can speak English with a Cambridge scholar." She was

much interested in his beginnings in England at Rugby and Cambridge, and was evidently astonished, though she had too much tact to show it, that he had chosen to make his life and career in France instead of accepting the proposition made to him by his cousin Waddington, then Dean of Durham, to remain in England and continue his classical and literary studies under his guidance.

When the interview was over he found the Queen's faithful Scotch retainer, John Brown, who always accompanied her everywhere, waiting outside the door, evidently hoping to see the Minister. He spoke a few words with him, as a countryman —W. being half Scotch; his mother was born Chisholm. They shook hands, and John Brown begged him to come to Scotland, where he would receive a hearty welcome. W. was very pleased with his reception. Lord Lyons told him afterwards that the Queen had been very anxious to see him. She told him later, in speaking of the interview, that it was very difficult to realise that she was speaking to a French Minister—everything about him was so absolutely English, figure, colouring, and speech.

The news from Darmstadt in 1892 sent the thoughts of many back to the winter of 1878, when the country was shocked by the unexpected and tragic intelligence that Princess Alice had passed away as the result of too close an attendance upon her sick children. She had married the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse in 1862, and was living an almost idyllic life in the midst of her young family, when two of the children were attacked by diph-

theria. Princess Alice would not allow anybody but herself to nurse them, and there is no doubt but that the too anxious mother contracted the same fell disease by kissing the little sufferers.

After the Princess Royal (then the Empress Frederick), Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, was the most remarkable of the Queen's daughters. Her forte, strange as it may appear to those acquainted with the artistic tastes which nearly all the members of the Royal Family have in common, was theology, and she was a devout worshipper at the shrine of the great Strauss. This rather disquieted her relations and friends, and the report soon got abroad that the English Princess who had married the German Grand Duke had become a materialist, if not an absolute Freethinker. Colour was given to the story by the fact that the German rationalist dedicated his " Voltaire " to the Princess, who, like her eldest sister Victoria, took the liveliest interest in public affairs and in all scientific matters. Both sisters had, and it is well to remember it, a craving and a thirst for Scriptural knowledge; and it was when the Empress Frederick was staying with her sister Alice at Darmstadt that she requested Herr Strauss to tell her of some one in Berlin who would instruct her, and her sister Alice as well, respecting certain passages in the Old Testament difficult of comprehension. Strauss strongly recommended William Vatke, who accepted the task, though with much diffidence.

One of the daughters of Princess Alice married the Tsar who was deposed in March 1917; another Prince Louis of Battenberg, ex-First Naval Lord of the Admiralty; and the third is the widow of

the Grand Duke Sergius. The Grand Duchess ultimately embraced her husband's religion, that of the so-called "Orthodox," or Russo-Greek, Church. There were, however, not wanting people charitable enough to affirm that the Imperial lady was either forced or tricked into changing her creed; the *Times* published a remarkable statement to that effect, but recanted the next day, and printed a paragraph regretting that it had been "misinformed." This lady was likewise credited with the authorship of a novel scarifying Royal people in general. The book, "Le Roi de Thessalie," needless to say, made a tremendous noise, but no English version of it was ever attempted. Copies of the original (French) edition found their way to London, and may even now be occasionally seen at the second-hand bookshops, marked from fourpence upwards.

DIARY, *July* 30, 1892.

Queen Victoria in her old age has taken the trouble to learn Hindustani. Possibly she speaks the "Hindustani" of "Stratford-atte-Bowe," but it is still sufficiently good to impress the Indian servants who are now always in attendance, even at the Royal breakfast-table. When Her Majesty goes abroad, catering for and looking after these dusky servitors is an intolerable nuisance to the household officials.

I think it would have amused you could you have seen the Castle on Monday night, or the first thing on Tuesday morning, for all were in the throes of packing, and everybody seemed to be in everybody else's way. It was a terribly tiresome business, as

you will understand when I tell you that practically everything has to be carted off when the Court changes residence—yes, everything, down to the smallest article in the Royal wardrobe. The Most Illustrious likes to be—and, as a matter of fact, will be—surrounded by the very same things wherever she goes, and this causes an infinity of trouble and worry, for woe betide the unlucky wight who forgets anything, even if it be a pincushion or the case of tooth-paste. On one occasion the Royal tooth-brushes were left behind, and there was as much fuss and pother made about it as there was when my dear old friend, Major Byng-Hall, lost a bag of dispatches, containing, among State documents, some tea of a particularly choice blend which an august lady was forwarding from Windsor to an illustrious dame at the Court of Berlin.

You will comprehend, from what I have said above, the anxiety which prevails when a change of quarters is imminent, and the natural desire of everybody that all should go smoothly. There was a little extra worry on Tuesday morning, when the Court changed from Windsor to Osborne, as the youngest daughter of the Reigning House, the ever agreeable, lively Princess who raised the Battenberg Prince to so high a position, was going abroad for a time in the company of her good-looking husband and her nice boy, Prince Alexander. Now, the Queen, as a mother, is, as are so many *mères de famille*, intensely selfish where her girls are concerned, and particularly is she so with regard to sweet-tempered Beatrice, who, partly because she is the youngest, has always been considered the flower of the flock, and petted accordingly. When

the Queen and her daughter are about to separate for a while there is always a little scene, and the Queen's eyes show how great is the wrench caused by the farewells. Mother and daughter said good-bye to each other at the railway station; which was rather unusual.

As Princess Beatrice was unable to accompany her Royal mother to the Island, Princess Christian's company was requisitioned, and wonderfully well she looked as she stood by the Queen and kissed good-bye to her younger sister. Princess Christian took charge of the little Battenbergs, who, thanks to their Royal grandmother's fondness for them, do pretty much as they like, nobody daring to say them nay. As a natural result they are made much of by all the *entourage* of the Sovereign, who, knowing on which side their bread is buttered, act accordingly. Princess Christian has passed so many years of her life at Windsor that she has come to be regarded as quite one of the institutions of the place, and I am bound to say that she well deserves her popularity, for she is ever ready and anxious to do all that in her lies for the good of the locals. Like all her sisters she is the soul of good nature, and I am always hearing of her unostentatious deeds of charity, the greater number of which never come to light. When her consort met with that accident in the coverts there was a throb of sympathy throughout Windsor, and to this day Prince Christian is regarded with genuine love and pity by all in the district surrounding the Royal castle.

The fact that the Royal train was timed to start at 10.20 on Tuesday morning caused all to be up with the lark, for the Queen has the greatest horror

of unpunctuality, as no doubt you are aware. You remember that comical story of the little scene between the late Duchess of Sutherland—she, I mean, who was Mistress of the Robes—and Her Majesty. The Queen was ready to drive off to some great ceremony or other, and had entered the carriage, when it was observed that the Mistress of the Robes was not in her place—opposite the Queen. The Royal lady tapped her little foot impatiently on the floor of the carriage, and looked the annoyance which she too evidently felt at being kept waiting. A dozen people ran off in search of the absent one, who presently appeared, not walking, but positively running, while the perspiration streamed down her handsome face. She leapt into the carriage with the agility of a young fawn, scarcely daring to look into her Royal mistress's face, and expecting a verbal explosion such as will sometimes issue from the Royal lips. The Queen, however, kept her temper—or, rather, I should say, recovered it—and, with a smile of forgiveness, remarked, "My dear Duchess, I think your watch must be a very bad timekeeper. Let me give you a better one"; and so saying Her Majesty took off her own "ticker" and gave it to the Duchess, who could hardly restrain her tears at the kindly reproof, and who, needless to add, was invariably up to time ever after. The story goes that she placed her resignation in Her Majesty's hands the next day; if she did so (which, by the way, I greatly doubt) it was not accepted, for she remained in her enviable position for many years after the incident recorded.*

* Of the numerous versions of this incident I believe this one is the most accurate.

Before the train had quite stopped at Gosport, Her Majesty put her head out of the saloon window and waved her handkerchief to the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York, who were waiting to receive her, the Earl of Clanwilliam standing alongside and saluting as the Queen's eye caught his. Chatting gaily, now with her soldier son, then with the Sailor Duke George of Wales, who was warmly congratulated by Her Majesty on his improved appearance, the Most Illustrious went on board the Royal yacht and was soon speeding over the waves (which were inclined to be wicked) in the direction of East Cowes. It was a decidedly breezy morning, and those inclined to be at all bilious had recourse to suspicious-looking flasks more than once. Trinity Pier was, however, soon reached, and then came the little drive to Osborne House, followed almost immediately by luncheon, to which all did justice, for a cup of tea and a morsel of dry toast was really all that several had been able to snatch as an apology for breakfast, and, by a ghastly mistake, a parcel of beef and tongue sandwiches, which had been cut to assuage the pangs of hunger in the train, were left behind.

But I have not yet said anything about the final days at Windsor, and, as they are rather remarkable ones, I must travel backwards a little. Those hateful politics occupied Her Majesty's attention to the almost entire exclusion of all else; and the amount of "wiring" which went on was marvellous. The result of the elections seemed to cause serious annoyance to Her Majesty, who cannot for the life of her understand why the people should want to bring back to power such a dear old humbug as

"Gladdy," who is regarded with pious horror at Court, for does he not want to deprive the Queen of that bright jewel in her crown, Ireland, and thus stir up that "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion" from which we pray every Sunday to be delivered? Do you wonder, then—can you be even faintly surprised—at the "G.O.M." being in terribly bad odour in those Court circles which the "Rads" so abuse, but which, nevertheless, they, or their womenfolk, struggle so determinedly to enter, *coûte que coûte*?

Somebody had been priming the Queen with the stupid "intelligence" that the elections were going as favourably as possible for Lord Salisbury, so Her Majesty was naturally not a little disgusted and exasperated when the Marquis himself came down to tell her precisely how matters stood. The Queen could hardly believe her ears at first, and not until the whole thing was figured out on foolscap and put before her did she realise that the worst—or very nearly the worst—had happened, and that it was a case, ere many days were over, of good Salisbury taking a back seat and naughty "Gladdy" being put on the front bench once more—at his time of life, too!

The interviews between the Queen and her Prime Minister were unusually long and unusually lively, and on the part of the Gracious One there was a good deal of tapping the table with that large paper-knife which the Royal lady has a way of balancing in her hand as if it were a sceptre. They say that it was only in deference to Her Majesty's repeated and determined wish that Lord Salisbury should "hold on" until the bitter end that he has "held

on," and now awaits the supreme moment of the "happy dispatch" to be performed upon him and his Cabinet by the axe of the venerable woodcutter. I should tell you that all the Royal *entourage* do not share the Queen's political views, though they take care to dissemble and to let it be manifest that they are in perfect accord with the Royal lady.

Lord Salisbury is never a very lively kind of man, but has something of the wily conspirator about him; and when he came down to Windsor to tell the Queen what he had finally made up his mind to do, he looked more dejected of visage than usual. This was on Sunday—a day heretofore devoted exclusively to the discussion of celestial affairs—and to keep him in company Her Majesty had also commanded the attendance of poor Lord Lathom, whose venerable mother was at the time on her death-bed. On that memorable Sabbath evening the ultimate decision was taken, and the word flew round that the Marquis was going to hold on by the skin of his teeth until the Grand Old Home Ruler and his satellites should carry the vote of want of confidence which they will propose to the House of Commons at the earliest possible moment. This decided, the Marquis returned moodily home, wondering why Providence had not, as it has frequently done, intervened on behalf of the "stupid party" at this psychological moment of their history.

Friday, July 15, was a great day, for "the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P., and Mrs. Chamberlain arrived at the Castle." "Jo" was in great form, and strode up and bowed to the Queen with as much *empressement* as any Chesterfield of

the past would have displayed. In fact, the Right Honourable Joseph has rapidly developed all the instincts of a courtier since his introduction to and kindly association with the "gentlemen of England" and the stately duchesses. The Queen has a keen sense of humour, but Princess Beatrice has even more, and "Jo" is always a source of the purest joy to both Royal ladies. He was particularly so on this occasion, and directly Her Majesty had given him permission to open his mouth, he was off like a piece of clockwork that has been newly wound up!

Under ordinary circumstances it does not take "Jo" of Brummagem long to say what he has got to say; but at Windsor, in the presence of the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, the talk between the friend of the duchesses and the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland (to say nothing of the Empress of India) was portentously long. "Harty" was down at Windsor also, and between the three of them—Premier, "Jo," and Duke—Her Majesty had more than enough to do to jot down mems. of what she was told.

The grasp which the Queen has of affairs is perfectly marvellous. She is not only a good listener, but a fountain of receptivity, remembering all she hears, and storing it up for use on a future occasion. I often wonder if the Prince of Wales will take as kindly to political matters as his Royal mother has done from the first. Some say he will —others (who know him better) affirm that he won't. One thing is certain—that, whereas the Queen is very Conservative (despite the shabby manner in which the Tories acted in connection with the

Prince Consort's annual allowance when the grant was first discussed in Parliament), the Prince of Wales is very Liberal. Very often people commanded to Windsor have come down grumpy and hoggish, declaring that it was a bore to have to put in an appearance at Court simply to gratify some fad or other of the Queen, and have gone away full of admiration of her kindness, her common sense, and her delightful manner (when she likes).

A notable visitor came to Windsor by the Queen's express desire. Mrs. Ricks, who seems to be generally known as "Aunt Martha," was, as she has told us, born a slave in America, otherwise "the Land of the Free," but her father bought her, her mother, six children, and himself off, and took them all back to Africa, when she was a child, and so she had never gone through the horrors of slavery. "Aunt Martha" is seventy-six years of age, and she was taken to Windsor by the Liberian Minister and his wife, and received by the Queen with exceptional kindness and grace. Her Majesty had a short talk with the old black woman, and then allowed her to roam about the Castle and look at things generally.

DIARY, *November*, 1893.

Some important items of news, which have filtered to the public through the usual channels of information, have seemingly escaped the attention of the lynx-eyed and vigilant critics of Royalty. The attitude of the Queen *vis-à-vis* that mass of corruption and immorality, the Stage, must have already sent a thrill of despair, supplemented probably by a spasm of wrath, through the serried

ranks of Nonconformity; but as yet their papers have made no sign of disapproval, perhaps because they have had so much to occupy them *à propos* of the Great Indian Cantonments Question. Now, however that it is officially announced that Her Majesty has commanded two more theatrical performances—one being the delightfully naughty opera, based on the immortal poem of Goethe, and set to music by the recently deceased master of melody, Charles Gounod—we may expect a series of fulminations equal in fervour to those which made the blood of most of us run icy cold on the ever-memorable occasion when Baron Reuter's agent in St. Petersburg flashed home the appalling intelligence that the Prince of Wales had accompanied the Russian Emperor and Empress to the Opera on a Sunday night!

We must all feel deeply for Boanerges when he read in his beloved and immaculate *Daily News* that the Queen had shown unusual geniality and the utmost courtesy to the "poor players" who had afforded her so much amusement by their representation of the diverting piece, "Diplomacy," so skilfully adapted from the French by Messrs. Scott and Stephenson. The various conventicles must have echoed with Boanerges' groans and spiritual wailings that the First Lady of the Land should have so far countenanced the children of Belial as to have witnessed their antics in her own Highland Castle of Balmoral, wherein so many unimpeachable expounders of the gloomiest texts to be found from Genesis to Revelation have been wont to sojourn any time within the last three or four decades. Nay, worse—much worse—remains

behind. How to soften the blow I hardly know; for, like murder, "'t will out." The Queen and Empress of these realms actually invited these miserable mummers to "join the Royal supper-party!" Nor is that all; for we have it on undoubted authority that Her Majesty distributed costly gifts in the most lavish manner—to this one a silver tankard and a signed full-length engraving of herself, to that one a diamond and ruby brooch with the monogram "V.R.I." in diamonds and rubies, surmounted by a crown; and to other of these strollers and vagabonds gold cigar-cases, diamond pins, and various valuable presents! Had the Royal dispenser of these hospitalities and gracious gifts been a mere Continental Queen, Empress, or Sultana, the acts would have had no, or very little, significance: we should have attributed them to the pernicious and blighting influence exercised upon her daughters by the incarnation of all evil and wickedness, the "Scarlet Lady." But, alas, it was no bead-counting, scapular-wearing, "Garden-of-the-Soul" reading Papist who set so frightful an example to millions of stalwart and staunch Protestants and despisers of heretics from the Thames to the Ganges, from the Medway to the St. Lawrence, but our very own Religious and Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, Defender of the Faith, and Empress of India, whom (pray pardon us, Boanerges!) may God long preserve!

Now, what is the moral, or, as Boanerges, Stiggins and Company would say, the application to be drawn from these acts of evil import? I can think of none; but we may be certain that the "unco' guid" will be less dull than ourselves in drawing

some weighty conclusions, mostly of the fire-and-brimstone order, from the set of facts presented above. Should they allow the occasion to pass without an attempt to "improve" it, our surprise will be great and unspeakable, for we know Boanerges of old. Like the leopard, he cannot change his spots; and, whether the scene of his preachments be Little Bethel or Salvation "Barracks," he is ever "on the spot" when a reputation of one of the ungodly is to be damaged or a soul with theatrical hankerings to be damned.

After the Jubilee year (1887) King George's grandmother, as probably many of my elderly readers will remember, emerged from the complete seclusion in which she had buried herself since the death of Prince Albert, and gave many tokens to the world that the hand of Time had at last played its kindly part in somewhat assuaging the violence of her grief. During the last week of October, 1891, an incident occurred which showed that the Queen had abandoned much of the extravagant symbolism by which she had sought to impress the memory of her husband indelibly on the recollection of her posterity. It is a curiously suggestive fact that all her grandchildren who were born in England, and consequently under her immediate authority, were, with one exception which did not survive for a month, given the name of Albert in addition to a long string of others. The result of this inconvenient system was to frustrate its end. The multiplicity of Alberts led to the almost total extinction in the ordinary life of the Royal Family of this name. The sons of the then Prince of Wales entirely dropped it in private life. The sons of

Princess Christian were Christian and Fred respectively. The eldest son of Princess Beatrice was not only Alexander in private, but so styled in the Court Circular. The sons of the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Albany were known by the same names as their fathers. But after the Jubilee year there was a change. The second son of Princess Beatrice, who was born in 1889, escaped without the Albert, and Prince Maurice Victor Donald,* who was baptized at the end of October, 1891, was similarly excepted. This was undoubtedly wise on the part of the Queen, for it was obviously inconvenient in the extreme to load an unfortunate human being with, in addition to the numerous names prescribed by custom, a purely supernumerary appellation which was intended simply to transform the individual in question into a living and moving memorial tablet. If any further proof of the inconvenience and folly of such a custom were required, it could have been supplied from the practice followed with regard to those of Queen Victoria's grandsons who were not born in England. Of these the second son in the family of the late Emperor Frederick and the eldest son of the late Grand Duke of Hesse were given the name of Albert, and were invariably known as Prince Henry and Prince Ernest, while their brothers were allowed to do entirely without the useless supernumerary name. In reference to this peculiar fancy of the Queen's in the matter of nomenclature, it will be remembered that all the daughters of the Prince of Wales (King Edward) and his brothers, two of the four daughters of the Empress Frederick, three

* Killed at the Front in 1914.

of the five daughters of the late Grand Duchess of Hesse, one of the two daughters of Princess Christian, and the daughter of Princess Beatrice were all named Victoria, making sixteen Princesses Victoria among the Great Queen's granddaughters, besides three among her daughters.

When, in April, 1900, Queen Victoria paid her last visit to Ireland (her first was in 1849) accompanied, as noted,* by Princess Christian (Helena) and Princess Henry of Battenberg (now "Princess Beatrice"), her personal attendant was a venerable valet, a man-of-all-work, who had to arrange the rooms and the furniture at the Viceregal Lodge exactly according to the Queen's liking. Special care was devoted to the Royal bed. This ancient servitor was a very inoffensive person, in every respect unlike the favourite, Brown. Nothing could exceed his respect for the officials at the Castle and the Viceregal Lodge and those who had charge of Her Majesty's safety. The preparation overnight of the next day's programme was a very troublesome business. The official who drew it up had, for example, to instruct the first postilion as to the route. Fortunately among the escort was a smart constable, who gave his assistance whenever necessary. Had the Queen entered Dublin on the day of her landing in Ireland, as had been her intention, although she had arrived some hours in advance of the prearranged time, the "progress" from Kingstown to the capital would have been a failure, owing to the heavy rain and high wind. On the following day the weather was all that could be desired—a bright sun and a "nice" breeze; it

* *Vide* the chapter Princess Beatrice.

H.M. Queen Alexandra

was one of those days that suited Her Majesty, and all went well. At the Viceregal Lodge, the Queen was somewhat annoyed. A step (so to call it) had been brought for her convenience when she alighted from her carriage; but, alas, it was too short, and there was considerable delay before she was able to get out, looking "daggers."

On the day of the Queen's departure—at, in fact, the last moment—some one remembered that Her Majesty had not distributed the "honours," a vitally important item of the programme! To say that consternation prevailed is to put it very feebly. Princess Beatrice telephoned from the Viceregal Lodge to a personage at the Castle, who replied that, in the unfortunate circumstances, the Viceroy (Earl Cadogan) must "do it." This suggestion was laid before and approved of by Her Majesty; so that "decorations" (nearly all those of the "Victorian Order") were hurriedly packed up, taken by a special messenger from the Lodge to the Castle, and duly handed by the "L.L." to the recipients. I am assured that there had never been such a *contretemps* in modern Court history, upon which my informant is almost as great an authority as our late Sovereign was and as Lord Knollys is.

These details of an "Investiture" by Queen Victoria at Osborne were given to me recently by a friend who received "honours" on the occasion referred to. The party travelled from Waterloo to Southampton in a "saloon" provided for them, and crossed the Solent in one of the Royal yachts, whose commander courteously welcomed them. Upon arriving at Cowes they found six Royal

carriages awaiting them. Before the investiture they were entertained at lunch. On the daïs in the large room to which they were escorted by an official were several members of the Royal Family. The Queen stood throughout the ceremony. Those about to be "invested" were ushered into the apartment in turn, and preceded to the daïs by Garter King-at-Arms, who read out the name. The recipient of "honours" knelt on a cushion before Her Majesty, and after he had received the decoration awarded to him, the Queen laid her right hand on his, and he kissed it. He then walked backwards from the Presence, accompanied by "Garter," who carried the cushion to and fro after each investiture. After the ceremony the departing guests saw the present King playing with some of the Royal children in the corridors.

My friend was greatly struck by, as he said, "the perfect manner in which everything was done, the great courtesy of the Court officials, and the respectful attitude of the Royal servants." One member of the party, a very distinguished man in his particular "line," was so regardless of appearances that he carried a very so-so "gamp" from Waterloo to Southampton, from thence to Cowes on the Royal yacht, and in the Royal carriage which took the party to Osborne. He clung to it likewise throughout the return journey. He had also provided himself with a heavy overcoat, which, although the weather was perfect, he wore over his Court garb, and which showed the marks made by the fastenings of his other (unworn) decorations. That most agreeable, and anything but overrated, of men, now Lord Milner, was of the party; but

it was not from him (need I say it ?) that I derived what is here jotted down at the hazard of the pen. My informant stood high in the estimation of the Great Queen, who took him into her confidence. He looms largely in the public eye at this moment (and I am writing in August, 1917—the blood-month of 1870, when I was watching our dear Ally of to-day being crushed by the then invincible foe).

Mr. Gladstone's attitude and speeches during one of the numerous campaigns in the Balkans irritated Queen Victoria; so much so that the Dean of Windsor (Dr. Wellesley) received an intimation from the Royal lady that "it might be well if Mr. Gladstone visited the Deanery less frequently." The Dean, annoyed in turn by this message, said to a friend shortly afterwards: "I sat down and *wrote her a tickler* !"

A young officer on duty at Windsor Castle was asked by Queen Victoria if he knew the name of a very lively march the band was playing at the moment. "Come where the booze is cheaper, ma'am," was the poor boy's rather hesitating answer.

At the time of Queen Victoria's coronation (June 28, 1838), the Master of the Horse was Lord Albemarle, who claimed that, by virtue of his official position, he was entitled to ride to and from Westminster Abbey in Her Majesty's carriage. Not unnaturally the Queen met this request by informing the noble lord that she wished to be accompanied by her mother. The Master of the Horse sought the advice of the Duke of Wellington, who gave it on the spur of the moment, and without

the least consideration for his noble friend's feelings. "The Queen," said the Duke, "can tell you to ride *in* her carriage, or *behind* it, or to *run alongside it* like a —— tinker's cur!"

All who were in trouble went to "the Duke," from Queen Victoria's husband and the Earl of Albemarle downwards. The Prince Consort, after attending a public dinner in the City, returned very late to Windsor Castle and found the gates closed. "By the Queen's orders, your Royal Highness," said the sentry, "the gates are not to be opened after 12 o'clock." Prince Albert made no further attempt to gain admission, but posted back to London and "knocked up" the Duke of Wellington. "There's only one thing to be done," said the Duke. "You must go to Buckingham Palace—no, not to an hotel—and see what happens when Her Majesty learns that the guard refused to let you enter the Castle." The Prince acted in accordance with the advice given him. He drove off to Buckingham Palace, where his unexpected appearance in the small hours of the morning caused much surprise. Letter upon letter came from the Queen, bidding him to return to Windsor; of these missives he took no notice. At length came a very humble request from Her Majesty, praying him to come to her, and this petition the father of King Edward graciously answered in person.

DIARY, *August* 11, 1892.

The Queen has had a more exciting time than usually falls to her lot when she quits Windsor for the charming and peaceful seclusion of her island

home on the Solent. To the exertions entailed by the visit of her irrepressible grandson have been added considerable anxieties with regard to the political situation. Apart from Her Majesty's private sentiments on the question that has brought about a disruption of old party ties, the complete change in the household which Mr. Gladstone's accession to power must bring about, can hardly fail at her time of life to be a source of genuine disquietude. So long as the Liberals included among their ranks a fair proportion of the Whig aristocracy, these periodical revolutions in her domestic surroundings caused little personal inconvenience to the Sovereign. Under the present circumstances it is exceedingly difficult to foresee what decently suitable arrangements can be made to fill the great offices about the Court. Such personages as Lord Aberdeen, Lord Brassey, Lord Hothfield, Lord Oxenbridge, and others, whose names have been mentioned, are utterly unfamiliar to Her Majesty, and to the ways of the palace. Still more troublesome will be the discovery of ladies to take over such duties as change hands with the vicissitudes of Ministries. For the present the Queen is enjoying the society of the Princess of Wales, of whom she has seen nothing since the unhappy days of the early spring, and as Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is still a guest at Osborne there can be little doubt that the marriage of the Duke of York will practically be settled, if no decision has yet been taken. The Duke of Edinburgh, too, has been summoned from Plymouth to join the Royal circle, and this fact has led some to surmise that the wedding of Princess Marie is

not absolutely certain to be celebrated in Rumania. The Empress Eugénie is expected to stay for a few days at Osborne before the Court is transferred to Balmoral, and looking to the time now taken up by political affairs, the move will very likely be made a fortnight hence.

The Princess of Wales, with the Princesses Victoria and Maud, left Sandringham on Monday to make a short stay in the Isle of Wight as guests of the Queen, though much of their time will be spent on board the *Aline* with the Prince of Wales and possibly the Duke of York. The Royal ladies have had three very quiet and pleasant weeks at Sandringham, postponing their journey south until all the gay and festive crowd had cleared away from Cowes. It is marvellous how quickly this clearance is effected. On Friday afternoon the place was thronged with people and full of life and animation. Twenty-four hours later it had lapsed into the placid calm of "Sleepy Hollow." The Princess will certainly remain until the end of the week, and perhaps longer, for she has not seen her son since he attained ducal honours. At this moment he is absent with the *Melampus* off the coast of Ireland, having been summoned to join his ship on Thursday. He will, however, come round to Spithead before his mother and sisters set out for Gmünden. The Prince of Wales goes to Homburg on Friday or Saturday, and will stay for his usual period of three weeks. He is much wanted, as business is rather languishing this season in spite of the interest that the Empress Frederick takes in the prosperity of the place.

Wilhelm II has been on his very best behaviour

during his stay at Cowes, and really tried to make himself agreeable to everybody. The Queen enjoyed his visit, and spared no trouble or expense to make it a brilliant success. The contents of the plate-room at Windsor were sent to Osborne by special train in order to deck the hospitable board that was spread twice for dinner and twice for lunch in the new Indian banquet-hall. Her Majesty not only took part in these fatiguing ceremonial feasts, but she received her grandson for several long private colloquies, and when the *Meteor* was racing drove down two or three times to the Club House at Cowes, in order to learn the result. Besides these amenities, by her Royal command a grand spread was given in honour of the Kaiser on Thursday on board the *Victoria and Albert*, over which the Prince of Wales presided. This was a naval function to which several of the English and German captains were bidden, whilst numerous invitations were sent to the subordinate officers for the coffee and cigars that followed the dinner. The bridge and after-deck of the vessel were roofed in with flags, adorned with flowers, and illuminated by electricity, forming a delightful smoking-room, whilst the band of the Royal Marines provided music. So completely was the Kaiser's time filled up by his hosts, that he had only two opportunities of doing the honours of the *Kaiser-Adler* to the official and fashionable world.

CHAPTER IV

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, MOTHER OF KING GEORGE V

I WONDER how many people ever give a thought to what Queen Alexandra has done for the Empire? We owe to this Princess of Denmark a debt which can never be adequately paid—first for consenting to become the wife of the King that was, and secondly for bringing into the world the King that is. To have been the wife of one great King and to be the mother of a son who bids fair, as the years roll on, to be an equally great Sovereign—is not this a glorious record for any woman? Is it not sufficient to make the millions of the British Empire, without distinction of class or creed, enshrine her in their hearts?

When one of her greatest friends, Mrs. Standish, was living at Ascot the house took fire, and a friend of mine who knew this beautiful woman in Paris expressed his regret that he was not the stable-boy who caught her in his arms when she jumped out of the window. Similarly with Queen Alexandra. What would not any one of us give did Providence afford us an opportunity of rescuing her from some great peril! There is not a man or boy in the empire who would not gladly, and with a proud smile on his face, lay down his life for one whom Dean Stanley called the "Angel in the House."

Not only is Queen Alexandra a *charmeuse* in the ordinary sense of the word, but she is a charmer of animals. She can make horses, dogs, and birds do anything she pleases. Dogs will eat bread which she offers them when they will refuse it from other hands. All who have been guests at Sandringham have noticed this. Shortly after marriage—in fact when she returned from the honeymoon—she went with some friends to the Zoological Gardens. The party stopped to admire a lioness and her cub. Seeing how interested the Princess was in the little animal (then only a few weeks old) the keeper took from the cage the cub, and, to the surprise of all, Her Royal Highness fearlessly caressed it, the lioness looking on with evident satisfaction!

What, it will be asked, is Queen Alexandra's secret? It is simply her possession of the most extraordinary magnetic influence, called by the savants magnetic "radiation." That she is endowed with this marvellous gift is observable by all who are privileged to gaze into her deep-blue eyes, which fascinate those who come under their spell. Probably not one woman in a million, however beautiful, possesses this amazing power. A celebrated oculist once went so far as to say of the Queen: "The power of healing is discernible in her face!"

Queen Alexandra is one of those rare beings known as "Odylists," a word which, except to the very few, does not convey very much information. Its root is "Od," which, according to "The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English" (1911), "is a power assumed to pervade nature, and

accounts for magnetism, crystallisation, chemical action, mesmerism, etc." Such is "Odylism."

"My greatest wish," she often said in her childhood, "is to be loved." That desire has been gratified to the fullest extent.

As there are spots on the sun, so this great lady has had from her childhood one little failing—she is not a pattern of punctuality. When at her toilette she seems always to have been under the delightful illusion that Eternity was behind her. Watches and clocks were not made for her. Hours to her are as seconds. Day and night do not exist for her. She is ready when she is ready. But for this trivial *faiblesse*—shared by most of her sex—she would be indeed, like Tennyson's Maud, "faultily faultless."

At her old homes, the Palace of Gule, Bernstorff Castle, and Fredensborg, she would enter the room with her winning smile only when all the family had begun dinner. Her father, King Christian IX, was very punctilious when he and his consort were entertaining guests, as they did every autumn, the period of the family gathering. One day, when the Emperor Alexander III, King Christian's son-in-law, was staying at Fredensborg, all had taken their places at table with one exception, needless to say whom. When presently she appeared, wreathed in smiles and seemingly unconscious of being late, her father scolded her as if she were still a child; and it was noticed that all through the meal she was depressed and silent. The next day, before dinner, the Tsar, who was devoted to his sister-in-law, tapped at the door of her room, and said: "Alix, are you ready?"

"In a minute," she answered. Ten minutes later she entered the dining-room, where she found all the family assembled except the Emperor, who came in a minute or two later; and thereafter it was observed that he was less punctual than he had been—merely to give the Princess a chance!

Queen Alexandra's personal loveliness, as many will be surprised to hear, came to her only in the maturity of her married life. The photographs taken of her before 1863, and even at a later date, did not reveal that counterpart of Rubens's "St. Cecilia" which critics have asserted to be the most beautiful face ever portrayed on canvas. The Princess, however, underwent a transformation, and gradually came to be voted the loveliest woman in Europe. She surpassed the Empress Eugénie in her prime, and, as some thought, was rivalled in the eighties and nineties only by her cherished friend, Mrs. Standish. There was in those days a certain similarity between the two in general appearance, and it has been said, perhaps with a little exaggeration, that Mrs. Standish taught Princess Alexandra how to dress, advice on this vital point being also tendered by the late charming Comtesse Edmond de Pourtalès, one of the beauties of the Second Empire, and the original of the famous picture, "Alsace," painted in remembrance of the great war of 1870.

I first saw the illustrious lady driving in the Park in the season of 1871, with her three daughters. I found that people spoke of her as "the Princess." It was provincial and suburban to call her "Princess of Wales." The same rule applied to her husband, who was "the Prince" until he came to the Throne.

A few episodes of the Queen's life stand out in sharp relief. First there was the Prince's illness in November–December, 1871, when the Princess's tender solicitude earned the gratitude of Queen Victoria and the Royal Family. On December 1 the poor sufferer murmured : " This is the Princess's birthday." In all his anguish he had remembered it.

Another episode was her own long illness at Marlborough House, during which the Prince had his desk brought into the sick-room and did his daily work under his wife's eyes.

Nearly twenty years later the devoted wife was sustaining the Prince when the papers and the clergy, and not a few people, were saying the cruellest things about him. She was always at his side to cheer him in his not infrequent hours of depression, when he thought it problematical if he would ever reign. Many firmly believed that Queen Victoria would outlive her son, whose health was often very indifferent and sometimes rather alarming to those around him. But his vigorous constitution enabled him to " pull through." We all remember how he was struck down by a serious illness on the very eve of his intended coronation.

I need say nothing here of his glorious reign, or of the son who is so worthy and capable a successor.

Some of those who saw Queen Alexandra in the dread May days between his death and burial have told me that she appeared distraught and passed her time going in and out of the room in which the Peacemaker slept his eternal sleep. She seemed to find consolation in taking friends into the room. Her letter, in which she spoke of her broken heart,

brought tears of sympathy into the eyes of many who read it.

Three years later (1913) she reappeared in public, and drove through streets of roses. I chanced to be close to her in Portland Place. Never had I seen her in greater beauty. What the Norwegian peasant said to Queen Maud I said to myself of her mother: "You are truly a beautiful Queen!"

In 1914 we saw—delightful sight!—the two Queens driving together on the day of roses. The spectacle ought to have made a greater impression on the public than it obviously did. I heard no exclamations of admiring astonishment. Everybody apparently took it as a matter of course. It was more than that. I regarded it as a *coup de théâtre*, calculated to demolish the fables so long circulated concerning the personal relations of their Majesties. I believe that Queen Mary is justly proud of the strong hold which her august mother-in-law retains upon the affections of the people; and I am equally firm in the belief that the much-loved consort of King George has already become, as is her due, a vastly popular favourite.

Queen Alexandra gives the impression of one who has been dipped in the fountain of perpetual youth. While her sympathy was, and perhaps is, naturally with Russians, she did not forget the long years of close friendship between King Edward and the late Emperor of Austria-Hungary; nor, with her good memory, can she have forgotten the splendid hospitality of Kaiser Francis Joseph when, nearly fifty years ago, he entertained her and her consort at the Hofburg. It was the first visit the

Prince of Wales, then in his exuberant early manhood, had paid to the Austrian Sovereign, who thereafter became one of the Prince's most devoted friends. But less than two years before his death King Edward made the unpleasant discovery that Francis Joseph and his Foreign Minister had shamefully duped him by concealing from him their intention to annex Bosnia and the Herzegovina. For this monstrous duplicity our always fair-dealing, straightforward Sovereign could not, and did not, forgive the Emperor.

In 1891 Queen Alexandra and her daughters were staying at Livadia with the Emperor and Empress of Russia. Their visit was brought to an abrupt conclusion by telegraphic news from England that Prince George of Wales (our present Sovereign) was seriously ill, and the Royal ladies immediately started for home, reaching Marlborough House only after six days' continuous travelling. (Not long previously Prince George, who had had thirteen years' service, was promoted to be a commander in the Royal Navy.) The young Prince had visited Dublin, where his brother "Eddie" was stationed with his regiment, and his illness, scarlet fever, was contracted during his stay in the Irish capital. Prince George had scarcely recovered when his brother was struck down and died at Sandringham (January 14, 1892). For many subsequent months Prince George devoted himself entirely to his mother and his sisters and continuously accompanied them on their travels.

On October 19, 1881, there appeared in print some rather remarkable correspondence between the Princess of Wales (through her then secretary,

Mr. Holzmann), and the Countess of Ilchester. Her Royal Highness had been asked to become a patroness of an association for encouraging British woollen industries, but felt obliged to decline the request for reasons which were stated at length, the principal one being that the question might ultimately resolve itself into a conflict between consumers and producers. "Although the efforts of the latter to protect their interests might be perfectly legitimate it was impossible for the Princess of Wales, having regard to her public position, to take such a prominent part in the contest between different classes of the population as would be assumed by her if she were to allow her name to head the list of supporters of the association in question." "A very sensible decision," was the almost universal comment upon the Royal lady's action.

In April–May, 1908, Queen Alexandra accompanied her consort on State visits to Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. The visit to the first of these Scandinavian countries coincided with the signature of the North Sea and the Baltic Conventions, to which Denmark was a party, and King Edward, at a banquet, commented on this "demonstration of friendship between the two nations, which was based on solidarity of interest as well as mutual sympathy." The Swedes hailed King Edward's presence among them as being the first visit (April 26–28) ever paid to Sweden by a British Sovereign "in order to manifest his warm friendship for the King [Gustaf V] and his sincere regard for the Swedish people." The Royal visit to Norway (April 29–May 2) was noted as "a fresh pledge of

the continuance of European peace." On the day of their arrival at Christiania, King Edward, Queen Alexandra, King Haakon, and Queen Maud lunched at the British Legation with Sir Arthur Herbert, the British Minister, the other guests including Dr. Nansen (then Norwegian Minister in London), and M. Michelsen. King Edward expressed himself as highly pleased with the beautiful Legation building, and admired the splendid view of the Christiania Fjord which it commands. After the luncheon the Royal party went for a drive to Bygdoe. Their Majesties dined at the Palace, and afterwards attended a gala performance at the National Theatre. The Royal box was richly decorated with roses. The audience rose and the orchestra played the British National Anthem as their Majesties and their suites entered. King Edward wore Norwegian uniform, with the ribbon of the Garter and the chain of St. Olaf; King Haakon was in British uniform, with the ribbon of the Garter. Among those present were the members of the diplomatic body, M. Michelsen, Dr. Nansen, the Presidents of the two Houses of the Storthing, the Premier, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The chairman of the directors of the theatre called for cheers for the King and Queen of Great Britain, which were given with enthusiasm. The first three acts of Björnson's "Mary Stuart in Scotland" were presented, with Nordraak's music. During the drive back from the theatre their Majesties were greeted with hearty cheers by the crowds in the streets.

In the same year (November 16–20) the King and Queen of Sweden were the guests of King

Edward and Queen Alexandra. The visitors were entertained at the Guildhall and presented with an address in a gold casket, and the King made a speech which the late Duke of Cambridge would have described as " excellent."

A fortnight later Queen Alexandra and the King welcomed the King and Queen of Norway and their vivacious son.

Queen Alexandra and King Edward, as Prince and Princess of Wales, were present at the wedding of King Constantine (then Duke of Sparta, Heir-Apparent, or " Diadochos ") and the Kaiser's sister, Princess Sophie (alternatively Sophia), at Athens, in October, 1889. Our Royal couple then met the bride's parents, the Tsarevitch (the ex-Tsar of 1917), the King and Queen of Denmark (Queen Alexandra's parents), the then recently widowed Empress Frederick (mother of the bride), and a posse of members of other reigning families. Neither of Queen Alexandra's sisters attended the nuptials. The Prince of Wales left Athens for Egypt, and *en route* took leave of his eldest son, Prince Albert Victor, who was on his way to India. The Princess of Wales and the Empress Frederick remained for a while at Athens.

The Greeks hailed the marriage of the Heir-Apparent and the Kaiser's sister as a good omen for the future of the Hellenic kingdom. They are a somewhat superstitious race, and evoked, *à propos* of the marriage, the prophecy that when they had for King a Constantine and for Queen a Sophie (or Sophia) the regeneration of their country was at hand. They were disillusioned when the disastrous war of 1897 with Turkey broke out, for the Kaiser's

attitude towards Greece was the reverse of gratifying. Constantine's *amour-propre* was wounded by his German brother-in-law's shifty policy. The Kaiser did not raise even his little finger in support of Greece, which was mulcted in a war indemnity of 4,000,000 Turkish pounds. In 1912–13 Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro were at war with Turkey, but a time arrived when Greece continued the war alone, and issued from it victoriously.

There are not many *mots* of Queen Alexandra to be recorded. There is, however, one of her sayings which many, but by no means all, will agree with. They were talking about the charms of long "auto" drives, and Her Majesty listened very patiently to the numerous ecstatic expressions of opinion until there was a silence; then she spoke: "Continuous touring in an automobile is the quickest way known as yet for spoiling a good complexion and getting ten thousand wrinkles!" Some one asked her how she contrived to keep her youthful appearance—a delicate question, which none but those very intimate with her would have the audacity to put. Her reply was the common-sense one: "The elixirs of youth are fresh air and exercise." In her time the Queen has had an abundance of both. The German Empress, who was formerly noted for her beautiful complexion, gave expression to the same views, couched in similar words, as those of Queen Alexandra.

Queen Alexandra's mother, Queen Louise, used to say that her second son, the late King George, father of ex-King Constantine, was the cutest member of the family, and this little story may be cited in support of the correctness of Her Majesty's

judgment. At the time the Kaiser, who was cordially detested by all Queen Alexandra's family, made his highfalutin "mailed fist" speech, King George of Greece was staying at the Amalienborg Castle in Copenhagen. A gentleman with him at the moment showed him the telegraphic reports of the speech, which greatly amused him. Dropping the paper in amazement at the Emperor's bombastic words, King George said to his friend: "Well, Captain, what is your opinion of it?" "I have heard of better speeches, sire," was the diplomatic reply. "Yes," said the King laughingly, "but have you ever heard of *worse* ones?"

"Rose Day" was instituted in 1912. When Queen Alexandra drove up St. James's Street on her own "Day" in 1915, a piquant incident, together, perhaps, with many other little episodes, passed unrecorded. On the refuge, almost opposite Lloyds Bank, an institution which many of us have reason to appreciate, there was a bevy of charming flower-sellers. The carriage passed them very slowly, thus giving them the desired opportunity of hurling scores of blossoms at the Royal lady. As these mostly fell in her lap or at her feet no harm came of it, but when a number of the floral emblems, each with a pin attachment, fell on her head and even on her face, the Queen held up her hands in self-protection, and I heard her give a little cry of "Oh!" For a fraction of a minute she was alarmed—then burst into laughter, and passed jubilantly on her flower-decked way.

Never had I seen her in greater beauty or looking happier than on that June day in 1915. But amid her gladness some of us imagined there was that

tender pensiveness which brings us all under the spell of the Odylist—that wistful, appealing look showing that there are seldom out of her sympathetic mind

> The jangled chords that mar the tune,
> The mad desires, the hopes that die,
> The tragedies that underlie
> The laughter of a London June.

And the Duchess of Fife—I wonder if she still remembers how in this same Street of St. James she and her two sisters had a narrow escape from death when they were thrown out of their pony-carriage and led into the Thatched House Club by Lord Alfred Paget's friend, "Jack" Murphy (of the "Conservative"), and were presently escorted to "M.H." by Sir Dighton Probyn? Neither he nor Miss Knollys can have forgotten that fateful July afternoon in 1881.

Early in May, 1914, for the first time since Queen Alexandra has occupied Marlborough House in the present reign, Her Majesty gave an evening entertainment, and the fine reception-rooms were thrown open. The large drawing-room at Marlborough House is a fine apartment, running almost the entire length of the building, and direct access to the garden is gained through one of the windows by a short flight of steps. The State dining-room is another magnificent apartment, and it was there that in former years the Derby Day dinner used to take place. Many changes had necessarily been made in the interior of Marlborough House in the previous ten or twelve years, but as far as possible it was made to look as it did in former days, when

Queen Alexandra resumed occupation after the death of King Edward.

On the eve of her birthday in 1914 Queen Alexandra learnt that her energetic, courageous sister, Dagmar, had deigned to be "interviewed" by a Copenhagen writer. Her Imperial Majesty opened her heart to this much-favoured chronicler, and gave him leave to make known to the world her assurance as to the perfect unity of 200,000,000 Russians and their determination to gain a "victory for the cause of justice." Her burning words went forth and aroused the resentment of the Boches. Then came the sequel to the "Interview with her Imperial Majesty the Dowager Empress Marie." The journal known as the *Frankfurter* printed a gross attack upon the sisters. This vulgar and wholly false tirade was not generally published in this country, and this brief extract from it may cause some amusement at dinner-tables when the *convives* are loyally raising their glasses in honour of the "Day":

The woman who has spoken thus [the Empress's own words were given] will have to answer to History for the disastrous part she played in the preparation of the world-war. Together with her sister, the spouse of Edward VII, she was for long the centre of the international anti-German conspiracy, and even in recent years she continued to use the influence which she exercised in high degree upon her feeble son for intrigues against the German Empire. In this way she often counteracted the work of the authorities responsible for Russian policy. The hatred of this woman, who,

at the beginning of the war, went so far in Berlin as to abuse the German Emperor, makes plain the blindness which these words [of hers] display.

In the Court circle of the old days, when Marlborough House was the microcosm of London society, there was no more prominent figure than that of Sir Harry Keppel, the gallant father of the now Serjeant-at-Arms, Vice-Admiral Sir Colin Keppel, from 1915 the King's "special servant" in the House of Commons. Lord Suffield, Sir Dighton Probyn, and "Sir Harry" were the most favoured of the intimate friends of the Prince who became King and the Princess who is the Rose Queen of to-day. The veteran was the cheeriest of men, full of jokes and quiet merriment. Sir Harry and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts were great friends, and at the "Service" clubs, where he was always the centre of lively talk, he was made more of than any one else. He preserved his juvenility and gaiety to the last. The "Serjeant" was warmly welcomed by "the House," partly perhaps for the sake of Sir Harry.

Bishop Frodsham, preaching at St. Olave's, Finsbury Park, London, on November 12, 1916, said Queen Alexandra was right in emphasising the need for a national recognition of the claims of nurses who "have broken down in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded" and in associating that recognition with the Edith Cavell Homes of Rest. The true national appeal that Edith Cavell makes to the British nation is not for vengeance. If we considered only the German side of the matter, vengeance would be natural,

but the story of Edith Cavell's last hours puts the matter in another light. "She said," wrote the Chaplain at Brussels who was with her the night before her death, "that she wished all her friends to know that she willingly gave her life for her country, and added, 'I have no fear or shrinking. I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me. . . . But this I would say, standing as I do in view of God and Eternity. I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards any one.'" "These words should not be forgotten in England. They are among the finest spoken during this war. They show both high heroism and true religion. They are characteristic not only of Edith Cavell but also of the British nurses who, moved by patriotism and Christianity, tend friend and foe alike. Queen Alexandra speaks for all England in emphasising the need for a national recognition of the willing sacrifices of nurses." And the Bishop was right.

We have seen the Queen fully emerge from her retirement, visiting the Opera and other public resorts, and gracing Ascot with her presence for the first time since the great calamity in 1910. Six times she has promenaded in the West End and the City on "Rose Day," once, as we have seen, accompanied by the consort of her son—a pleasant sight for many reasons. She has, in fact, taken up her old life as far as her deep-rooted affection for the one who is gone will permit of. Many relatives have been welcomed by her in Pall Mall. Only six weeks before the war she had around her ex-Queen Sophie and the Dowager Queen of the Hellenes as well as her Empress sister; and she has again

fêted the children on Princess Victoria's birthday, when the attendance of "grown-ups" was even larger than usual.

Like her august daughter-in-law, Queen Alexandra has from the first devoted herself wholeheartedly to what is conversationally known as war work. Two days after our declaration of war reached Berlin, Queen Alexandra issued this appeal on behalf of the wives and families of our soldiers and sailors :

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,

August 6, 1914.

During the South African War of 1899–1902, in answer to an appeal which I made through your columns, as President of the Council of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, we were enabled by the generosity of the public to provide for the wives and families of soldiers and sailors, whether "on" or "not on" the strength, and dependent relatives of over 200,000 cases to the extent of £1,205,000. I again appeal, and I am confident I shall not appeal in vain, for your kind co-operation and support to enable us to continue this great national work during the present crisis, thus relieving the breadwinners during their separation, and the hardships they may have to undergo, of all anxiety as to the care of their families and relatives and the keeping of their homes intact.

I take this opportunity of offering my grateful thanks to the Press generally throughout the country, India, the Colonies and abroad, who have so kindly supported the association in the past : to the public who have so liberally provided us with funds ; to the employers of labour and working men who, under similar circumstances, set aside part of their weekly earnings ; and to the ladies and gentlemen, over 12,000, who have voluntarily devoted so much time and labour to carry on this work which I have so much at heart.

The organisation and machinery by which the above funds were administered have been kept up since on a peace footing, and can again be relied upon as an immediate means of efficient and economic distribution.

I would invite the co-operation of Lord-Lieutenants of

counties and of Lord Mayors, provosts, and mayors throughout the kingdom to help me in the same way.

Subscriptions will also be received by our local branches in each county, in India, the Colonies, and by all naval and military stations abroad, as well as by our treasurer, Colonel Sir James Gildea, at 23 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W., cheques and postal orders being crossed " Coutts and Co."

ALEXANDRA.

This delightful and piquant mem. of Her Majesty as she was two months before her marriage was recorded by a Copenhagen paper, *Danmark*, printed in Danish and English (!), on January 15, 1863 :

Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra, who mixes but little in society during the mourning for Prince Albert [Queen Victoria's consort], seldom shows herself to the public. Some few persons have assembled to see her drive to and fro the English chapel, where the Rev. R. S. Ellis, M.A., officiates, but otherwise she is chiefly visible to the public only on the Long Line, particularly in the morning, arm-in-arm with her father. Usually along this fashionable promenade the Royal Family, the Court, and the *beau monde* may be seen at this season enjoying the skating. But this year the water obstinately refuses to freeze. It is in vain that the attentive Prince of Wales has forwarded to his coming bride a pair of elegant skates. St. Januarius has sullenly denied the Princes of our day, as the billows of the North Sea once resisted the appeal of Canute the Great.

CHAPTER V

AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

> "*God grant that the memory of the Princess Alexandra may be revered and blessed by the English people for a period as long, and for a cause as good, as that which has made holy the name of Queen Dagmar to the people of Denmark!*" *

In any other country the great mansion in Pall Mall which for two centuries has been known as Marlborough House would be designated a palace, a *château*, or a *Schloss*; the first for choice, since it has become the home of a Queen who is no stranger to it, for it was the residence of her consort and herself for thirty-eight years—from 1863 until 1901.

Some cynical critics, pluming themselves upon their knowledge of architecture, have professed to see in Marlborough House the semblance of a hospital; others regard it as being not wholly dissimilar to a barracks. If (these hypercritical persons have argued) it were not that the arms of the Prince of Wales were carved on the front, it would be difficult to believe it was a princely residence. They would have scoffed at the idea that one day it would become the home of a Queen—strictly speaking, of three Queens, for I record it as a fact previously, I think, unchronicled that in

* Dr. Charlton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, April, 1863.

the autumn of the year of her accession (1837) Queen Victoria resided for a time, while Buckingham Palace was being repaired, at Marlborough House, since 1910 once more the home of Queen Alexandra and her daughter, Princess Victoria, who celebrated her forty-ninth birthday on July 6, 1917.

The three stories of this Royal abode are composed of a central part with two wings in brick of a deep red colour (suggestive of a seventeenth-century dwelling) and stone. It was built on the site of the old pheasantry of St. James's Palace from the designs of the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, in 1709–10, and presented by a grateful nation to John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, in recognition of the victories gained by him at Hochstadt, Ramillies, and Malplaquet, and soon came to be considered as equal in magnificence to the Royal Court of the period. The Duke, oblivious of the proverb which warns us against looking a gift horse in the mouth, did not apparently regard the mansion with overmuch favour, for after a residence in it of only four years he let it to the then Prince of Wales. To His Royal Highness it proved no more attractive than it had been to the Duke, but, as the Prince could not find any one willing to take it off his hands, he continued to reside there until his death.

For the next hundred years Marlborough House had no notable tenants. In 1817 it reverted to the Crown, and was placed by the King at the disposal of Princess Charlotte, who was heiress presumptive to the Crown at the time of her marriage with Prince Leopold. The Princess never took possession of it, and when Prince Leopold entered into residence

he was a widower. He continued to occupy it until he was offered and accepted the Belgian Crown. For a long time thereafter Marlborough House remained untenanted. It was proposed to demolish it, but King William dying just then (in 1837) the widowed Queen Adelaide chose it as a residence and died there in 1849. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort saw in Marlborough House a desirable abode for the Prince of Wales (who was then only eight) when he should come of age.

Immediately following Queen Adelaide's death, the house underwent a strange metamorphosis. Its ground floor became a species of sublimated South Kensington Museum, and the first floor was converted into a library, or "school of art," and all this was at the suggestion of Prince Albert. Then the Duke of Wellington died; as he was to be given a public funeral it was resolved that Marlborough House should be the scene of the lying in state, and for three days all London defiled in mournful procession before the coffin.

Before the death of the Prince Consort in 1861, and in view of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, Marlborough House was renovated. When the repairs were begun the architect discovered that the walls of the great staircase and of the principal drawing-room had been frescoed with subjects representing the battles and sieges of the Duke of Marlborough. These embellishments were made by a poor French artist, Louis Laguerre, some of whose work may be still seen at Hampton Court and in certain country mansions. At Marlborough House were also found several fine portraits by Laguerre.

Photo Hansen, Copenhagen

PRINCE WALDEMAR (ONLY SURVIVING BROTHER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA) AND HIS LATE CONSORT, PRINCESS MARIE D'ORLÉANS

The work of restoration was not very successfully carried out, and it was only in 1889, after the Prince of Wales had discovered some contemporary engravings at Windsor, that the mural adornments in Pall Mall were completed. The large drawing-room was adorned with white and gold hangings. In the " Indian room," in glass cases, were displayed the presents made to the Prince during his tour in 1876, and a marble vase given to him by Tsar Alexander II, father of the Duchess of Edinburgh. This apartment also served as the dining-room of the " family." The house was for a time the home of the famous Vernon collection, and of some of Turner's pictures. The latter were removed to South Kensington in 1859; in 1861 the house was put in thorough repair and the interior remodelled for the Prince of Wales; and in 1863 stables were added from the designs of the architect Sir James Pennefather.

It is often asserted that Marlborough House is the personal property of Queen Alexandra, and many are the surmises as to who will ultimately inherit the residence. Some have named Prince Waldemar of Denmark (Her Majesty's brother, a widower)—others Sir Dighton Probyn or Miss Knollys! The house and grounds are the King's property. In his will the late King Edward left both Marlborough House and Sandringham to his son, with a request that they should be placed at the disposal of Queen Alexandra during her life, and a suggestion that afterwards Sandringham should be regarded as the dower house of future widowed Queen Consorts of Great Britain, and that Marlborough House should be used either by the

Heir Apparent or by some other member of the Royal family—at the discretion of the reigning Sovereign.

Long before the late George Augustus Sala became, in Matthew Arnold's humorous phrase, one of the "young lions" of the *Daily Telegraph*, he wrote for a weekly periodical belonging to Mr. John Maxwell, the husband of the lady whom we knew and admired as Miss Braddon, a series of descriptive essays called "Twice Round the Clock; or, The Hours of the Day and Night in London"; and in one of these he says sarcastically of the Mall: "Is it not overlooked by Stafford House the palatial, by Marlborough House the vast and roomy, once sacred to the memory of the victor of Ramillies and of Old Sarah, but now given up to some people they call artists, connected with something they call the English school, and partially used as a livery and bait stable for the late Duke of Wellington's funeral car, with its sham trophies and sham horses?"

From one point of view Marlborough House is an anachronism and an incongruity. It is tucked away, as if ashamed of itself, behind two clubs (one is the Guards') and a bank. From Pall Mall proper it is invisible. From the corner of St. James's Street you get a glimpse of its western side, but it is not an exhilarating spectacle. To the uninformed stranger within our gates it may be a hospital, a jail, a penitentiary, or a workhouse. A child of six would laugh if you said, "That is the home of the Rose Queen." The factory girl from Manchester, the "hand" from the calico-printing works at Bradford, the toiler from the steel-making factory at Sheffield,

the pen-maker from Birmingham, the agricultural labourer from the shires, would one and all say: "That Queen Alexandra's home! Garn! You're a-gettin' at me!"

Two smart Guardsmen do "sentry go" in front of the entrance gates, day and night. Those who pass through the small gate are confronted by a polite policeman, who, upon being satisfied that you are not a "militant" or an alien enemy, directs you where to go. You come to a door on the left and press the button of an electric bell, but not until you have noted two cyclist messengers, whose machines rest against the garden wall. For there is a beautiful garden, could you but see it, with a charming lawn, and great trees fronting the Mall. And on that lawn, in the old days—they seem a century off!—the cream of "society" has gathered at the "strawberry crushes" which the *débonnaire* Prince and the beauteous Princess gave every season; and here was seen, but only once, the Royal host running—yes, running—across the greensward to welcome his Royal mother, whose amusement at the Prince's "sprinting" powers was shared by the members of his family, while the Royal *châtelaine* and her daughters made no attempt to conceal their laughter.

How the "strugglers," the "climbers," as we have since come to call them, intrigued for invitations to this *omnium gatherum*! Many of them succeeded, and were happy for ever afterwards. For these worthy folk to see their names in the papers the next day was equivalent to getting a glimpse of the fabled Elysian Fields. "If some of these people got their deserts, they would be

under lock and key ! "—so an eminent man of the law, highly esteemed by "the Prince," was credited with saying. It was not very complimentary to the Royal host and hostess, but there may have been a *soupçon* of truth in it. There are specks in amber and slugs have been seen on a *Gloire de Dijon* and a Lent lily.

But I have wandered away from the courtyard of Marlborough House, and must retrace my steps. Having passed the policeman, and remarked to yourself that this side of the old mansion has nothing particularly Royal about it, and somewhat suggests Stable Yard across the road, where Lord Knollys and other great dignitaries are quite content to dwell, you press the button of the electric bell and the door is answered by a commissionaire. When you are in the little passage a man servant in plain clothes emerges from a small room on the left, takes your card, and hands it and you over to a servant clad in the Royal livery. Him you follow for a few steps along a corridor, and then a second liveried man precedes you and shows you into a spacious room, comfortably but not lavishly furnished. On the walls are a few pictures, some apparently not of much account ; in a glass case, of the pre-Edwardian *régime*, are books ; and on a large table are telegraph forms, writing-pads, paper, envelopes, and cards. Here you wait until you are summoned elsewhere, or are joined by—some personage or other.

The atmosphere here, as at Buckingham Palace, is so reposeful that it would get on the nerves of those unaccustomed to inhale the peaceful air of Royal dwellings. The corridors are so heavily

carpeted that there is no sound of footsteps. It is a relief to hear some one speaking in ordinary tones. After her illness, back in the seventies, Queen Alexandra began to suffer from deafness, which did not decrease as the years advanced. This little infirmity has occasionally been the cause of more or less amusing incidents, as will be seen by this account of one of them given me, when I was writing this chapter, by a well-known Irish friend.

On one of their visits to Ireland as Prince and Princess of Wales, the future King Edward and Queen Alexandra were present at an "extension" ceremony at Alexandra College, known as the Dublin "Girton," founded some years prior to the Royal visit. The illustrious couple arrived on the scene very much after the appointed hour, and people were wondering what had happened when, greatly to their relief, the band outside was heard playing the National Anthem. Immediately afterwards their Royal Highnesses entered the hall. The Prince looked very much put out—in fact, very cross. "It is not *my* fault that we are so late," he said. "*I* am always punctual. The Princess was not ready." While her consort was speaking, the Princess's face was wreathed in smiles, giving people the impression that she fully concurred in what he was saying; in reality, however, she had not clearly heard his little *apologia*, or perhaps her countenance would have assumed a different expression. The reader will naturally ask what the Princess said when she was informed of her consort's explanation of the cause of their late arrival. But that is a question which I am unable to answer.

It is quite possible that some who read these lines are unaware of the fact that Queen Alexandra is one of the wealthiest of Royal widows. She derives from the State an income of £70,000 a year, in addition to the not inconsiderable amount which she received under the will of her father, King Christian IX. When King Edward was Prince of Wales his total income did not exceed £100,000 per annum, £60,000 of which came from the Duchy of Cornwall, the private property of the Princes of Wales. The calls upon the purse of King Edward during the long years of his Princedom were manifold, but he never begrudged what he was practically compelled to disburse, for he was a cheerful giver, which, it is said, "the Lord loveth." It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if he was occasionally in "a tight corner." He was not a spendthrift, for he could make a sovereign go as far as anybody. The simple fact was that, to put it shortly, he was underpaid. For the greater part of his life he did nearly the whole of his mother's ceremonial work and did not receive an adequate amount for doing it. Queen Alexandra is very generous, as she can afford to be, for she has not to meet those large demands upon her bounty which sometimes crippled her liberal consort when he was Prince.

Marlborough House was the home of Queen Alexandra, as I have said, for the greater part of thirty-eight years—from 1863 until 1901; and there were periods when it could not be truly said of her, in Tennyson's words:

> You have but fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies of life.

But over her griefs and afflictions we will draw

the veil. No one has anything to reproach her with; and in her seventy-third year she finds her life-long popularity undiminished, some even say increased.

For two years, less six weeks, after the King's death (May 6, 1910) his widowed consort was absent from the public gaze. She made her re-appearance only in April, 1912, at Queen's Hall, at a symphony concert conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald. The applause which greeted her moved her to tears. This event led some one devoid of the most elementary knowledge to write: "In the course of time (though probably not so soon as this season) there will be some entertaining at Marlborough House, where it is quite possible that Queen Alexandra may hold a miniature Court of her own." This is a sample of the hundreds of preposterous statements made during the last five years which caused a prominent personage to say to me: "I wish they would confine themselves to writing about the Queen's dogs and birds. Then no harm would be done."

Let us take a glance at Queen Alexandra's Court as now composed. It comprises a Mistress of the Robes, three Ladies of the Bedchamber, three Extra Ladies of the Bedchamber (in 1911 there were five), one Woman of the Bedchamber, and one Maid of Honour, of whom there were formerly four and until quite recently two.

The Mistress of the Robes (previously the Duchess of Buccleuch) is the Duchess of Portland, a Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem. She is the daughter (Winifred Anne) of Mr. Thomas Yorke Dallas-Yorke, of Walmsgate Hall, Louth, Lincolnshire,

who married in 1862 the third daughter of Mr. William Graham, of Burntshiel. Mr. Dallas-Yorke had been a captain in the 11th Hussars and saw service in the Crimean campaign. He added the surname and quartered the arms of his maternal uncle, Mr. James Whiting Yorke, in accordance with the terms of that gentleman's will, on succeeding to his property in 1856.

Shortly before the wedding, the Duke's *fiancée* gave daily sittings of three hours to Mr. Shannon, who produced a charming, life-like portrait, although the facial expression was by no means easy to catch. When the marriage was announced there were many inquiries at the shops for Miss Dallas-Yorke's portrait, but it was unobtainable, the only one then in existence, as I was told at the time, being in Mr. Shannon's possession. When the marriage was celebrated (at St. Peter's, Eaton Square) in 1889 the Duke was thirty-two; he succeeded his cousin as sixth Duke in 1879. In 1889, according to the "Modern Doomsday Book," the Duke's estates in Nottinghamshire (35,000 acres) produced £50,000 per annum, those in Caithness-shire (81,000 acres) £8000, and those in Ayrshire (25,000 acres) £60,533—in all, £118,533. There are outlying properties elsewhere; but the great Marylebone property which had belonged to the present Duke's grandfather was left by the last Duke, his father's cousin, to his sisters (surviving in 1889), Lady Ossington and Lady Howard de Walden. The founder of the family fortunes was Hans William Bentinck, of Holland, who came over to England in the train of William the Stadtholder and commanded the Dutch Horse Guards at the Battle of

the Boyne. He was Groom of the Stole, First Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King, and was created Earl of Portland and given the "Garter." His son, the second Earl, was raised to the Dukedom of Portland in 1716, and his grandson was twice Prime Minister.

Queen Alexandra's Mistress of the Robes is, like her husband , a native of Perthshire. She was born at Murthly Castle, in the district round about Dunkeld. At her birth the castle was the residence of her grandmother, Mrs. Graham. The Duchess's parents were married in the Episcopal Church at Birnam, and the officiating clergyman was the celebrated Charles Kingsley, with whom King Edward read history at Cambridge. The Marquis of Titchfield, heir to the Dukedom, was born in 1893, and came of age in 1914. In the last week of June in that year the King and Queen Mary visited the Duke and Duchess at Welbeck Abbey, and made a little tour through the district. The thanks of their Majesties for the loyal reception accorded them were expressed in a letter, written to the Duke by the King himself, which will be found in the chapter recording the more important addresses, letters, and telegrams of His Majesty.

The Ladies of the Bedchamber are :

(1) The Countess of Antrim (married in 1875), sister of the late Earl Grey.

(2) The Countess of Gosford (married in 1876), who was Lady Louise Augusta Beatrice Montagu, daughter of the seventh Duke of Manchester.

(3) The Marchioness of Lincolnshire (married in 1878), who was the Hon. Cecilia Margaret Harbord,

daughter of the fifth Lord Suffield. Her husband, still best known as Lord Carrington, his former title, was created a Marquis in 1912. Lady Lincolnshire's mother, the late Lady Suffield, who died a few years ago, was for a long period a Lady of the Bedchamber.

The Extra Ladies of the Bedchamber are :

(1) The Marchioness of Lansdowne, V.A., C.I., Lady of Justice of St. John of Jerusalem (married in 1869). She was Lady Maud Evelyn Hamilton, daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn. The Marquis is the leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Lords.

(2) The Marchioness of Salisbury (married 1887) was Lady Cicely Alice Gore, daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran.

(3) The Countess of Derby (married 1889) was Lady Alice Maude Olivia Montagu, daughter of the seventh Duke of Manchester. She is a sister of Lady Gosford.

Queen Alexandra's fourth Lady of the Bedchamber, Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, wife of the then Viceroy of India, died on July 11, 1914, in a London nursing-home. She was the second daughter of the first Lord Alington, one of King Edward's most intimate friends, and was married in 1890.

Woman of the Bedchamber :

The Hon. Charlotte Knollys, daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir William T. Knollys, K.C.B., and sister of Lord Knollys. On the accession of King Edward in 1901, Miss Knollys was granted the rank of a Baron's daughter. I take it that Miss Knollys and her brother, the first Viscount,

are the most notable Court personages of the two last reigns, and more particularly of the reign of Edward VII and the period of his Princedom. Their father, Sir William Knollys, was Comptroller of the Household to the Prince of Wales (King Edward) from 1862, the year before the Prince's marriage, until 1877, when he resigned that appointment and became Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod and Honorary Groom of the Stole to the then Heir Apparent. In 1883 he was gazetted Colonel of the Scots Guards, which he had joined seventy years previously. He died in his eighty-sixth year. He had married in 1830 Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John St. Aubyn. With one of his sons, the late Colonel W. W. Knollys, I was on terms of intimacy.

Lord Knollys was Private Secretary to King Edward years before his accession and until His Majesty's death; a Gentleman Usher, Quarterly Waiter to Queen Victoria and to Queen Alexandra; and Private Secretary to King George for a time. The friendship of Lord Knollys and his sister with King Edward and Queen Alexandra was closer than that of any other two personages, not excepting Lord Suffield and Sir Dighton Probyn. Miss Knollys' nephew, the Hon. Edward George William Tyrwhitt Knollys (named after two Kings), was until lately a Page of Honour to the King, and is heir to the Viscounty. He was born in 1895. His sister Louvima was born in 1888, and is a goddaughter of Queen Alexandra, who has always shown the greatest affection for her. Miss Louvima Knollys married in 1911 Mr. Allan Keith Mackenzie, heir to the baronetcy of Glen Muick.

Mr. Mackenzie, who had distinguished himself in France with the Grenadier Guards, was ultimately invalided home and, in September 1916, died of his wounds.

Maid of Honour :

The Hon. Violet May Vivian (born 1879), sister of the present Lord Vivian. Her twin sister, the Hon. Dorothy Maud Vivian, now the Hon. Lady Haig, wife of Lieut.-General Sir Douglas Haig, K.C.B., was a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra and previously to Queen Victoria.

The male *personnel* of Her Majesty's Household includes a Lord Chamberlain, Vice-Chamberlain, Treasurer, Lord in Waiting, Comptroller, Private Secretary, Equerries, Extra Equerries, Honorary Domestic Chaplain, Physician in Ordinary and Surgeon Apothecary to the Household (one office), Laryngologist, Clerk, and Clerk to the Comptroller.

CHAPTER VI

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE CHAPEL

How King Edward expelled the Germans

The Tenth of March is a "date" which we should all hold in remembrance, for on that day in 1863 Princess Alexandra of Denmark was married to the Prince who, thirty-eight years later, became King Edward VII. The great majority of those who witnessed the wedding ceremony at St. George's, Windsor, have long since passed away, but survivors (*inter alia*) are King George's aunts, the Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice; His Majesty's uncle, the Duke of Connaught; Queen Alexandra's sisters Dagmar and Thyra (the Dowager Empress of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland); her brother, Prince Waldemar; and—the Kaiser, then just over five! In the official list of the wedding guests "Prince William of Prussia" is noted as riding in one of the carriages with the Crown Princess of Prussia, while his father, the Crown Prince, was in another vehicle alongside the Prince of Wales (of whom the future Emperor Frederick was one of the "supporters").

While Queen Alexandra, from the day of her coming among us (March 6, 1863), has been devoted to England, she has never forgotten that she is a daughter of Denmark. Accompanying her on her

voyage to our shores was a faithful Danish gentleman, Mr. Neilsen, who continued in her service until his death (before King Edward's accession to the throne), while one of his two sons was proud of having also served the august lady. Mr. Neilsen had been a page in waiting to Queen Alexandra during her Princessdom for thirty-eight years, and retired shortly before the accession of her consort. Queen Alexandra remembered Soren Neilsen from her childhood, when he was one of her father's household. Mr. Neilsen's son was a clerk at the Board of Green Cloth, and had been in the service of Queen Victoria, and later in that of King Edward. Of the Danes who have made the metropolis their home, Her Majesty has always been the kindly, generous friend, taking the liveliest interest in their spiritual as well as in their temporal welfare.

Less is known by the general public of Marlborough House Chapel than of any other religious edifice in the metropolis. Those who read the Court Circular regularly glean from it the news that on such and such a day—Sunday as a rule—Queen Alexandra attended the service in the Chapel and that certain members of Her Majesty's Household were also present. There are, however, occasions when a more detailed announcement is made. Thus, the papers dated May 7, 1917, contained this announcement :

> Marlborough House, *May* 6.—Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal, with Prince Arthur of Connaught and Princess Maud, and the Princess Victoria were present at a Special Service held in the Marlborough House Chapel to-day, upon the Anniversary of the death of His late Majesty King Edward VII.
>
> The Members of the Royal Family in London were present.

Photo Hansen, Copenhagen

THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERBLAND (QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SISTER THYRA)

His late Majesty's Household also attended the Service.

The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting of Queen Alexandra's Household were in attendance upon Her Majesty.

The Service was conducted by the Rev. Canon Edgar Sheppard, D.D. (Subdean of His Majesty's Chapels Royal and Domestic Chaplain to Queen Alexandra), assisted by the Rev. D. Aikin-Sneath, M.A. (Priest in Ordinary in Waiting).

The Chapel is actually in the grounds of Marlborough House, the public entrance to it facing the east side of St. James's Palace, as may be seen by all who pass from Pall Mall into the Mall and *vice versa*. Exteriorly it is very unattractive. It serves its utilitarian purpose, however, and that is everything. It is really one of the curiosities of the West End, although it is certainly not so regarded either by the public generally or by that section ordinarily termed "society." Viewing it from the colonnade of St. James's Palace (the warrior doing "sentry-go" will not bid you "move on") you note a few yards of wall beginning at the corner of Pall Mall, backed by trees in the forecourt of the Royal residence; adjoining are two dwelling-houses, which may be described as of the bungalow type, for they have no upper floors. (I assume that the postal address of the occupants is Marlborough Gate.) Then comes the Chapel, flanked by a door leading into the Royal forecourt. A wall begins at this point, and is continued (in the Mall) until the boundary of the Royal grounds is reached. Countless vehicles, mostly private autos and taxi-cabs, on their way to or from Marlborough Gate and Victoria railway station, pass Marlborough House Chapel daily, unaware that it is Queen Alexandra's "Church," and also that of her Danish compatriots. It is less to the heedless passers-by

than was the "primrose by the river's brim" to Peter Bell.

On the door may be seen a notification, in Danish, relating to the day and hour of service: the day is Sunday, and the hour 3 p.m. The service is conducted by the Rev. Pastor Broström, and is practically similar to that of the German Lutheran Church. The sermon is regarded as the principal feature of the service. There is no regular choir; young Danish girls sing hymns at the beginning and end of the service. About 100 members of the Danish colony regularly attend.

On Sunday mornings Pastor Broström conducts the service for sailors at the Danish Church in Poplar, near the docks. There is a reading-room for Scandinavian seamen, who are still further brought together at frequent gatherings, where they are suitably addressed.

For a long period the Sailors' Church at Poplar was the only edifice in London providing a Danish service. In 1881 the then Princess of Wales obtained Queen Victoria's permission for such an "office" to be held on Sundays and certain other days in what was known as the "German" Chapel Royal, St. James's; and from 1881 onwards there were held in that place on Sundays an English service in the early morning for the members of the Marlborough House household, a Lutheran service (in German), and a Danish one (at 4.30 p.m.). When, however, shortly after his accession in 1901, King Edward ordered the German service to be discontinued, he further directed that the edifice should be thenceforth known as "Marlborough House Chapel." Queen Alexandra's earnestly ex-

pressed hope that the Danish ministrations would not be interfered with was, of course, complied with. It will gratify those who get a knowledge of these facts only in 1917 to know that, in familiar language, King Edward turned the Teutons out of the "German" Chapel, as it had been called throughout the long reign of Victoria I. The old Kaiser, William I, would possibly have made a faint remonstrance had such an edict gone forth in his lifetime, and doubtless his grandson considered it a grievance against his Uncle Edward.

It was only in 1880 that the London Danes, with the concurrence of the then Princess of Wales, sought permission to hold a Danish Protestant service on Sunday mornings in the German Chapel. The then German Chaplain was the late Dr. Walbaum, who replied that there would be no difficulty in arranging for such a service either before or after the German one. But he bade the applicants remember that, the edifice being a Chapel Royal, other Protestant denominations might make a similar request. Queen Victoria was satisfied as to the need for such a Danish Lutheran service, and the German Chapel was thereupon "lent" for that purpose. The Danish Lutheran service more strongly resembles that of the Church of England than any other Continental Protestant service. At the celebration of the Holy Communion the Danish clergy wear the same vestments as those used in English cathedrals. It is otherwise in German Lutheran churches.

Canon Sheppard records that the first Danish service was held in what we now know as Marlborough House Chapel on Sunday, January 2, 1881,

at 4.30 p.m. "At that time, and for some years, it lasted an hour and a half, and consisted of prayers, partly extempore and partly liturgical, the chanting of some parts of the Bible, the congregational singing of several hymns in the Lutheran style, and a sermon of about half an hour in length. The pastor wore a plain black gown, and an Elizabethan frill round his neck."

The chairman of the Danish Church Committee is Mr. Frederik Carl Christian Nielsen, so named after King Frederik VII, whose successor in the Sovereignty of Denmark was the father of Queen Alexandra. From 1883 until 1915 Mr. Nielsen was manager of the Great Northern Telegraph Company, an undertaking which is registered in Denmark. During the period mentioned he resided and still resides in London. Previously he had lived for twelve years, in the same company's service, in China, Japan, and Denmark (Copenhagen). The Great Northern Telegraph Company owns the cables connecting France and Great Britain on the one hand and Scandinavia and Russia on the other, and also in the Far East the cables connecting Siberia with Japan, China, and Hong Kong. It is considered to be one of the largest of the world's cable undertakings.

The Rev. Canon Edgar Sheppard, in his deeply interesting and authoritative work, "Memorials of St. James's Palace,"* quotes from a book (lent to him by Mr. Walter Workman, M.A.) called "Bona Mors; or, The Art of Dying Happily," published in 1792, "the method of saying the Rosary of our Blessed Lady, as it was ordered by

* Longmans, Green, and Co. 2 vols. 1894.

Pope Pius V of the Order of Preachers, and as it was said in H.M. Chapel, St. James's, in 1680," at which time, adds the Subdean, " a community of the Benedictine Order was settled here at St. James's. This Order, however, was suppressed after the Revolution." :

> The Queen [Catherine of Braganza, consort of Charles II] settled these priests in buildings which had been erected expressly for them close to the chapel doors, and which comprised cloisters, dormitory, refectory, cells, and even a burying ground.

Quoting Mr. Beeston, the Subdean proceeds :

> Marlborough House now occupies the site on which these buildings stood, and it may be remarked here that, though what is now called the German Chapel appears at this date to intrude on the ground of Marlborough House, it nevertheless formed an incorporated portion of St. James's Palace down to 1809, in which year the whole S.E. angle of St. James's Palace was destroyed by fire.

In his minute account of the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, the reverend Canon tells us that an entry in the Cheque Book, dated Sunday, May 18, 1890, records that the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George received the Holy Communion in the Chapel Royal on the eve of the departure of the latter for Chatham Dockyard to assume the command of H.M.S. *Thrush*, which was about to sail for the West India station.

After the Great Fire (1666), a large number of Danes came to London and engaged in the timber trade and shipping. Jacob Jacobson, a Danish *immigré*, and his brother, both merchants, purchased from the Lord Mayor the right to build a Lutheran place of worship on the site where the Mansion House station of the District Railway now

stands. When completed, in 1673, the church was used alike by Danes, Swedes, and Germans. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the Danes resolved to have a church of their own. Funds came from Denmark and Norway, and in 1693 a site in Wellclose Square, E.C., was purchased. In 1694 the work was entrusted to the Danish sculptor (!) Caius Gabriel Cibber (father of Colley Cibber, Poet Laureate in his day), and on December 31, 1696, the building was completed—an event commemorated in verse by Pastor Brink. King Christian V was a munificent supporter of this church in Whitechapel, and opposite the pulpit is shown the pew in which another Danish monarch, Christian VII, sat when he came to London in 1768.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, after the war, only a few Danes, mostly impoverished, were to be seen in London. Their number increased about the year 1850, after the abolition of the duty on corn, the new-comers being mainly corn merchants and members and employees of shipping firms.

As the Danish Church—built in 1873 near the West India Docks—was inaccessible to most of the resident Danes, the then Danish Minister, M. de Falbe, obtained permission for Danish religious services to be held in the German Chapel Royal, St. James's—the sanction for this new departure being obtained through the influence of the Princess of Wales. On the first Sunday in 1881 the first Danish service was held in the German Chapel. While the members of the Danish community had to remunerate the organist and the verger for their services, they were not called upon to pay for the

lighting and heating of the building. The expenses incurred in the first year were liquidated by a loan, but from 1882–3 the Danish Government has voted an annual sum towards the expenses.

On March 5, 1882, the Princess of Wales attended a memorial service held in the Chapel for Mme. de Falbe, the young wife of His Excellency the Minister. On March 9, 1913, Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria attended a festival service to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's landing in England (1863). In May, 1914, the King and Queen of Denmark (Christian X and Queen Alexandrine) visited London, and on the 10th of that month their Majesties and Queen Alexandra attended a festival service in honour of the Danish Sovereigns.

Since 1781 the German Chapel Royal, St. James's, had been used for German Church services, the necessary expenditure, including the organist's salary, being defrayed out of the Privy Purse, while the clergy were included in the list of Court Chaplains. So matters continued for 120 years. Then came a sweeping change. By a Royal edict, dated July 1, 1901, the German Lutheran Chapel Royal was abolished, and German music was heard in the chapel for the last time on Sunday, August 4. Since then the edifice has been styled the Marlborough House Chapel, and has been used for Church of England services. The members of the Danish community have, however, been graciously permitted to continue to use the chapel on Sunday afternoons. The Subdean of the Chapels Royal, Canon Sheppard, has kindly assisted at several of the Danish services, including those held on October

15, 1898, for the late Queen Louise of Denmark, and on May 24, 1912, for the late Frederick VIII, King of Denmark. Canon Sheppard also took part in the festival service to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival in this country of Queen Alexandra, and in that held in honour of the presence of the Danish Sovereigns in London (1914).

For some years the Germans were without any religious edifice, but in 1904 a new church was consecrated at Montpellier Place, Brompton Road.

In 1911 there were 2100 Danes in London, 600 of whom resided in the suburbs. Most of the members of this colony are engaged in industrial pursuits. At Southall margarine has been produced in ever-increasing quantities since the outbreak of the war by the Maypole Dairy Company, whose extensive works for the making of this substitute for butter were originally started, and of late years also greatly developed, by Danes, a large number of whom are still employed by the company both as workmen and in the higher positions of this flourishing undertaking. Early in 1917 the Maypole works were honoured by the visit of the King and Queen. At the Erith oil works, an offshoot of the "Maypole," is prepared the oil which forms one of the ingredients of margarine. The manufacture of this now indispensable article of food has been from the first —upwards of thirty years ago—largely in the hands of the Danes; in fact, Denmark and Holland are the two largest producers of margarine in the world.

An eminent member of this original Danish colony

in our midst, General Albert Borgaard, or Borgard, served our Sovereigns in their army for upwards of sixty years. He died at the age of ninety-two, and was buried in the church of his compatriots in Wellclose Square.

CHAPTER VII

"CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS," QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AND QUEEN VICTORIA'S CONSORT

"Royal Communicants without Confirmation"

In January, 1914, everybody was talking about the charge of heresy brought by the Bishop of Zanzibar against the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa; and, to my surprise, I found that some of the writers in perhaps the most influential newspaper published outside London had unearthed a matter of curious interest concerning the august consort of Queen Victoria and the widowed mother of King George V.

The journal in question has two special departments of particular value—one headed "Miscellany," the other "London Correspondence"; and in these two sections the following paragraphs appeared between January 7 and 9:

The attitude of the Sovereign, the head of the Church of England, to other Churches is being raised, a point bearing on the Kikuyu controversy. The first act of sovereignty which the new Sovereign performs at his first Council is to swear to maintain the Church of Scotland. This might some day raise an awkward question about Scottish dis-

establishment, but it does not bind the King's personal religion. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, from the time when they built Balmoral, always attended the parish church of Crathie for the ordinary Sunday morning service, but they did not receive the Communion there; they communicated only in the Church of England. But some time in the seventies Queen Victoria took part in the autumn Communion at Crathie, and by so doing created some excitement, for this was more than "maintaining" the Church of Scotland; it was adopting its religion. So it went on to the end of Queen Victoria's reign.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra reverted to the earlier practice, and attended only the ordinary service, and did not receive Communion. So also did King George and Queen Mary. All this, however, has little bearing on the Kikuyu controversy. What Anglicans complain of is that the Bishop there admitted to Communion people not confirmed, and that this is forbidden in the Prayer Book. There would have been no bar, I think, from the Presbyterian point of view to Queen Victoria's receiving Communion. It was English Church people who objected to her receiving Communion from non-episcopal hands.

Regarding the case quoted in to-day's "Miscellany," no English Churchman objects to English Bishops joining in prayer with Presbyterians. It is, of course, done at meetings and elsewhere. Bishop Wilberforce at Glengarry gave a kind of mission service, using Prayer Book prayers. The Archbishop of York conducted the service according to the usual order of the Church of Scotland. But

neither gave or received Communion. It is Communion which is the bond of Church fellowship, and strict Anglicans object to Churchmen receiving Communion from non-episcopal hands and to episcopal hands giving Communion to Churchmen.

The original " Conscientious Objector " proceeds :

Touching my note yesterday about the Sovereigns and Communion in connection with the Kikuyu controversy, a correspondent raises a very interesting question, with a more immediate bearing on the matter. He writes : " The Prince Consort and Queen Alexandra both received Communion in the Church of England. *Many people would like to know whether either of these exalted personages was confirmed within the Anglican Church.* The State Churches of both Germany and Denmark, to which they belong, are Lutheran. *If they were not confirmed in the Church of England, surely strict Churchmen should not have remained quiet when they received Communion by episcopal hands.*"

A colleague of the " C.O." wrote as under :

The case of three kings, William III, George I, and George II, who were all born foreigners, and brought up in non-episcopal lands, is even more remarkable, for not only did they receive the sacrament as an integral part of the Coronation rite, but they became the head of the Church. Yet no one hinted that confirmation was necessary for them. The three exceptions to the rule of taking consorts from Germany have all been from Denmark, and Denmark, like England, is a Protestant Episcopal National Church. They were Queen Anne of Denmark (consort of James I), Prince George of Denmark (Queen Anne's husband), and Queen Alexandra.

And then " Our London Correspondent " joins in with this pronouncement, telling us what Mr.

Gladstone told him about the "unjust boycott" of the then Head Master of Winchester (Moberly), who was "black-listed at Court":

The point raised by a correspondent of mine yesterday and in your "Miscellany" that three Kings of England, as well as Queen Alexandra and other consorts of English Sovereigns, had not been confirmed in the Anglican Church, although they received Communion in it, has startled many strict Anglicans, who find their Churchmanship and their loyalty in conflict. None of my correspondents, however, questions the statement. One correspondent writes: "Our national reverence for Royalty would prevent Archbishops asking inconvenient questions. (The chief priests answered, 'We have no King but Cæsar.') One of King Edward's godfathers," he adds, "was the King of Prussia. Some High Churchmen protested against even this, because the King was a Lutheran. One of the protesters was George Moberly, head master of Winchester. He was thereupon 'black-listed' at Court, and was never to have preferment. Mr. Gladstone told me that just before he was Prime Minister he had always determined that Moberly should be his first bishop just because of this unjust boycott, and he made him Bishop of Salisbury in 1869."*

"A Parish Priest" wrote in the London *Guardian*:

I think it of the first importance to state that a strong loyal Churchman and model parish priest like the late Archbishop Maclagan publicly and privately expressed his belief that the Rubric which limits reception of Holy Communion to those who have been confirmed refers to those who have from the first been brought up in the Church of England.

In a letter to the *Times* (January 9) the Rev. H. A. Wilson, Norbiton Vicarage, Kingston-upon-Thames, said:

I assert without the least fear of contradiction that throughout the seventeenth century, even when High Anglicanism dominated the Church, unconfirmed Nonconformists were not only allowed to communicate in our churches, but forced to do so.

* This paragraph was attractively headed, "Royal Communicants without Confirmation."

The Bishop of Durham wrote in the same paper :

If the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda are arraigned for heresy for their share of responsibility for a programme which I think to be true to the mind of our Master and full of promise for His work, I for one would willingly, if it may be, take my place beside them.

"A Liberal Churchman" (Cambridge), in the *Daily Telegraph*, January 16 :

The crux of the matter is the question as to whether or not the rite of confirmation is essential to a would-be Communicant in the Church of England. Searching for some definite statement on the question, I find that Article xxx reads as follows : "The cup of the Lord is not to be denied to the Lay-people : for both the parts of the Lord's Sacrament, by Christ's ordinance and commandment, ought to be ministered to all Christian men alike."

Will the Bishop of Zanzibar and his supporters refuse to allow that members of non-episcopalian churches are Christians ?

It appears to me that this Article expresses the attitude of the Church of England on this matter more truly than a literal interpretation of the Rubric after the Communion Office.

The *Spectator* (February 14) dealt exhaustively with the subject in an able article, "The Archbishop of Canterbury's Decision," from which I extract these irrefutable passages :

There will be a general agreement that the Archbishop of Canterbury has acted the part of a statesman in his decision in regard to the Kikuyu case. To begin with, he has politely, but also, we are glad to say, very firmly, refused to have anything to do with the fantastic notion of trying the Bishop of Uganda and the Bishop of Mombasa on the charge of heresy and schism originally preferred by the Bishop of Zanzibar. He finds, in effect, nothing illegal . . . either in the "federal" scheme . . . or in the Communion Service to which persons not members of the Church of England were admitted. . . . But . . . the Archbishop . . . has, we think, very wisely determined to refer the matter in debate to the Consultative Committee of Bishops set up by the Lambeth Conference in

1897, a Committee fully representative of the whole of the Anglican Communion. . . .

Is it illegal for a Bishop or a clergyman of the Church of England to administer the Communion to persons who are not members of the Church of England and have not been episcopally confirmed? That is the point at issue. That is the matter on which the Consultative Committee must not avoid and will, we are sure, not wish to avoid, giving a plain answer. On their answer, it is not too much to say, depends the whole future of the Church of England. If the Bishops were to declare, as of course they must if in their opinion it is the fact, that it is illegal for a clergyman of the Church of England to give the Communion to a person not episcopally confirmed, a condition of things which could only be described as utterly disastrous to the Church of England would have arisen. . . . The Bishops and clergy who gave and give the Communion to the late Prince Albert and to Queen Alexandra, since those Royal persons originally belonged to non-episcopal Churches and were not episcopally confirmed, would stand condemned, as would also all the Anglican clergy who in the past, like Archbishop Tait himself, have given the Communion to members of the Scotch Presbyterian Churches, or to persons who, though they belonged to no other Church, had never been confirmed or expressed themselves as ready and desirous to be confirmed. . . . A shattering blow would have been delivered at the national character of the Establishment. . . .

The view of the Bishop of Zanzibar and of the Bishop of Oxford, the view that persons unepiscopally confirmed must be excluded from the Sacraments of the Church of England, is absolutely untenable. . . . The Church of England as by law established, and as regulated by the Prayer Book, by statute, and by the common law of England, is what we mean by the Church. If that be the view of the English Church accepted by the Consultative Committee, we need have no fears as to the result of their deliberations. *It will be found that those who gave the Communion to Prince Albert, or to Queen Alexandra,* or to the company of Revisers, or to hundreds of thousands of unconfirmed persons since the Reformation, *did nothing illegal.*

The *Spectator* writer "ventured, however, to go a great deal further than that." He added:

If the legal position is probed to the bottom, it will, we are confident, be found that not only *may* Bishops and clergy of

the Church of England give the Communion to unconfirmed persons, but that they *must* do so, if, and when, the person who desires to communicate is a parishioner and expresses his desire to receive the Communion in the manner laid down in the Communion rubric—provided, of course, that he does not come under the only valid disability there recognised, the disability of being an open and notorious evil liver.

The *Spectator's* logical view of the matter at issue will not be shared by the Ritualists and "High Anglicans," but probably it is in accord with the opinions of the majority of those who belong to the Church of England. At all events, it appears to be a sufficient answer to those writers in the influential paper referred to—*those who are responsible for introducing into the Kikuyu controversy the names of King Edward's father and Queen Alexandra.* The *Spectator* is entitled to the further credit of being the only London paper which dealt with the point as affecting the two Royal personages in question.

This point is worth noting. Before Queen Victoria's marriage Lord Palmerston wrote "in great haste" to Baron Stockmar * to ask "whether Prince Albert belonged to any sect of Protestants whose rules might prevent his taking the Sacrament according to the ritual of the English Church." Stockmar replied that "not only did the Prince not belong to any sect, but that there is *no essential difference between the Communion Services of the German Protestant and the English Churches.*"†

* Queen Victoria's and her Consort's confidential adviser—a German.

† "Life of the Prince Consort." By Theodore Martin. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1875.

Queen Alexandra's First English Sacrament

The Princess of Wales received her first Communion in England from Dean Stanley, who shows very clearly that no mistake was made. *The whole responsibility was assumed by him.* The Dean wrote in his diary these convincing words, which I commend to the notice of all and sundry :

The Princess came to me in a corner of the drawing-room with her Prayer Book, and I went through the Communion Service with her, explaining the peculiarities and the likenesses and the differences to and from the Danish service. . . . I read the whole service [at Sandringham Church], preached, *and then gave the first English Sacrament to this "Angel in the Palace."*

In order to prove beyond dispute the competency of Queen Alexandra to have received the Holy Communion in 1863 in the Church of England without having been confirmed in that Church I now, for probably the first time in this country, put on record these facts. A few weeks before her sixteenth birthday the young Princess was prepared for confirmation at the same time as her brother Frederick. The Rev. Mr. Pauli instructed her in the Lutheran religion, and the rite of confirmation was clebrated in the Chapel Royal of the Palace of Christiansborg on October 18, 1860, in the presence of the then King (Frederick VII) and all the Danish aristocracy.

In Denmark, as in England, confirmation is considered as the first important act in life. From

the day when a young Danish girl is confirmed she ceases to be considered as a child, and has a personality of her own. Henceforward Princess Alexandra was exempted from sharing a room with her two sisters, Dagmar and Thyra. She was allotted a room of her own, which she furnished and ornamented in accordance with her own tastes. Her governess, Mlle. Schwiedland, became more and more assiduous. Professors devoted themselves to her. An Italian, Signor Siboni, instructed her in music. Pastor Theobald, of the Reformed German Church, taught her drawing and painting. Dr. Petersen was her professor of history and geography. Miss Mathilde Knudsen, who died in June, 1912, was her instructress in English.

Those who taught her dancing and riding are said to have been her favourites. She soon learnt to speak German fluently; English she found rather difficult to pronounce.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW QUEEN ALEXANDRA "MIGHT SETTLE THE IRISH QUESTION!"

King Edward's Idea of a Royal Residence in Ireland

"A Royal Residence in Ireland" has been, I will not say demanded, or clamoured for, but hoped for by our friends on the other side of St. George's Channel since the early seventies, when my friend, Captain Stacpoole, M.P., questioned the Government respecting it session after session without success. I cast a few sidelights on the past solely for the purpose of showing that there was nothing bizarre in the *Graphic's* original, respectfully worded and *à propos* suggestion in August–September, 1916, that Queen Alexandra, whose most laudable efforts to mitigate the sufferings endured by thousands since 1914 have been continuous, would "confer a further benefit upon the nation by permitting herself to be invited to become Vicereine of Ireland, with a suitable residence in or near Dublin."

In the spring of 1889 it came to my knowledge that the Prince of Wales had been approached on the subject of Ireland, then, as before and since, in a parlous state of disquietude, although affairs had not approached in gravity those which will

make 1916 for ever grievously memorable. His Royal Highness was asked if he would cut the Gordian knot by undertaking the performance of the functions of Viceroy and residing in Ireland for a part of the year. After this entirely novel, though not, perhaps, wholly unexpected, request had been well considered by the Heir Apparent and his consort, the Prince let it be known that they would willingly "go to Ireland," provided Queen Victoria gave her consent, which, as will be seen hereafter, was not forthcoming.

The Royal Viceroy and Vicereine would have resided at the Viceregal Lodge and the Castle, and would also have had a country home—Powerscourt, or "Tom Connolly's Castle," easy of access to Dublin; or alternatively the Martin property in Connemara, with its long avenue. The Queen and the Royal family were made acquainted with all this by Lord and Lady Francis Conyngham and Lady Churchill, and I was informed that the Sovereign and those members of her family immediately concerned regarded the idea very favourably, but that the economists of the Liberal Party strongly opposed it; hence its abandonment, the unanimous consent of both political parties being a *sine qua non*. The events of 1889 were preceded by discussions in Parliament between 1875 and 1878. One clause in the plan devised by Mr. Isaac Butt for the pacification of Ireland provided that the Prince of Wales should be made Viceroy and given £100,000 a year.

Queen Alexandra's consort had as thorough a knowledge of the Home Rule question as any one, for Lord Spencer had been his instructor. That Peer was on intimate terms with the then Prince

Photo Mary Steen

THE LATE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK (QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S PARENTS) SURROUNDED BY THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN
(QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE DOWAGER EMPRESS MARIE, AND KING GEORGE V ARE SEEN ON THE LEFT)

of Wales. He had been Groom of the Stole to the Prince's father, and also to the Heir Apparent himself from 1862 until 1866. Lord Spencer had, moreover, been Viceroy from 1868 until 1874, and again from 1882 until 1885, and later he was a member of the Prince's Council. His wife, a noted beauty in her time, was a great favourite at Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House. Possessing this encyclopædic knowledge of Ireland and its people, the illustrious pair professed their readiness and willingness to act.

In 1889, a few months after the "Prince and Princess of Wales for Ireland" proposition had been ventilated, and regret expressed at its vetoing by Queen Victoria, a deputation of M.P.'s interested in Irish affairs presented to Lord Salisbury (then Prime Minister) a memorial expressing their belief that the time had come when the office of Lord-Lieutenant might be abolished with advantage to the true interests of the United Kingdom. One plea urged by the memorialists was specially applicable in connection with the *Graphic's* suggestion: it was that "the saving of money effected by the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy could be employed for the purpose of *maintaining a Royal residence in Ireland.*"

The memorialists were all thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the "Green Isle," and represented the views of a very large section of the Irish people; and all that Lord Salisbury could say, in response to their appeal, was that, "before such a change as they desired could be made, legislation would be necessary, and that was at present impracticable." The Premier of that day was a

statesman and a patriot to the core; but he was wholly devoid of sentiment. Now, sentiment is a Divine gift, and few are more generously endowed with it than our adored Dowager Queen, eminently practical-minded as she is known to be. She has revealed her possession of it in countless ways since she first became "one of us" fifty-three years ago. Her memory for the dead is the expression of her religious sentiment: witness the few words which she inscribes on wreaths as an eternal adieu—a stoic, a materialist, one without faith in the hereafter cannot read them unmoved. Great, indescribable, would be her disappointment did she not see her cherished son daily when he is at the Palace and she in Pall Mall. Sentiment is the racial mark of the Irish people, and by it alone they can be ruled.

As proof of the interest taken in the subject it may be noted that at the moment when the question of "The Prince and Princess of Wales for Ireland" was being so widely, even enthusiastically, discussed, a striking article appeared in the *Quarterly Review* (April, 1889), recalling the words spoken by the Prince during his visits to the Sister Isle in 1868 and 1871. "The people of Ireland generally," he said emphatically, "are thoroughly true and loyal. The disaffection which exists has not been engrafted on the minds of any portion of the Irish people by the Irish people themselves." That the Princess shared her consort's views may be regarded as certain, and they may be respectfully recalled to her now.

I was enabled to make the Marlborough House episode known to the public. It was naturally much commented on by the Press, including not a

few influential journals. Others questioned its accuracy. My informant was my old friend, Edward Walford, the well-known antiquarian, a contributor to the *Times* for many years, and the author of "County Families," altogether an entirely reliable authority. He was well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and the latter gave him the information which he passed on to me. He wrote me a letter, for publication, in which, after referring to "the well-known proclivities of the Prince and Princess of Wales in favour of treating the Irish people with consideration," he said: "What joy and what hope will not the intelligence which you have been the first to make public create in Ireland, and especially in Dublin! I can quite conceive moderate politicians on the other side of the Channel coming now to the conclusion that, after all, there will be no reason to propose the abolition of the Castle in Dublin if the Castle rule has a chance of being administered by the hands of our popular Prince and his gracious consort."

Queen Alexandra's First Visit to Ireland (1868)

It will surprise the reader to learn that Queen Alexandra became acquainted with Ireland five years after her arrival in England. The date was April, 1868. Just a month previously the Prince of Wales, presiding at the annual banquet (the eighty-fifth) of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, held at the old Willis's Rooms, first hinted at the possibility of a Royal residence in Ireland, so that that question was, beyond all doubt, in his thoughts

twenty-one years prior to its public discussion in 1889, as noted above. In 1868 the Prince, replying to the toast of the health of the Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family, proposed by the Archbishop of Armagh, said: "I am certain that, if the Princess of Wales were sitting here, she would witness this scene with very sincere pleasure. . . . I assure you that I join in the wish expressed by the Archbishop [that the Royal pair should go among the Irish people]. I should be glad if she were able to pay a visit to Ireland, and I am sure she is most anxious to do so. Having been there so often myself, and having spent so pleasant a time there, I can judge of the feelings of the Irish people on this point. I am certain that in the Emerald Isle the Princess of Wales would receive as cordial a greeting as she did from the people of England when she arrived in this country." In a second speech on that occasion the Heir Apparent said he was very glad to find that the announcement of his approaching visit to Ireland had been received with so much cordiality, and he hinted that this visit might be the prelude to a more permanent stay in Ireland at a future period.

Here, then, we see that the idea of a Royal residence in Ireland originated with the future Sovereign of these realms himself—a fact in itself sufficient to silence all criticism of such a project whenever it is brought forward, as it was in the *Graphic* on August 26, 1916. Let us now, in continuation of the whole subject, take a hasty glance at this notable event in Queen Alexandra's life, her first visit to Ireland in the distant year 1868. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Duke

of Cambridge and Prince Teck (as the father of Queen Mary then was), arrived in Irish waters on April 15, preceded by several vessels of the Channel Fleet. A deputation of the Kingstown Commissioners went on board the Royal yacht and presented an address brimful of loyalty, and to the delighted Princess was given a white dove as a token of peace (Queen Victoria had received a similar gift in 1849). Immense crowds witnessed the arrival of the illustrious visitors. The Lord-Lieutenant (the Marquis of Abercorn) and his wife boarded the yacht and warmly welcomed the Royal *voyageurs*, who then landed. The jubilant crowd saw that the Prince's buttonhole was a rose, surrounded by shamrocks, and that his cravat was a green one. The Princess wore a dress and jacket of deep blue poplin (some ladies called it tabbinet), trimmed with Irish lace, and in her white bonnet of similar lace was a rose. Her beauty, graceful bearing and charming, homely manner fascinated women and men alike. In open carriages the Royal party drove to Dublin, wildly greeted by all the countryside. The crowds in the capital startled the Princess by their volleys of cheers; the Prince looked overjoyed at the fulfilment of the prediction which he had made at Willis's Rooms. Their residence was the Castle. In the throne-room the Prince made one of his happy little speeches to the Lord Mayor and Corporation.

To enumerate the events of the visit (April 15 to April 23) would occupy pages. The Prince and his consort went to Punchestown races. The Princess drove to Alexandra College (called after her), and was covered with flowers; there was a ball at the Mansion House, Her Royal Highness dancing

with the Lord Mayor, the Prince with the Lady Mayoress, and Prince Teck* with Lady Abercorn, who had to explain to puzzled inquirers that her partner was wearing the blue uniform of an Austrian Hussar officer. The installation of the Heir Apparent as a Knight of St. Patrick was a very brilliant State pageant, conducted by Ulster King-of-Arms, Sir Bernard Burke, editor of the famous "Peerage," humorously described by a peer in 1916 as the "Stud Book." Sir Bernard had charge of the Crown Jewels, which, after they had played their part at a function, he invariably deposited at the Bank of Ireland, where they were safe, as they were not at the Castle, from whence they were abstracted in 1907, never to be heard of more. Among those who witnessed the Prince's installation as a K.P. was Sir William Knollys, father of the present Lord Knollys and his sister, Miss Charlotte Knollys.

The Prince and Princess were at a review of troops in Phœnix Park, and at a ball given by the Viceroy at the Castle. They went to Trinity College, assisted at the inauguration of a statue of the great Burke, visited the Hibernian Academy, the cattle show, and the Catholic University, attended a ball at the Exhibition Palace, "did" several institutions, and greatly enjoyed themselves at picturesque Powerscourt, where the peer of that name entertained them in good old Irish fashion. On the evening of their departure they gave a dinner to the Viceroy and a distinguished party on board their yacht. That night the Fleet was illuminated.

Queen Alexandra, as Princess, accompanied her consort to Ireland in 1885, Prince Albert Victor

* The late Duke of Teck, Queen Mary's father.

accompanying them. Their visit lasted from the 8th until the 27th of April, and would have been a triumph had not some one unfortunately suggested that the Royal couple and their son should include Cork in their itinerary. They had to pass through Mallow, where the Nationalists made an unseemly demonstration; at Cork similar hostility was displayed and there were collisions between the police and the mob. While the Prince and Princess and their son were in Dublin on this occasion the Prince of Wales went on a "slumming" expedition, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, who slipped as he was alighting from the brougham and measured his length on the muddy ground. The dirt was scraped off the young gentleman's clothes, not without some little trouble, but the little *contre-temps* vexed his father, who gently chided him for his carelessness. Queen Alexandra was again in Ireland with King Edward in July, 1907. The reception accorded to them was highly gratifying, but the King was angered beyond expression upon hearing from the Lord-Lieutenant (Lord Aberdeen) and the City officials the facts concerning the theft of the Regalia from the Castle. Their Majesties visited the Dublin International Exhibition, and three days later opened the Alexandra Dock at Cardiff.

I have referred to Lord Salisbury's unwillingness to forward the views of those who had approached him on the subject of providing a residence in Ireland for the then Prince and Princess of Wales. What I am now about to record had never been publicly divulged until I noted it in 1916. Upon learning that Queen Victoria was contemplating a visit to

Ireland in 1900, the year before her death, the noble lord endeavoured to dissuade her from taking the journey. Her Majesty, in dinner-table conversation with a distinguished personage (my informant), related what had passed between herself and her Prime Minister on that occasion. She was very frank, and apparently desirous of "liberating her soul." "When he had tendered his advice," remarked the Queen, "I said: 'I have made up my mind to go to Ireland, Lord Salisbury, *and I am going*.'" That was the difference between "Dizzy" and Lord Salisbury. The former never opposed what the Royal lady had set her heart upon doing; hence the exceptional favour with which she regarded him. Queen Victoria remained in Ireland from April 3 to April 26, having abandoned her customary visit to the South of France for that purpose. She had an enthusiastic reception, was delighted with all she saw, and in a letter to the Viceroy told him how deeply she had been touched by the warm welcome given her. The Princesses Helena (Christian) and Beatrice accompanied the Queen on this occasion.

CHAPTER IX

THE KING AND QUEEN OF NORWAY

The Queen's Escapes and a Story of the King

I have now to tell of Queen Alexandra's "surprise" visit to Paris in 1907, and to narrate some episodes in the lives of the Norwegian Sovereigns. The object of Queen Alexandra, to see for herself the kind of reception which her Norwegian son-in-law (and nephew) and her daughter would be accorded, was known only to a very few; the secret was so well kept that outside the immediate *entourage* of King Edward and Her Majesty nothing was heard about the "surprise" journey until the arrival of "Mrs. and Miss Howard" in the French capital was telegraphed to London on June 2. The Queen and Princess Victoria drove from the railway station to the Hôtel Bristol, where apartments had been retained for them by telegraph, and remained from Sunday until Wednesday, when they left for London. They lunched on the day after their arrival at the Ritz, the party including Lady de Grey,* Lady Antrim, Miss Knollys, Lord Howe, Mr. Sydney Greville, and Mr. Reginald Lister. The Queen and her guests took coffee in the hotel garden, where they remained in the sunshine for half an

* Marchioness of Ripon (died 1917).

hour; and from the Ritz Her Majesty, the Princess, and the suite walked back (it is only a few yards) to the Bristol. The party drove, in two landaus, to the residence of the (late) Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil,* in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and had a perfect view of the procession as it passed from the station to the Palais d'Orsay. The Queen drove into the Bois, which was looking its best, and then went to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Quai d'Orsay, where the King and Queen of Norway awaited her.

That the Queen of England should have adopted this pleasant little artifice for witnessing the State entry of her daughter and King Haakon into Paris, just as any other mother would have done, strongly appealed to French sentiment, although the crowd which had gathered in the streets knew nothing of the incident until the next morning's papers made them acquainted with it. Mother and daughter passed into the Palais d'Orsay unnoticed, and perhaps only two or three members of the *Sûreté* knew that the two quietly dressed ladies who walked up the steps of the Foreign Office were Queen Alexandra and her only unmarried daughter, fresh from their little travels in Italy. After they had been with the Queen of Norway for a brief space, they were leaving the palace, when they met King Haakon in the vestibule, and all three entered the lift (then a recent innovation at the Foreign Office), and went up to the Royal apartments on the first floor, where Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria remained for a quarter of an hour before returning to the Bristol. By this time it was seven

* The host and hostess of the Prince of Wales in 1912.

o'clock, and at a quarter past eight Her Majesty and her daughter went off to dine *en ville*.

The "all-Paris" raved over the fresh young beauty and the winning grace of Queen Maud, while old residents found in the stature and bearing of King Haakon something suggestive of the imposing figure of the statesman of a neighbouring Empire whose name is bitten into the hearts of all Frenchmen with the intensity of an acid. He was in the dark blue uniform of a Norwegian General. His tunic glittered with stars, medals, and other decorations, varied by the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour and the collar of St. Olaf. In the helmet was a red plume, with drooping feathers. A gallant, regal figure. The Paris *chroniqueurs* outshone themselves in their descriptions of Queen Maud, the "Harry" of the old days. They could not very well go wrong in their efforts to portray this fair daughter of England. National pride, however, rebelled when we read that her expression suggested one who was "born on the banks of the fjords."

Not for many years had a greater crowd been seen in Paris than that which awaited the passing of the Norwegian Sovereigns from the Arc de Triomphe down the Champs Elysées to the Place de la Concorde, and thence to the Quay d'Orsay. The young Queen may well have exclaimed to the gratified President of the Republic (himself a born courtier): "C'est un spectacle inoubliable et émouvant." Nothing equal to it had been seen in Paris since "all the Kings," including two Emperors, a Sultan, and a Viceroy of Egypt, plus the Prince of Wales, were the guests of Napoleon

III and the Empress three short years before the Empire was broken into fragments. One of the two Emperors who then paid homage to the Empress Eugénie was Alexander II, grandfather of the Tsar Nicholas II; the other, Francis Joseph of Austria, hale and hearty at that period, and going on for eighty-four. Republican Paris gave King Haakon and his English-born Queen a more enthusiastic greeting than Imperial Paris gave to the Kaisers and Kings in 1867, for even then the doom of the Bonapartes was foreshadowed by those who could interpret the signs of the times without the aid of magnifying glasses. Republican France in 1907 was under the glamour of a foreign King who was its ideal of a monarch *in futuro* "when he was Prince," for they delighted in one who was *très Parisien*. When, however, the blandishments and frank charm of *le Roi Edouard* were supplemented on one day by the presence among them of the mother, radiant in her autumnal charm, and the daughter, dazzling in her youthful grace, it did seem to be putting the principles of whole-hearted and pure-blooded and sea-green incorruptibles to the severest test; and it is not difficult to imagine that with the frantic shouts of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la Reine!" was mingled a certain regret that France, Kingless and Crownless for many a long year, was likely to remain so.

The dinner given to the King and Queen by the President and Mme. Fallières at the Elysée could not have been more magnificent had it been presided over by an Emperor and an Empress. It eclipsed any similar spectacle witnessed in Paris since 1867. King Haakon and Queen Maud were conveyed from

the Palais d'Orsay to the Elysée in the gilded coaches which are to be seen in the Trianon Museum, driven by coachmen in silk stockings, powdered wigs, and cocked hats (the *tricorne en bataille*, as it is called). Queen Maud was fascinating in her *robe bouton d'or* and embroidered snow-white mantle. The Royal diadem in diamonds gleamed in her hair. Dinner was served in the Grand Gallery. The table was laden with flowers, for which all the great *serres* had been despoiled. Very noticeable was the splendid *surtout de Sèvres* — a *chef-d'œuvre*. In strict accordance with the Protocol, the King and the President sat side by side in the centre of the horse-shoe table : the Queen was on the President's right, and Mme. Fallières on the King's left.

When I saw Princess Maud of Wales in the carriage by the side of her consort on the day of her marriage (July 22, 1896) I thought I had never seen a more beautiful young Englishwoman. The three daughters of King Edward and Queen Alexandra are different types, so that, for this, if for no other reason, no comparison between them can be made. The personal and distinguishing note about Princess Maud was, and is, liveliness of disposition and temperament. She was always, as those who know her best have often said of her, " full of fun," overflowing with good humour, and this was one reason why her august grandmother was delighted

to welcome her at all times. Perhaps no other member of the Royal Family ever so invariably succeeded in amusing Queen Victoria and enabling her to chase away sad memories. Her classical profile, her bright, laughing eyes, the perfect mouth on which a suspicion of mirth seemed ever lingering, her sunny manner—all these combined to make an attractive and fascinating personality of the youngest of the fair trio of daughters, the apples of their parents' eyes.

At the annual family gathering at Fredensborg Princess Maud kept the illustrious circle in a good temper. Her frank light-heartedness and gaiety were infectious, and upon no one did they exert more influence than upon her Imperial uncle by marriage, the Emperor Alexander III, father of the ex-Tsar of to-day. (There is this strong resemblance —almost the only one—between the late Tsar and his son, their fondness for children and for young people generally). Alexander III, that jovial giant, was the best of good friends with Princess Maud, and to see the Tsar chasing her as she "dodged" behind the big trees drew peals of laughter from the Danish Sovereigns and all their sons, daughters, and grandchildren. Alexander III was anything but a light weight, and he was generally the first to "give in," the honours of the chase remaining with the *spirituelle* and sportive little lady whose future was destined to be much more brilliant than that which was foreshadowed two or three years before her marriage to the Prince who, in the lottery of life, drew the number entitling him to the *gros lot.*

Long before her marriage there was much news-

paper talk, supplemented by idle gossip in private circles, concerning the future of Princess Maud. The Berlin correspondent of a London paper wrote :

For some days past it has been whispered in the *entourage* of the Court at Potsdam that the Princess Maud, youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, is shortly to be betrothed to Duke Ernst Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. The Duke is the only brother of the German Empress, and the head of the ancient princely house whose title he bears. He was born on August 11, 1863, and is therefore twenty-six years old. His father was the Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein for whose rights Prussia and Austria declared war against Denmark in 1864, but who was never permitted to reign in the Duchies after they were taken from the Danes. Duke Ernst is a nephew of Prince Christian. The handsome mansion belonging to Count Pourtalès, situated near the Imperial palace in Berlin, will probably be chosen as the town residence of the young couple. Duke Ernst is a lieutenant in the Emperor's Hussars of the body-guard stationed at Potsdam. He is to be transferred to a cavalry regiment in Berlin after his wedding.

Reproducing this tissue of inaccuracies, which were wholly baseless, the *Pall Mall Gazette* added these comments under the appropriate heading, " To-day's Tittle-tattle " :

There is at all events one good word to be said for the young princeling whom, as the rumour goes, Princess Maud of Wales is going to marry. Duke Ernst Gunther, of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, belongs without doubt to one of those noble German families whose names are much longer than their purses ; but the younger members of the " Holsteiner " are one and all highly cultured men and women, who are not ashamed of their proverbial £50 per annum, and who take a very genuine interest in all the intellectual movements of the age. A winter or two ago some friends of mine met the young Duke's sister, now the wife of Prince Leopold of Prussia, one of the wealthiest of German Princes, in the South of France, and the young lady and her *chaperon* became before long great friends of the English household. They lived in the simplest possible way, and thought it a very great treat

to be taken out for a drive, or to be invited to a simple family dinner, at which a couple of fowls formed the *pièce de résistance*. The Princess was very much interested in painting and music, and spoke with the greatest affection of her sister, the German Empress, and her brother, Duke Ernst, both of whom evidently shared her cultured tastes. The only person of her family whom she evidently did not like was her brother-in-law, the present German Emperor.

That *galimatias* may be profitably read in the light of the courageous action taken by the King in June–July, 1917, for it demonstrates the benevolent attitude upwards of twenty years ago of a large section of our influential Press towards Germany and its Imperial House, now, as we all hope and believe, crumbling into dust. That attitude continued until the actual outbreak of the war, for which the Germans, by their own showing, had been long preparing, and were fully bent upon; sheaves of official documents, published during the last three years, are incontestable evidence of their intentions. I will not dwell upon the terrible position in which King George and his illustrious mother—indeed, the whole of our Royal Family—would have been placed had Princess Maud of Wales married the German Duke, who is the only brother of the Kaiser's consort, to whom Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, father of the notorious Albert, stands in the relation of uncle by marriage.

King Edward's daughter knew a great deal about Norway long before she went to make her home there. It was in the early autumn of 1893 that she accompanied her mother and Princess Victoria to the Land of the Midnight Sun. At first the weather was most unfavourable for touring, too

squally to allow of the visitors landing on the Sunday evening of their arrival at Odde. The next day they set out on a fishing expedition and were driven back to the *Osborne* by the torrential rain. It was fine and sunshiny when they left the yacht for the famous waterfalls at Laate, and Princess Maud jotted down in her memorandum book a number of details about the scenery and people. There is a vein of pleasant satire in her composition, and many of her travel notes were enlivened by amusingly ironical touches, even after they had been, as I have heard it said, "edited" by Princess Victoria. After inspecting the cascades the party visited Bergen, where the British Consul boarded the *Osborne* to pay his dutiful respects. The itinerary was an elaborate one, taking in Vossvangen, Stalheim, the celebrated Naerodal, and Gudvangen (on the Sognefjord). And from Norway they went to Fredensborg to pass the usual happy time.

Tourists wax enthusiastic over Norway's fjords, its rugged coast, its countless islands, glaciers, lakes, cascades, and mountains; but they see the country only through the media of hotel-keepers and guides, useful people, but hardly the most interesting section of the population ruled by King Haakon. Since the Sovereigns entered into their kingdom they have spoken only Norwegian. The Queen charms everybody by the facility with which she expresses herself in the national tongue, and those in her immediate circle know that she has never been happier than among the people whose intellect and uprightness of character she so thoroughly appreciates. During the absence of

the King and Queen on their home tours Prince Olaf remains in Christiania. Like his parents, the young Prince from the first secured the nation's affection, until now he has long been the popular idol. It was not a revolution, but rather a restoration that was made in 1905; for Haakon VII, as the son of a King of Denmark, is a descendant of the ancient kings of Norway, who united and reigned over the two countries until the Convention of Kiel in 1814. Finally, and above all, Haakon VII became King of Norway by the unanimous election of the people, who are mostly pro-English.

Roaming through their northern provinces the Norwegian Sovereigns meet with some amusing experiences. As they were passing through a sparsely occupied village, where a complete census might have been taken by a sharp enumerator in a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, an old peasant who had been digging potatoes in his little plot of land threw down his spade, sauntered up to the Royal couple, and, after gazing at them critically for a few seconds, felt, I suppose, that it would be only civil to say something. Doffing his battered hat, and screwing up his courage to speaking-point, the veteran boldly said: "You are truly a beautiful Queen!" Her Majesty smiled at this unexpected compliment, while King Haakon, to the old man's delight at being addressed by the Monarch, said: "My friend, our tastes, I see, are exactly alike. I am precisely of your opinion." The scene was enjoyed by the two or three members of the suite who were present, but how the story found its way across the yeasty North Sea it is not for me to divulge.

The restoration of the Royal palace was completed just in time for the reception of the august grandparents of the Sovereigns in 1907. The King and Queen of Denmark, accompanied by some members of their family, were deeply touched by the reception accorded them, not only by the Court, but by all Christiania. The gala entertainments, the beautiful *surtouts de table* presented to Queen Maud by the Norwegian ladies, the sumptuous plate, and the splendid service in silver-gilt—the latter used for the first time at the banquet to the Danish Sovereigns—were the result of a national subscription in Norway, Denmark, England, and Scotland, in honour of the accession to the Norwegian throne of the children of King Frederick VIII and King Edward VII; a lasting memorial of the popularity of King Haakon and Queen Maud in the lands of their birth. At the gala performance at the theatre, at which the King and Queen of Denmark assisted, there were given an act of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" and an act of Björnson's "Marie Stuart"—the two great literary glories of Norway.

The Royal palace, as it now exists, has been arranged with much taste. It is full of Louis Seize furniture—not imitation, but actually of the epoch of that Sovereign; and from the old palace and other residences there were brought objects of art and pictures by the great masters. The work of restoration was carried out under the personal supervision of the King and Queen, whose taste is apparent in every detail.

During the winter King Haakon and Queen Maud are in residence at Voxenkollen, a few miles from

Christiania. There, in the heart of the mountains, in the midst of the pine forests, when the ground is covered with snow, ski-ing is *de rigueur*, and there may be seen rosy-cheeked Olaf, in pelisse and cap of white fur, mounted on his skis, winning the hearts of all by his beauty and adroitness. At Holmenskollen, another pine-clad hill, from which the view extends over the fjords and the islands, there is witnessed every spring the Norwegian "Derby," the great event of the skis, when the competitions for supremacy are of the keenest and most diverting. All Christiania turns out in force, the electric tramways bringing the capital into rapid communication with this beautiful corner of Christiania's suburb. Holmenskollen is still further beautified by the construction of a hunting-box, the present of the Norwegians to the King.

In governmental and intellectual circles at Christiania there is a strong desire to restore the old language of Norway. It is recognised that it will not be easy to reintroduce a national language which would differ from that Danish which has been predominant in the official documents as well as in the literature of the nation. The Norwegians are attempting to revive an ideal language, a mixture of Icelandic and the *patois* used in the interior of Norway, embracing all the local dialects —a classic and official language, similar to that which has long since fallen into desuetude.

By a miracle, as it were, in 1907 the world was spared a tragedy which would have saddened Europe, and plunged England, Denmark, and Norway into grief. No original account of the event appeared in the English journals; in fact the scene was witnessed by the merest handful of spectators. In order, therefore, that the reader may have the benefit of an eye-witness's version of the providential escape of Queen Maud and Mme. Fallières from what would have been a tragic fate, I have translated M. Raymond Lécuyer's dramatic story of the disaster:

About four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon (May 29) I was at the Petit Trianon, with two friends whom I had met at Versailles. We were near the *hameau* (a hamlet) of Marie Antoinette, wishing to watch the passage of the procession through the ruins so dear to the heart of that Queen. On our left, close to us, was the large sheet of water; on our right, the Maison de la Reine, which is joined to the Maison du Billard by a rustic bridge; in front, the *poulailler* (a hut), which during the Restoration was, by mistake, known as the presbytery; in front also was the bridge of the hamlet. This bridge is shaped like, as we say, a donkey's back (*dos d'âne*), and crosses an arm of the water which runs into the pond. The arrival of a group of photographers heralded the approach of the procession.

The procession advanced by the narrow road which leads to the bridge. First came some dragoons and two outriders; then Troude,* another

* A popular figure for many years.

outrider, in his varnished leather hat, powdered wig, small-clothes and gloves of yellow leather, high boots, and gold-braided coat of royal blue. "Bravo!" murmured everybody as Troude passed. The King and the President next drove by, in a landau, and returned our salutes. One of my friends remarked to me that the corner near the bridge was a rather dangerous one; and so it proved to be. Hardly had he spoken ere the carriage in which the Queen was seated made a too rapid turn, one wheel struck the angle of the parapet, and then we saw a struggling horse fall into the water. This horse dragged another, and his rider, with him. The Royal carriage leant over the bridge, and for a moment we thought that it would fall over and be dashed to pieces in the water.

Amidst the noise caused by the breaking of the harness, the neighing of the horses, and the general panic, a clear voice rang out, "Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" It was the voice of the terrified Queen.

It all happened in a few seconds, but they seemed hours. There was a moment of stupor. Then everybody ran towards the Royal carriage, shouting and gesticulating, and trying to help the drowning postilion and the horses. Near the wall of the *poulailler* stood Queen Maud, trembling, horrified, and alone. She had jumped out of the carriage, in which was Mme. Fallières, before any one could help her to alight. Queen Maud, as I have said, was alone. The members of the suite and of the President's household, the Ministers, indeed all present, were stupefied, and never thought of

helping or reassuring the Queen. I ran towards her and offered my services. She was so pale that I thought she was going to faint. Laying one hand lightly on my arm, Her Majesty said, "Ah, monsieur, is the man dead? Poor man! Poor man!" Her delicate features betrayed the great emotion under which she was labouring as she said, "He is killed, isn't he? He is killed?"

I reassured the Queen, and tried to calm her. But she would not believe me, and shook her head. "No," she said, "the poor man is drowned. And the other man, monsieur? Oh, I beg you to tell me. Where is he?" Just then M. Tardieu came running up and said to the Queen, "Madame, the postilion is safe. Look, they have pulled him out of the water!" "Where, where?" cried the Queen. "Is he saved? I want you to let me see for myself that he is really alive!" They were the words of a Queen who knows how people lie to Sovereigns, and how the hideous reality is concealed from them by rigorous etiquette. . . . The large eyes of the Queen had dark circles round them; her lips were white. Suddenly the King appeared. He had stopped his carriage, and had run at full speed to his wife. He caught her in his arms. He spoke to her in French, in broken accents, full of tender solicitude. "Ma chère," he exclaimed, "you have not been hurt? You have nothing the matter with you?" His Majesty had heard the Queen's cry, and at first he probably thought that an attempt upon her life had been made. "Calm yourself," he said; "come along! How all this has upset you!" "Yes, but I want to see the poor man who fell into the water."

They brought the unfortunate postilion to the Queen, and presented him to her by name. He was all wet and muddy—like a spaniel. He had lost his whip. He limped with one leg; but he was alive—oh, yes, he was alive! This tranquillised the Queen, who again inquired about the horses. One of her ladies tried to get her away from the bridge. "I beg your Majesty not to stay here. The horrible smell of the mud will make you ill." "Do you think so?" said the Queen. "Oh, how sad it is! Everything was going so well—it was all so beautiful!"

The President ran up to the King. M. Fallières was greatly troubled. His hands shook, his features were contracted. They told him that nobody was seriously injured—nobody killed. "Merci, merci," he murmured. All those who had been in the procession now came running up. The dragoon officers had dismounted; and the colonel of the 27th gave his orders very calmly. One of the members of the President's household, however, completely lost his head, and rushed about shrieking, "Two horses, immediately, and harness them to the Queen's landau!"

We now saw two of the three horses which had fallen into the water being led along the stream until a landing-place could be found for them on the steep banks. The third animal was in a piteous plight, struggling madly in the water. A young dragoon waded into the water, and, at the risk of being kicked to death, tried hard to save the poor animal. It was all in vain. The attempt to reform the procession was abandoned. M. Dujardin-Beaumetz escorted the Queen; and Her Majesty,

the King, the President, Mme. Fallières, and the Ministers started off at a brisk walk for the Petit Trianon. Truth compels me to say that the *cortège* was not imposing. When we had all arrived at the Petit Trianon the President of the Council (M. Clemenceau) went up to a reporter-photographer who chanced to be there, and, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, exclaimed, "You are too late, my friend—too late. You have missed *une bien bonne scène!*" Yes, M. Clemenceau thought it a *bien bonne scène*, this accident which might have had terrible results; this spectacle of a man who had escaped death by a miracle, of a charming woman who had been moved to tears, of two Sovereigns, guests of France, who had experienced the greatest anguish! A *bien bonne scène*, indeed!

M. Dujardin-Beaumetz said both the Queen and Mme. Fallières displayed great presence of mind. The Queen was most anxious about the postilion and kept repeating: "The poor man is under the horses. Have him released, I implore you. Have him extricated." Had not the traces broken, the carriage containing Queen Maud and Mme. Fallières must have been dragged over the bridge and into the water by the infuriated horses.

Mme. Fallières was greatly touched by the receipt of a telegram from Queen Maud warmly thanking her for the reception accorded by the Parisians to herself and King Haakon. The providential escape of Queen Maud and Mme. Fallières has resulted in the cementing of what cannot fail to be a lifelong friendship between the two ladies. The fact was not mentioned in the papers, but King Edward

and Queen Alexandra dispatched congratulatory telegrams to the President and Mme. Fallières immediately upon receipt of the news of the disaster at the Petit Trianon. The first telegram announcing the catastrophe caused the utmost alarm in London, and for some little time their Majesties were in a state of intense anxiety as to what had really happened. It was only on the arrival of telegrams from the Norwegian Sovereigns themselves that the apprehensions of King Edward and Queen Alexandra were allayed.

In the year 1890 the Danish corvette the *Heimdal* was cruising in the Mediterranean, having on board those cadets composing the first class of the Naval School. On the bridge stood two youths talking—one, tall and thin, was Prince Charles; the other, a square-shouldered lad, the Prince's friend from childhood, Herdebred. The two young cadets looked wistfully towards the shore, longing to land.

"Do you think we shall anchor at Malaga?" asked Herdebred of his friend.

"I am no better informed than you about that," replied Prince Charles. "You know how strict my grandfather is, and that he gave special orders that I was to be treated exactly like my comrades."

On the following morning the *Heimdal* entered the port of Malaga, and permission was given to the cadets to go ashore.

Addressing one of the petty officers, Herdebred said: "You know all these Mediterranean towns, Mr. ——; what is there specially worth seeing at Malaga?"

"Lots of things," was the reply; "above all, don't miss getting a peep at the lovely fortune-

teller, Dolores de Isla; she keeps a *café* in Carmen Street."

This was regarded as rather a good "tip," and that evening all the cadets were to be seen at the *café*, with a bottle of "Pedro Ximenes" before them. And there was Dolores looking bewitchingly lovely. Prince Charles sauntered up to her.

"Will you kindly tell my fortune, madame?" he inquired.

"Willingly," was the reply.

Dolores peered into the young Prince's hand, studying the lines attentively; then, standing a little away from him, and looking earnestly at him, she said, "But who are you, young gentleman?"

"Like my comrades here—a cadet in the Danish Navy."

"Let me look at your hand again. Let me see if I am wrong. Please follow me into this corner where the lamp is burning."

"Why?" asked the Prince, with just a suspicion of irony in his tone. "Will this lamp enable you to see more clearly into the mysteries of the future? Anyway, you can speak out before my friends; I have no secrets from them."

"I can see clearly enough," answered Dolores, quite politely, but in rather a high tone. "It is for you to decide whether your companions shall hear what I have to say."

Prince Charles rose, and followed Dolores into the corner which she had indicated.

In low tones she whispered a few words that none of the other youths could hear. The Prince returned to his place at the table, so pale and scared that none of his companions had the courage to

ask him what the fortune-teller had said. He left the *café* without volunteering a word of explanation.

A month later the cruise came to an end, and the *Heimdal* put into Copenhagen. On the bridge, side by side, stood the two friends, Herdebred and Prince Charles. Suddenly the Prince, as if waking from a reverie, said : " You remember that fortune-teller at Malaga ? "

" Yes, quite well."

" Of course, what she told me was very stupid. Still, it is certain that there are some mysteries between Heaven and earth that the savants have not yet penetrated ; there is hypnotism, for instance. Now, listen, Herdebred. You have always been a good friend to me, and before we part I am going to confide in you. I have written down word for word what Dolores told me that evening at Malaga, and I have put it in this envelope, which, as you see, is fastened with three seals. Promise me to keep it until I ask you to open it in my presence. Should I die, you may then break the seals and read the contents, for, in that event, I shall have been told a pack of lies." Then he handed the envelope to Herdebred, who noticed that on it was written " Malaga. 1890. Carl." And Herdebred placed the mysterious document in his pocket-book.

Ten years rolled away, passed by Herdebred in many voyages on many seas.

One morning in July, 1900, at Copenhagen, on the Boulevard Strand, one of the wonders of the world, chance brought Herdebred and Prince Charles face to face again. They talked away of old times, and exchanged experiences.

"Have you forgotten the pretty fortune-teller at Malaga?" asked the Prince.

"Oh, no, not at all. I have your envelope safely locked up in one of my drawers."

"Good! And now will you do me the great pleasure of coming to lunch with me to-morrow? My wife and I will be quite alone. You know how pleased she always is to see my friends. Bring the envelope, and you shall have an explanation of the enigma."

Herdebred was punctually at Bregdade, and the lunch was a very gay one.

The Princess left her husband and his friend to smoke a cigar over their coffee, and when she had gone Prince Charles said, "Well! Have you got the envelope?"

Herdebred took out his pocket-book and laid the envelope on the table.

Prince Charles burst out laughing. The next moment he became serious, and said: "You don't know, my dear fellow, how much those stupid words which I jotted down on that scrap of paper have worried me. But, thank God, all that the Malaga fortune-teller said to me was simple rubbish. Will you open the envelope and read the contents?"

Herdebred did so, and read: "You will have a Throne. You will change your name, but will not change your language."

There was silence for a few moments. Then Prince Charles said: "You will understand the impression produced upon a boy of eighteen by such a prophecy, made so far away from his country by a woman who had not the least idea who I was. You know how fond I am of my brother. Now,

fancy that only his death could make the fortune-teller's prediction come true ! "

Prince Charles walked up and down the room for several minutes, a prey to great emotion. Then he sat down and said : " For all these ten years, every time that my brother Christian has been at all unwell, I have been greatly disturbed in my mind. The thought that the fortune-teller's prophecy might be fulfilled and that my brother might die has always been present to me. For ten years I have been haunted by this nightmare. Luckily my fears were lessened when my brother married, and more especially now that an heir has been born to him—the little Frederick. I feel perfectly easy in my mind now ; for I am certain that all that Doña Dolores de Isla predicted at Malaga is the veriest twaddle ! "

But five years later—on November 13, 1905—Prince Charles of Denmark *did* become a King, and he *did* change his name without changing his language ! For he is King of Norway. And poor Dolores de Isla, of the little *café* in Carmen Street, Malaga, the derided fortune-teller, was justified of her prophecy !

CHAPTER X

PRINCESS BEATRICE (FORMERLY PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG) AND HER FAMILY

HER DAUGHTER THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

"Plus ça change, et plus c'est la même chose." No comment, therefore, need be made upon the fact, interesting as it is, that this gifted youngest daughter of the Great Queen, sister of the Duke of Connaught, and aunt of King George, is now (since June 20, 1917) officially styled "Princess Beatrice," in compliance with the request of the King. All the daughters of Victoria I and her consort (a great man, and a good one; a German, but not a Hun) were endowed with, I will say, exceptional talents. Princess Beatrice is artistic and literary. Her water-colours, when publicly exhibited, were pronounced by competent critics "quite good," and by the general, and uncritical, public "splendid." She was under five when her father died. Her sisters Alice, Helena, and Louise were respectively fourteen, eleven, and nine years her seniors. Her eldest sister, Victoria (Princess Royal), had married the Crown Prince of Prussia (afterwards the Emperor Frederick) in January, 1858, when Beatrice was less than a year old. After

all her sisters had wedded Beatrice became the sole girl companion of her mother, and so remained until 1885, when, at Whippingham Church, on July 23, she married Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg, who in 1895 was permitted to join the Ashanti Expedition. In the interior he contracted fever, was brought down to the coast, and early in January, 1896, died on board H.M.S. *Blonde*.

The first of the newly titled members of the Royal House of Windsor to marry was the Marquis of Carisbrooke (eldest son of Princess Beatrice and the late Prince Henry of Battenberg), whose bride was Lady Irene Denison, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Londesborough. The scene of the wedding was the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, the date July 19, 1917; and there were present the King and Queen, Princess Mary, Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria, Princess Beatrice, Princess Christian, Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, the Duke of Connaught and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and other members of the Royal Family. It surprised many to see in the Chapel the ex-King of Portugal (erroneously described by the papers King Manoel) and Prince and Princess Napoleon (the Empress Eugénie's guests at Farnborough Hill since the first month of the war). The Marquis of Milford Haven and the Earl and Countess of Medina were present. The "best man" was Captain Sitwell, replacing the bridegroom's brother, Lord Leopold Mountbatten, who was unable to attend the ceremony.

One of Princess Beatrice's three sons, Maurice, was killed in action in France at the end of October,

1914. He was a lieutenant in the 1st Battalion the King's Royal Rifle Corps (the famous old 60th Rifles), and the pluck he displayed in the field in a sharp engagement on September 7, after the retreat from Mons, was thus described by Corporal J. Jolley :

Instead of retiring, as we had been doing, on September 5 we advanced five miles to Firoy. There was very fierce fighting, the German infantry advancing to within 800 yards of our artillery, and also in good rifle range. They were practically slaughtered, and hundreds of dead lay everywhere. Early in the morning of the 6th we were up and on the scent, the Guards being the advance-guard for a change. Towards the afternoon they got in touch with the German rear-guard at a place called by us and the Germans "The Valley of Death." All the artillery possible was brought on to a ridge overlooking this valley, and played on the enemy, who could not get out of it in a hurry, and consequently got many casualties, the Guards capturing eighty men and five maxims, and losing only twelve men.

We kept on going until we reached the heights overlooking Charly-sur-Marne. Here we took up our post about two miles from the enemy without knowing it. On the morning of the 7th the King's Royal Rifles were the advance-guard. We traversed a wood, and found that the enemy had camped on the other side. We could see the Germans making blockages on the bridge, preparing to blow it up, but on seeing us they made off, and as we had no artillery with us they got off free.

The order then came that the bridge must be taken at once. When we got there we found that the bridge had three blockages, comprised of carts, furniture, glass, wire, etc. Prince Maurice of Battenberg was first man over, searching the house beyond all by himself. This was a brave act for an officer alone. The blockage was removed, and the battalion got across without a shot being fired. We went through Charly-sur-Marne, and halted about one mile on the other side for four hours, as the French were busy in action, and in the end they repulsed the Germans.

Princess Beatrice's only daughter, Victoria Eugénie Julia Ena, was born in 1887, and married,

at Madrid in 1906, King Alfonso XIII of Spain. They escaped assassination by a miracle as they were returning from the church to the Palace on their wedding-day (May, 1906). Their Majesties have four sons and two daughters.

The story of the Crown which is worn to-day by King Alfonso XIII is of abounding interest. Some forty-five years ago the statesmen of Spain vainly offered it to Prince after Prince. It was even laid at the feet of a Harrow School boy, but without success. Finally it was accepted by Amadeus (son of Victor Emmanuel), who speedily wearied of it. Then a Republic was proclaimed, followed in due course by the placing on the throne of Queen Isabella's son, father of the present Monarch, who has been humorously described as the *jeune premier de l'Europe.*

Those who knew the father of the young King affirm that they see in Alfonso XIII a replica of Alfonso XII, although the similarity may not be, and I think is not, so exact as some would have us believe. There are, however, many points of resemblance between father and son. The former overflowed with animal spirits, and enjoyed existence to the full; and this is certainly the predominant trait of Princess Ena's consort, of whose passion for outdoor life we had many examples before the war. Alfonso XII proved to be a diligent ruler of a country not too easy to govern; but he would have been the last to claim those exceptional intellectual powers with which he is being credited at a time when comparisons of the father with the son are being instituted. Perhaps Alfonso XII was more remarkable for dash, *esprit,* and lively

Photo Franzen

THE KING OF SPAIN AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE, 1906

companionship than for brilliant mental attainments. When he was learning the art of war at Sandhurst in the early seventies he was studious and painstaking, and altogether did very well at that institution, his two "governors," Count Mirasol and Colonel Velasco, looking carefully after him. He saw not a little of London society, his greatest English friends being the late Lord Glenesk and his brilliant wife, parents of the Countess Bathurst, proprietress of the *Morning Post* under her father's will. When, at intervals, he stayed in London, a year or so before Pavia cleared the way for his accession to the throne, Alfonso XII occupied a suite of rooms at "Brown's," the well-known West End hotel, which, later, had for their tenant His Majesty's cousin, Don Carlos, after that genial but somewhat erratic Prince had been expelled from French territory. That the two Princes had never met was made known to me by Don Carlos, who, in the course of a long talk about the war and its results, remarked: "I should much like to meet the King. Up to now, *I have never seen my cousin.*"

Princess Ena's consort is known to have inherited the courage and resolution which characterised his father. These qualities were illustrated on one occasion not long after the late King's accession to the throne. Spain was not particularly tranquil, although the forces of Don Carlos had been routed. Alfonso XII, discussing the situation with his friends, showed how lightly he contemplated possibilities by exclaiming: "I do not dread a revolution. I am determined never to go into exile; and I will never cross the Bidassoa with my head on my shoulders. I will die in Spain." These, I have

been often told, are the sentiments of Princess Beatrice's son-in-law.

Their Majesties have been seen several times in England since their marriage. When they were here in 1907 they visited the Queen's godmother (November 26 and 27), the Empress Eugénie, at Farnborough Hill.

It was an unparalleled event in the Imperial lady's English life. In the evening of the first day she gave a large dinner-party—the first of its kind since she was driven from the Tuileries on September 4, 1870. The house was ablaze with light—candle-light only in the *salle à manger*. The hostess wore a severely plain black dress and her widow's cap and veil. The ladies of the party were in beautiful gowns—some of the men, soldiers from Aldershot, in uniform, Sir John (now Lord) French among them. King Alfonso and the other gentlemen were in Court dress. Queen Victoria Eugénie's robe was of blue chiffon. She gleamed with pearls and diamonds. To amuse the guests, who after dinner were re-inforced by a hundred friends and neighbours, there was (wonder of wonders!) a "variety" entertainment—songs by Miss Margaret Cooper and Mrs. Swinton, a long funny story by Mr. Harry Tate, and conjuring tricks by Leipzig.

In 1908 (September 2) the Spanish Sovereigns, who had been staying with the young Queen's mother in the Isle of Wight, paid their second visit to the Empress Eugénie, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and her sons, the Princes Alexander, Leopold, and poor Maurice. In the morning they had spent an agreeable hour on board Sir Thomas Lipton's racing yacht, *Shamrock*, in Southampton

Water, which was adorned for the occasion with her thirty-one winning flags. The Royalties were received at Farnborough station by the Duc d'Albe, who was staying with his Imperial relative, and were taken to the *château* in the Empress's autos. After spending two or three hours with Her Majesty the King and Queen, Prince Alexander, and Prince Maurice motored to London, and Princess Beatrice and her son Leopold left for Southampton, and crossed to Cowes in the Royal yacht *Alberta*.

That evening the King and Queen entertained at dinner at the "Ritz" the two Battenberg Princes, the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis de Villalobar, and other members of the Embassy. The whole party went to the "Playhouse," where the orchestra played "God Save the Queen" and the Spanish National Anthem, the audience rising and cheering as the King stood bowing from the box. On the following day the King and Queen left for the Continent.

A scene which I witnessed during the Queen's stay in England in 1913 is impressed upon my memory for more reasons than one. It was on November 29, when a solemn High Mass of Requiem for the repose of the soul of Madame de Arcos was sung at the church of the Immaculate Conception in Farm Street. I found the church almost full, and asked one of the priests if the Empress Eugénie had arrived. He had not heard that she was coming; he added: "The Queen of Spain and her mother are here."

Ten minutes after the service had begun the Empress made her appearance, followed by Mme.

d'Attainville and M. Franceschini Pietri,* and took her place opposite the Queen of Spain and her mother. She was unaware of the presence of her goddaughter until the conclusion of the Requiem, when the Queen greeted her. The Empress gave a little start of pleased surprise, and the two remained in conversation for a few minutes. The Queen witnessed the moving scene in the doorway of the church as the Empress was leaving. Men who knew her knelt and kissed the venerable lady's hand; ladies threw their arms round her neck and kissed and were kissed by her. I described the scene in the *Morning Post* and gave a more detailed account of it in the volume, "The Empress Eugénie and her Son," which was produced in 1916 by Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher of the present work and of my "King Edward, the Kaiser, and the War" (issued in January, 1917). Madame de Arcos, as all who have read my books are aware, was, like her sister, the late Mrs. Vaughan, a lifelong friend of the Empress, not holding any appointment, but being her Imperial Majesty's constant companion. Thus these two ladies, whose acquaintance I was privileged to enjoy, were friends of the Queen of Spain and her mother. The latter has been seldom seen in a Catholic church. That there was an outcry in this country when Princess Ena was received into the Roman Communion shortly before her marriage is matter of history.

In the spring the Spanish Court is usually transferred from Madrid to Aranjuez, in the north of Castille. The apartments there are more conveniently arranged than those at the Palace at

* Died at Farnborough in December, 1915.

Madrid; while, generally, the *château*, which was built by Philip II and completed by Charles III, recalls the period of Louis XIII. It was there that Charles IV abdicated in favour of his son, Ferdinand VII, whose plot against his father was actively assisted by the Conde Montijo (an ancestor of the Empress Eugénie), who was concealed in the palace under the name of Tio Pedro (Uncle Peter).

The summer home of the King and Queen is La Granja. Situated among the towering snow-tipped mountains of the Guadarrama, it is the favourite residence of the Queen, as it was of the late King, although the present Queen Mother had an unconquerable aversion for this charming old home of the Bourbons. The Palace was constructed by Philip V on the site of a dwelling, once a barn (*grange*), belonging to the monks of St. Jerome; hence its name, "La Granja." The present King repaired and beautified this traditional abode of the Sovereigns of Spain. The gardens, which were designed by Procaccini, are the features of La Granja. There are statues in profusion, and the fountains resemble those at Versailles. In front of the Palace is a cascade, the waters springing from ten basins, ranged one above the other, with a surmounting group of the Three Graces. The *carrera de caballos* is the name given to a succession of cascades ornamenting an imposing avenue. In the centre of these waters is a group representing Neptune in his car, drawn by sea-horses and surrounded by dolphins. Another group of marble statuary shows Perseus and Andromeda, but the *clou* of the series of fountains is that portraying the "Bath of Diana," which is of colossal proportions.

These superb fountains were all constructed to divert the melancholy Philip V.

La Granja owes much of its beauty to Queen Elizabeth, who, as a result of her journey through the Peninsula, caused an army of French landscape gardeners to remodel the grounds. Upon the return of Philip V, his Majesty, strolling through the gardens, paused before the "Bath of Diana"; then, turning to the group of courtiers accompanying him, remarked: "That amused me for three minutes, but it cost me three millions!"

In the village church are the tombs of Philip V and his second wife—the only Sovereigns of Spain who were not buried at the Escurial. In 1832 Ferdinand VII, being at La Granja, and acting under the pressure of two of his Ministers, appointed his brother, Don Carlos, heir to the crown. His Majesty's sister-in-law, the Infante Doña Carlotta, sister of Queen Christina, made him cancel the appointment, and at the death of the king this act of revocation led to that Carlist rising which, for half a century, immersed Spain in all the horrors of civil war. In 1836 Queen Christina, then acting as Regent during the minority of Isabella II (grandmother of the present King), was at La Granja when the insurrection broke out, even the Royal Guards joining the rebels.

It was at La Granja, on June 22, 1909, that the third child, a daughter, of their Majesties was born at 3 a.m., in the presence of the Queen Mother and Princess Beatrice. (The Queen, they said, had been present at dinner on the previous night.) The usual elaborate ceremonial on such occasions was observed. The King summoned Señor Maura, the

Premier, and the Marquis de Figueroa, Minister of Justice, who were in Madrid, and all the members of the Royal Family, the high dignitaries of the Court, and the authorities of Segovia and of La Granja, who were to witness the "presentation" of the child. The announcement of the birth was received with a salute of nineteen guns. Twenty minutes after the happy event Señor Maura, the Premier, arrived in a motor-car. King Alfonso, in the uniform of Captain-General, "presented" the infant upon a basket decorated with rich lace to the Ministers and other dignitaries in the ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments, and received their congratulations. In honour of the occasion the King signed an order cancelling or reducing the sentences of a number of prisoners. There had been a general desire in the Royal Family that the Queen should present the nation with a Princess. The two children who had been previously born are Alfonso (May 10, 1907) and Jaime (June 23, 1908).

As even before her marriage the Queen was fairly grounded in the Spanish language she doubtless dipped into the pages of the Spanish "Burke," entitled the "Guia," during her engagement in order to learn something of the genealogy of some of those with whom she was to be brought into contact. The "Guia" told her that not more than three or four Spanish titles date from the year 1300, some twenty or so originated in 1500, and a very few from 1600 to 1700; while the great majority of the noble families of Spain entered the ranks of the aristocracy as recently as the nineteenth century. It is curious to remember that all Spanish

titles may descend in the female line, and may even be transferred from a lady to her husband. Naturally, this extraordinary procedure has been, and is, the cause of endless confusion, while to it is due the fact that there may be found among the proletariat men legitimately bearing the proudest family names, while gentlemen of the most ancient lineage are, from the point of view of the "Guia," absolutely "nowhere." Such historic families as the Guzmans, the Benevides, and the Lacerdas are to be found among those engaged in trade, "while titles which were conferred upon their direct ancestors by Charles V are enjoyed by rich adventurers who have married heiresses of their noble houses."

The Noble Order of Grandees was instituted by Charles V on his return from Germany after having been created Emperor. In humble imitation of Charlemagne, Charles nominated twelve Grandees, and the elected were Medina-Sidonia, Albuquerque, del Infantado, Alva, Frias, Medina de Rioseco, Escalona, Benevente, Najera, Arcos, Medina-Celli, and the Marquis Astorga. It is asserted by the "Guia" that the descendants of only two of these have now the right to use the same family name as the hero whom Charles V so signally enriched. The only two of the descendants of the famous "Twelve" who are entitled to use the original name and title given to their ancestors by Charles V are the Duke of Frias, who remains a Velasco, and the Marquis Astorga, who is still an Osorio.

Until Alfonso XIII was about five, the Queen Mother would not allow any one but herself to cut his hair; but when he had attained that mature age, Her Majesty, who was then at San Sebastian,

sent for a haircutter. No sooner had he entered the Royal presence than he found himself the object of the boy-King's marked attention. The worthy man was as bald as a coot, a circumstance which seemed to cause intense astonishment to the child, who exclaimed, in anxious tones: "My poor friend, why have you torn out all your hair?" So amazed was the barber at this unexpected query that, in the confusion of the moment, he dropped his scissors, much to the young Alfonso's amusement. When, however, the capillary artist had completed his work, and handed to the King a mirror, smiles gave place to tears, so grieved was he at the ruthless despoiling of his locks; and it was only by degrees, and after the Queen Regent's repeated assurances that now "her little boy was *vraiment gentil*," that His Most Catholic Majesty consented to be appeased, for it seemed to him abundantly evident that the barber, had he so willed it, could have made his illustrious client as bald as himself!

The Marquis of Milford Haven (*ci-devant* Prince Louis of Battenberg)

To a very large section of the public the name of Battenberg was most unreasonably made odious by the scaremongers, who howled down Prince Louis,* the gallant brother-in-law of Princess Beatrice, until the then First Sea Lord of the Admiralty resigned his position at the end of October, 1914, some three months after the outbreak of the war. Mr. Winston Churchill had been given

* On June 20, 1917, the Prince dropped his former title and was made a Marquis in the British Peerage. His new title is given above.

the whole and sole credit for keeping the Fleet together after the manœuvres in June, 1914. More than a year had elapsed when, on August 5, 1915, the well-known naval expert, Mr. Fred T. Jane, startled us by a declaration that it was not Mr. Churchill, but Prince Louis, who had prevented the Fleet from being demobilised and kept it ready for action at any moment in the event of its services being required—a contingency which arose at the end of July. I hope those who saw him, or read that Prince Louis was by the side of the Sovereigns at the Investiture of the heroes in Hyde Park on June 2, 1917, remembered the debt of gratitude which the Empire owes to this brother of Prince Henry, Princess Beatrice's consort.

Writing just a year after the beginning of the war, Mr. Jane said :

> Few people have yet realised how carefully *Der Tag* was selected. The British Fleet had just been engaged in a test mobilisation, which had been advertised to happen months beforehand.
>
> After it, the inevitable result was to be expected—the Main Fleet sent to its home ports to give leave, the mobilised ships paid off, and the crews distributed hither and thither. That was routine.
>
> Suddenly all this routine vanished into thin air. The Fleet was kept mobilised. It was sent away to certain places ; but the entire British Navy was kept ready against emergencies.
>
> When the war came the entire British Navy was ready and waiting. Had we been caught unprepared 100,000 picked German troops would have invaded our shores. The fate of Belgium would have been our fate.
>
> There is no doubt about this matter ; the beginning of the war synchronised with the embarkation of those 100,000 German picked troops.
>
> They came out. They saw a British light cruiser, which made off. They came a little farther, and saw another little British warship, which likewise made off.

Having seen which, they all turned back again, and retired to their own country. From every point of view the business was undramatic. But—well, the German is no fool. He realised from the indications that the British Navy was somewhere in the way, and he abandoned the idea of sudden invasion.

It is generally put down to Mr. Winston Churchill that these things happened with the British Fleet. We have all read it in the Press ; we have all believed it.

But the real facts are as follows : None of us did understand. If we work back on our memories we know that. No one expected war.

Mr. Churchill was, I believe, week-ending with his wife at Cromer on the East Coast—Cromer, which years ago gave birth to " The Garden of Sleep." It was all the " Garden of Sleep." No one worried—except one man.

And that man was the First Sea Lord of those days—Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg. He it was who kept the Fleet together, he it was who saved us from the horrors of Belgium.

This statement was confirmed by Prince Louis, who wrote to a correspondent : " To be quite accurate, it was your humble servant and not Mr. Churchill, who was spending the week-end at Cromer with his wife, who ordered all ships to stand fast instead of demobilising as ordered."

Mr. Churchill wrote to Prince Louis on October 29, just after his retirement as First Sea Lord : " The first step which secured the timely concentration of the Fleet was taken by you."

When the Prince's resignation was announced, the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleets said in a telegram to him : " The whole Fleet will learn the news with the deepest possible regret. We look to you with the greatest loyalty, respect, and gratitude for the work you have accomplished for the Navy."

Sir George Scott Robertson, M.P., explained why

Prince Louis did not let the world know before of his great service to the country in keeping the Navy mobilised. Sir George knew the full facts some time ago, and, as he said, it was only a question of time for full justice to be done to Prince Louis. "But Prince Louis seemed to think that, in some way or other, if I announced the facts of the case just then, some sort of injury to national interests might follow." The world now knows that but for the Prince's action and the perfect readiness of the British Navy our shores would have been invaded at the outbreak of war by an enormous number of picked German troops. Prince Louis resigned because "I have been driven to the painful conclusion that at this juncture my birth and parentage have the effect of impairing in some respects my usefulness on the Board of Admiralty."

The *ci-devant* Prince Louis is not of German but of Austrian birth. He was born at Gratz on May 24, 1854, and entered our Navy in 1868 as a naturalised Englishman. He can truthfully say that *he* it was, and none other, who kept the Fleet together and saved us from horrors similar to those perpetrated in Belgium by the Kaiser's savages.

The late Prince Alexander of Battenberg

Prince Alexander of Battenberg (brother-in-law of Princess Beatrice) and his rulership of Bulgaria, with its multitude of events—alarums and excursions—gave the Powers and their diplomatists constant occupation. The Principality of Bulgaria was created (if any one cares to remember it) by

the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, and its first ruler was Alexander, who was elected at Tirnovo on April 29, 1879, overthrown in August, 1886, and abdicated on the 7th of the following month. In the night of August 21, 1886, he was kidnapped—arrested in his palace by some of his officers, put on board a steamer, and landed on Russian territory. The President of the Chamber, M. Stamboloff, rescued the Prince, and took him back to Sofia. He could have remained on the throne, but, disgusted by the scurvy treatment to which he had been subjected by the military mob, he telegraphed his version of events to the Tsar, leaving Stamboloff in ignorance of what he had done, and then shook the dust of Bulgaria from his feet. On November 17, 1893, he died at Gratz (Austria), aged thirty-six, after less than a day's illness. The late Emperor Francis Joseph gave him a commission in his army, and the former ruler of Bulgaria, adopting the name of Count Hartenau, found in Austria, of which he was a native, that peace and happiness of which the Bulgarians had robbed him. The Countess Hartenau (Alexander's widow) had been an actress of great capacity. This brother of the Anglicised Prince Henry was the second son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, a brother of the consort of Tsar Alexander II (father of the Duchess of Edinburgh). The mother of the Battenberg Princes known to us was Julia, daughter of Count Moritz von Hauke, Poland's last Minister of War, and was born at Warsaw. She was taken to St. Petersburg and educated by the Tsar. She married morganatically, in 1851, Prince Alexander of Hesse (who thereby lost his post at Court), was finally created Princess

von Battenberg, and lived near Darmstadt from 1880 until her death, in September 1895, as Dowager Princess of Battenberg.

The story of the kidnapping of "the Battenberger" has been variously told. This is the *Manchester Guardian's* version of it:

"Sign, or——!" These were the words addressed on the night of August 20, 1886, by a young captain, holding in one hand a paper and in the other a revolver, to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria in one of the rooms of the Royal Konak at Sofia. The captain had with him a whole crowd of officers, some of them drunk and all much excited, and the Prince had no choice but to sign. The document was an act of abdication. The Prince only succeeded in adding the words "Bog da spassi Bolgariu!" (God save Bulgaria) when the paper was snatched from him by the captain and he and his brother were taken through the woods to the Danube, put on a boat, and shipped off to Galatz, the Russian frontier.

The next day Sofia was in an uproar. The young captain and all the leaders of the Russophile party on whose behalf he had acted had to flee for their lives. Prince Alexander was recalled, but he had to abdicate once more on a direct summons of Tsar Alexander III of Russia. Ten months later a new Bulgarian Prince was elected—Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. But those who were guilty of the outrage of August 20 were not forgiven. They had to remain in exile, and most of them found refuge in Russia, among them the young captain. He entered the Russian army and served for fifteen years.

Then they were all amnestied, and the captain was permitted to join the Bulgarian army with the rank he had gained in Russian service. He gradually rose, and in 1912 distinguished himself in the war with Turkey. He is General Radko Dmitrieff, the victor of Kirk Kalise.

In 1887 the painter Antoine de Werner accompanied the Crown Prince (the present Kaiser) on his journey to Italy. When leaving the staff at Darmstadt he was charged with the following message to Prince Alexander of Battenberg by the Crown Princess: "Tell him from me that King Humbert spoke flatteringly of his renunciation of the Bulgarian throne. 'Prince Alexander has lost a Crown, but gained an aureole.'" Werner gave the message, and Prince Alexander replied: "It would all have been different but for Bismarck. Supported by him, I would have resisted a hundred thousand devils. He turned his back on me, and I had to give up." Such was the explanation of Princess Beatrice's brother-in-law of how he lost his throne.

The lady whom, until June, 1917, we knew as Princess Louis of Battenberg, and since June, 1917, as Marchioness of Milford Haven, is the eldest daughter of the late Princess Alice of Great Britain, who married the Grand Duke of Hesse in 1862. Princess Alice was her father's favourite daughter and her mother's *confidante*. The newly titled Marchioness was born at Windsor in 1863. She has three sisters. The elder, Princess Elizabeth, was married to the Grand Duke Serge of Russia, who was assassinated in Moscow in 1905, and his widow

has since largely devoted herself to religious works. The next sister, Princess Irene, is the wife of Prince Henry of Prussia, and so sister-in-law of the Kaiser. The youngest is the truly unfortunate consort of the ex-Tsar Nicholas II.

Lady Louise Mountbatten, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Milford Haven, was in 1917 an active worker at a French hospital near Nevers. Although only a "probationer" she insisted upon scrubbing floors and doing other rough work. An attack of mumps necessitated her departure for England in August. She will return to her patriotic task in due course—probably before these lines are in circulation.

The Empress Marie (consort of Tsar Alexander II, grandfather of Nicholas II) was the aunt of the Battenberg Princes. Prince Alexander of Battenberg was her favourite nephew, and she bequeathed him £200,000, which was to come into his possession on the day of his marriage; if he did not take a wife he was to receive only the income from that sum. The bachelor Prince once asked the Empress's consort (who was assassinated in 1881) for the bulk of the bequest. "But you are not married yet," said the Tsar, and proposed that he should wed the daughter of the then Prince (now King) of Montenegro. Alexander declined, and the lady is to-day Queen of Italy. The Tsar next suggested the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in Russia, Prince Nicholas Borrissovitch Yussopoff; but again Alexander refused, and thus lost a very beautiful girl and the £1,000,000, with diamonds of equal value, which later formed her marriage portion.

On November 15, 1916, the Countess Nada Torby became by marriage Princess George of Battenberg; in June, 1917, as we have seen, the King's rearrangement of certain titles made her Countess of Medina. "A rose by any other name," etc. There were two wedding services—the first at the Russian Embassy Chapel in Welbeck Street, and the second at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. The lady's parents are the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby. (As, however, since March, 1917, the ex-Tsar is styled Nicholas Romanoff, and the titles of all members of the ex-Imperial Family are apparently not recognised, it is conceivable that the Countess of Medina's father may also abandon his titular dignity.) The Royalties made a brave show at the service in St. James's Palace. There were the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, Princess Mary, Prince Albert, Princess Victoria, the Duke and (the late) Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia, ex-King Manoel, "Queen" Augusta Victoria, Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, the artistic Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, the Princess Royal, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Maud, Princess Victoria and Princess Marie Louise (formerly "of Schleswig-Holstein"), the Grand Duchess George of Russia, the Duchess of Albany, and the bridegroom's parents.

In the body of the Chapel were Mr. Balfour, Mrs. Asquith, and Mrs. Lloyd George; the French and Russian Ambassadors, the Italian Ambassador and the Marchesa Imperiali, the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Merry del Val, the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Page, the Japanese Ambassador

and Viscountess Chindra, the Rumanian Minister and Mme. Misu, and the Serbian Minister and Mme. Yovanovitch. There were extraordinary scenes outside the Chapel Royal, all tending to show the popularity of the families chiefly concerned.

"Prince Louis" paid a ceremonial visit to the United States in 1905, when he submitted to be interviewed and photographed. Pelted with violets by American ladies, he remarked: "I am just beginning to realise the fascination of the strenuous life"—that "strenuous life" which a book by Mr. Roosevelt had just made famous. The Prince's teaspoons and table cutlery were carried off by souvenir hunters, but he never complained. Yet an American dentist made him wince by charging £200 for filling four teeth with gold.

Princess Beatrice and her Mother: A Recollection

Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice were so enamoured of Aix-les-Bains that in 1887 they began negotiations for the purchase of some land on the Tresserves whereon to build a house for the Princess. The intention was, however, abandoned owing to the high price asked for the site. The Queen and her daughter had very happy times in Savoy. They made excursions to various places in the vicinity of Aix-les-Bains, and once even to the distant Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse long before the French Government took forcible possession of it and turned the poor monks out of the country. They stood a military siege for some

days, and had the sympathy of all in the region, for these worthy Carthusians had bestowed millions of francs on the poorer Savoyards from time immemorial. The repressive action of the Government was regarded by practically all Savoy as brutal in the extreme, and was the subject of comment in all countries. By the rules of the Carthusians, dating from centuries back, women were debarred from crossing the threshold of the Monastery. The permission of the Pope had to be obtained, and it was given, on application, to Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice. The Empress Eugénie, the late Empress of Brazil, and the present Queen of Holland complete the quintet of ladies who have been allowed to visit the Monastery, which for many years has been used as a barracks.

I know many English people who have passed weeks at Aix-les-Bains without going to "La Chambotte," from whence you get views of mountain, lake, and valley. The "Chambotte" was the scene of at least one of the Royal couple's "outings," and, I may add, one of my own also. As the month was April (I think 1887) and as there were not as yet many people at Aix, the Royal party had the place to themselves (this alone pleased Her Majesty). There was, and I suppose is, a small hotel overlooking Lake Bourget (Lamartine's lake, you may remember), at one end of which is the town of Aix, and at the other end the Rhône. At the time of the Royal visit the hotel was kept by a worthy couple—the wife a Scotswoman, her husband French. He was a *cordon bleu*, then engaged at Cannes, from whence I had just come, having driven

the whole way over the variously named Alps. The Queen's people always took their own provisions on their trips. The hampers were soon unpacked, and Princess Beatrice made tea. The landlady (she told me the next day) was called into the room, and the Queen asked her "all sorts of questions." The Queen and the Princess were so pleased that they promised to send Madame —— their photographs *; and later I heard that they had done so. The visitors' book was brought in, and signed by the Queen: "Victoria R.I. (C'tesse de Balmoral), 16 avril." Then followed the names: "Ismay Southampton," "Harriet S. Phipps" (Lady Southampton and the Hon. Harriet S. Phipps).

The hotel at La Chambotte is approached by a steep, narrow lane. The Royal carriage was left at the foot, and Her Majesty rode on a donkey up and down the hill. The Queen gave the landlady a handsome *douceur*. At Aix-les-Bains one used to meet the Queen driving her sleek donkey, harnessed to a little chaise, sometimes accompanied only by a domestic. She was never "mobbed," as her eldest son invariably was at the German "cure" places.

* The photographs were large panel ones.

CHAPTER XI

THE DUKE AND THE LATE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

The soldier-son of Queen Victoria's family was born at Buckingham Palace on May 1, 1850, and was educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. In 1868 he was appointed a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, and was transferred to the Royal Artillery in the same year, and to the Rifle Brigade in 1869. In 1870 he served in Canada during the Fenian raid. When with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force in 1882 he was present at the action of Mahuta and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. From 1883 to 1885 he was in India, and he was Commander-in-Chief of the troops in the Bombay Presidency 1886–90. Returning to England, he was in command of the Southern District 1890–3 and of the troops at Aldershot 1893–8. From 1900 to 1901 he was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, and from 1901 to 1904 in command of those forces and of the Third Army Corps. From 1907 to 1909 the Duke was Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Forces and High Commissioner in the Mediterranean. In 1910, on behalf of King Edward, he opened the first Parliament of united South Africa. In 1911 he was appointed Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion

of Canada, and remained in that position until October, 1916, when he and his family returned to England. His successor was the Duke of Devonshire.

Before the war the King had approved the appointment of Prince Alexander of Teck to succeed the Duke of Connaught. As the Prince was, and is, on active service he felt that it was impossible to relinquish his military duties, and in these circumstances the King excused him from taking up the appointment of Governor-General of Canada.

Since 1916 the Duke of Connaught has been performing the duties of Inspector of Depots.

Introduced at the Privy Council in 1871, in that year Parliament granted him an annuity of £15,000, and an additional £10,000 in 1879. In 1874 he was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn and Earl of Sussex (in the peerage of the United Kingdom). He is Great Master and Principal Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. Throughout 1917 the Duke was occupied in the congenial task of officially inspecting military depots of every description throughout the country. He was sixty-seven on May 1, 1917, but is as alert and "smart" as ever —an ideal soldier. Any day when his new duties do not call him away from London he may be seen, a striking figure, strolling to and from Clarence House and Pall Mall, and looking up old friends at his clubs. It may truthfully be said of this gallant gentleman that he is the Bayard of Queen Victoria's family, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

The marriage of the Duke of Connaught and Strathearne and Princess Louise Marguerite of Prussia in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 13, 1879, was admittedly the most magnificent function witnessed at Windsor since the wedding of the Princess Royal of England and the Crown Prince of Prussia, parents of the Kaiser of to-day. Queen Victoria "assisted" at the ceremony of 1879, whereas at the marriage (in 1863) of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) Her Majesty (a widow since December, 1861) was present only as a spectator, seated in her "box" in the gallery. At the wedding of "the Connaughts" there were four processions: (1) the Queen's, (2) the Princess of Wales's (Queen Alexandra), (3) the bride's, and (4) the bridegroom's.

In the Queen's procession were, I remember, the late Duke and Duchess of Teck (Queen Mary's parents), the Duchess of Edinburgh (now Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the territory now ruled over by that enemy Prince, the son of the late Duke of Albany), Prince and Princess Christian (whose son, Prince Albert, is also fighting against the land of his birth), and Princess Frederick Charles (the bride's mother). Following the Princess of Wales (who at that time had been married sixteen years) came her three daughters—Princess Louise (now the widowed Duchess of Fife, Princess Royal), Princess Victoria, and Princess Maud (Queen of Norway). Knowledgable people saw that the "Rose of Denmark" wore, besides other decorations, the Grand Cordon of St. Catherine of Russia; and they saw also that the very nice-looking boy with the young Princesses of Wales was

their youngest brother, then known to us as Prince George.

Those who inquired why the Princess of Wales and so many other Royal ladies wore the St. Catherine Order were told that they were paying a delicate compliment to the Duchess of Edinburgh, whose wedding some five years earlier I had the good fortune to witness in the gorgeous chapel of the Winter Palace at what was then St. Petersburg and is now Petrograd. Am I very far from right in asserting that few of those who saw, and admired, that "nice-looking," sunny-faced boy at his uncle Arthur's wedding more than eight-and-thirty years ago imagined that he would develop into the King (and Emperor) of the British Empire? But so it was willed by the Omnipotent Ruler of events whose Divine Person, sad to say, has been of late subjected to public criticism!

While the widowed Queen and her suite were still in mourning for Albert the Good, Her Majesty's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice (now since many years herself widowed), wore a turquoise-blue costume, with a velvet train to match. By her side, in the uniform of a naval cadet, was Prince Albert Victor of Wales, the pride of his Royal parents, destined, alas, to be taken from them in the flower of his manhood. The bride-groom and his elder brother, "Prince Charming (the immortal Peacemaker of the future)," were in the uniform of the Rifle Brigade; their brother Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, wore his naval uniform.

Several figures not unfamiliar to me claimed my attention at the wedding. Among that brilliant crowd I recognised the bride's father, Prince

Frederick Charles of Prussia (in the uniform of the noted 3rd Regiment of Hussars), whom I had often seen on the battlefields of France in 1870; the Crown Prince of Prussia, near whom I stood at the battle of Sedan; the Crown Princess (our Princess Royal, who arranged her brother Arthur's marriage), and their eldest son, William, the bride's second cousin, who nine years later became Kaiser. At the time of the Windsor wedding he was two months over twenty. This was the second marriage ceremony at St. George's Chapel in which he had taken part, the first being that of the Prince and Princess of Wales, when his uncles Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold (Duke of Albany) were greatly annoyed by his unprincely behaviour. At the Connaught wedding Prince William of Prussia wore the uniform of the 1st Guard Regiment, and was all smiles for everybody.

From his accession to the throne onwards the late Duchess's friends were well aware that she regarded the Kaiser unsympathetically, although whenever they met in England he exerted himself to " make up " to her, and to efface from her mind the recollection of his insulting treatment of her husband and the Duke of Edinburgh. Since August, 1914, the Duchess, who had become, from the outset, thoroughly Anglicised and patriotic to the core, shared the Empress Marie's opinion of the " All-Highest," and made no attempt to conceal it. The Duchess of Connaught died at Clarence House, London, on March 14, 1917, and was buried at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, after the cremating of the body.

How anti-German and all-British she had become

is shown by this extract from a letter written by her to a friend on January 12, 1915: "I feel that Germany is not the country nor Germans the people now which they were when I left as a mere child; some terrible influence, the greed and longing for more power and arrogance, has become the ruling passion. The Germany of science, art, and literature has disappeared. . . . I am intensely proud of our Army and the way they have fought, and are fighting, 'small and contemptible' though they were thought to be by our enemy and his people."

From 1900 until 1904 the Duke of Connaught filled the post of General Commanding the Forces in Ireland. Their Royal Highnesses made the Royal Hospital, Dublin, their home, and entertained liberally. Here the Duchess's tact, amiability, and desire both to please and be pleased secured for her Consort and herself not only the esteem, but the love, of the warm-hearted people. One of her intimate friends described her to me as "the clever one of the family." Those claiming to represent Dublin society took her to their hearts from the first day of the stay of the Royal couple in the Irish capital, and, when they left, felt that Ireland had lost two of her best friends.

In 1900, the Duke of Connaught's first year in command of the military forces, Queen Victoria (who died in the January of the following year) paid her Irish subjects a visit, accompanied by two of her daughters, Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The official who arranged the Royal procession through the streets naturally assigned places in the Queen's carriage to her two

daughters, but sadly blundered by omitting Her Majesty's daughter-in-law (the Royal Duke's consort). The Duchess's anger was aroused. It is hardly exaggerating to say that her view of her rights was expressed in unmistakable terms, savouring of an ultimatum, with the result that consternation prevailed at the Castle. Luckily for all concerned a good genius was at hand and solved the problem by maintaining that the consort of the Commander of the Forces was within her undoubted rights in demanding a carriage for herself and her daughters; and declaring that accommodation for the two other ladies must be provided in another vehicle. As the procession, thus rearranged, passed through the streets, the Queen and her two daughters were not more effusively greeted than the Duchess of Connaught and *her* daughters, whose absence would certainly have caused a painful scene when the Queen returned to the Viceregal Lodge. As the Duchess and her daughters entered their carriage some one who was well acquainted with the consort of the future Governor-General of Canada congratulated her upon the happy result of her protest. Her Royal Highness replied gaily, to the amusement of her daughters: "You see we are *all* Connaughts now!"

At a dinner-party one evening, at which Queen Victoria was present, a huge plum pudding had pride of place at Dublin Castle, and was looked at askance by those whose digestions barred them from partaking of such a dainty. The pudding, to the surprise of all, was served, not towards the end, but in the middle of the meal (a Gargantuan one). Sitting near the Duchess was a friend of

mine, who "passed" the pudding. Noticing that he had done so, the Duchess said persuasively: "You had better have some. It is a custom here, and you will see that Her Majesty will not pass it." The Duchess, apprehensive lest the gentleman should think it a breach of etiquette to ask the Royal servitor to give him something which he had just declined, herself recalled the attendant, saying: "This gentleman has changed his mind. He will have some plum pudding." He was duly served with no inconsiderable portion, and felt impelled to assure the Royal lady that "he had never eaten a more delicious pudding." Then, glancing at the Queen, he could not fail to see that Her Majesty and himself were in full agreement on the point.

I may give an example of the Duchess's consideration for all with whom she and her consort were brought into contact during their five years' residence in Dublin. To one of my friends she said: "When you call here (the Royal Hospital) ask if I am 'at home.' If I should happen to be engaged at the time I will send down and tell you so; but if I am 'at home' I shall be very glad if you will come up and have tea with me *sans cérémonie*."

Not only has the Duke of Connaught almost as tenacious a memory as King Edward VII; he is a teller of many good stories, one of which may be cited, as related to me by one of those to whom he told it. The Duke was standing alongside a wounded soldier, when the doctor in attendance upon the sufferer remarked: "The man's heart is affected." "Evidently," said the Duke, "the bullet has touched his heart." "Oh no, sir!"

exclaimed the poor fellow faintly; "the bullet never did that, for all the time the fighting was going on *my heart was in my mouth*!"

In May, 1914, the *Standard* made the subjoined announcement, certain passages in which were not generally accepted as accurate:

There is very high authority to state that during the past few days the Duke of Connaught has been informally sounded by the Cabinet as to his willingness or otherwise to accept the position of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland under a Home Rule *régime*. His Royal Highness, we are permitted to add, has returned no definite answer to this invitation, and will defer so doing until such time as he has returned from Canada, and has had an opportunity to discuss the matter with the King. Both the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have a great liking for Ireland, and this will probably influence His Royal Highness when he comes to give his decision. He had at one time, like the King, an idea of buying a permanent residence there. It is not generally known that Queen Victoria suggested to the late Marquis of Salisbury that the Duke should be made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The then Premier, however, pointed out that this might involve the bringing of the Crown into party politics, and the suggestion was promptly abandoned. Since the general desire now seems to be that the Lord-Lieutenant should be divorced from "taking sides" in any question that may come up for consideration in an Irish Parliament, the Duke would in every way be a most admirable choice.

It was unfortunate that the idea of appointing the Duke to the Irish Viceroyalty came to naught. He would have been an ideal "L.L."

In the autumn of 1915 the Canadians were discussing a suggestion that the Duke of Connaught, then Governor-General of Canada, should command the Home Defence Army of Great Britain; and on this point the *Montreal Gazette* remarked:

It was an advantage that when the sudden call for troops was made in 1914, the Governor-Generalship was held by a

man who, besides thoroughly appreciating the civil duties of his office, had won repute as a soldier by long and varied service in many parts of the world. Should he be called back for such a service as is suggested, all here will accept the situation and be pleased that one whom they have learned to regard personally as well as respect because of the office he fills should have been honoured with a post so important and so surrounded with responsibilities. All, however, will join in the hope expressed repeatedly by those who speak the views of the Western country that his term as Governor-General of Canada, already extended beyond the time set when the appointment was announced, will be continued until the war is over and he can be welcomed home after a well-won victory of the army he has helped to create and inspire.

Over their cigars one night at Windsor, King Edward, the Kaiser, and the Duke of Connaught (who had been at least once grossly insulted by his nephew William) were discussing the composition of armies. The bombastic visitor boasted that his infantry excelled all others. "But," he added, "I bar the Sikhs. They are the only men against whom I should not care to pit my infantry." The time came when Huns and Sikhs faced each other in France, with the result that the latter completely "chawed up" the Imperial braggart's forces whenever the two came to close quarters.

On one occasion, when the Duke of Connaught and the late Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Germany, they were met at the station by the Kaiser, who was in one of his vilest moods, and greeted them with such a torrent of wild abuse of England and its people as to bring tears into the eyes of the surviving Duke. When they reported this outrage to their brother "Bertie" he was furious. Such was the Queen's infatuation for her ill-bred grandson that she heard her eldest son's recital of these

painful stories with angry impatience; but he made her listen to them, and she could not question their accuracy, for her eldest daughter, the Emperor's mother, had often told her how brutally she herself was treated by "Willy."

As Prince Arthur the Duke of Connaught was on friendly terms with the Empress Eugénie, Napoleon III, and their son, from the time when the Imperial exiles first took up their residence at Chislehurst in September, 1870.* When the Imperial lady paid her first (a "return") visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle (December 5, 1870) she was accompanied by her little son (then under fifteen); and when they left the Castle they were accompanied to the railway station by Prince Arthur, who remained on the platform until the train started. When our Prince, then in the Rifle Brigade, was residing at the Ranger's House, Blackheath, the Prince Imperial frequently rode over from Chislehurst to see him. The boy was proud of the Royal lieutenant's friendship, and listened eagerly to the stories of his adventures in Canada. There were put before him photographs and woodcuts showing the English Prince in snow-shoes and sleeping in blankets on branches of trees cut down by natives; and the French boy, who for fourteen years had been the Hope of France, who had been in battle at Saarbrücken on the 2nd of August, 1870, and finally had escaped capture by the enemy, learnt how on one occasion Prince Arthur had travelled for a fortnight through the Canadian snows. Once or twice our Royal lieutenant drove to Chislehurst

* The Emperor did not arrive in England, from his "prison" at Wilhelmshöhe, until March, 1871.

to return his young friend's visit and chat with his beautiful mother, who from 1870 until now has been solaced by the affectionate friendship of members of our Royal House. July 25, 1917, was a day to be remembered by the Empress, for in the afternoon there gathered round her tea-table at Farnborough Hill King George, Queen Mary, Princess Mary, and—Field-Marshal the Duke of Connaught. She owed the visit to the fact that their Majesties were at the time spending some days at Aldershot. At the great camp her son learnt some of his soldiering, and there may still be seen there in a certain officers' messroom a treasured portrait of the Prince Imperial, his own gift.

At the end of June and in the first fortnight of July, 1917, the Duke of Connaught passed three weeks at the British and Italian fronts. By King George's command he presented decorations and medals to Italians of all grades who had specially distinguished themselves on their front. For several days the Duke was the guest of the Italian Monarch, and visited English batteries and hospitals in Italy.

Three children were born to the Duke and the late Duchess of Connaught—a son and two daughters. The elder of the latter, Princess Margaret Victoria, was born at Bagshot Park, January 15, 1882, and married at Windsor June 15, 1905, Prince Gustavus Adolphus, Crown Prince of Sweden, eldest son of King Gustavus. They have three sons and a daughter (Princess Ingrid, born in 1910). The three Princes are styled respectively Duke of Westerbotten (1906), Duke of Upland (1907), and Duke of Halland (1912). Princess Victoria Patricia

BOROUGH OF

Photo Florman

THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN (PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT)

(popularly styled Princess "Pat") of Connaught was born at Buckingham Palace, March 17, 1886, so that she is now (1917) in her thirty-second year.

Prince Arthur of Connaught married H.H. the Duchess of Fife, a granddaughter of Queen Alexandra, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on October 15, 1913, the officiants at the ceremony being the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Canon Edgar Sheppard, Subdean of the Chapels Royal. The wedding was attended only by the parents and near relatives of the bride and bridegroom—the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the King and Queen of Norway and their son, the Crown Princess of Sweden, and Princess Alexandra of Greece. Princess Mary was one of the bridesmaids. Two days later the Duke and Duchess of Connaught returned to Canada. The wedding presents were on view at St. James's Palace at the end of the month, and attracted thousands of the curious. Even on the "five-shilling day" there was a great rush of what the papers humorously style "society people"—no one knows why.

A reminiscence of the infant Prince Arthur: "*February* 16, 1883.—Went to Windsor by special train for the christening of Arthur's little boy, to whom I stood as one of the sponsors. The Prince and Princess of Wales and a large party went by the same train. The christening took place in the Private Chapel of the Castle, the Bishop of London officiating. A very nice little baby boy, to be called 'Arthur.'" So wrote the ever-appreciative "Uncle George" (Duke of Cambridge). And Queen Victoria, in a letter to the dear old Duke, penned at Osborne on January 17, said, "Pray accept our

best thanks for your congratulations on the birth of dear Arthur's boy (I trust a future soldier !)."

Prince Arthur Frederick Patrick Albert of Connaught, an only son, has indeed grown up "a soldier." At eighteen, as a lieutenant in the 7th Hussars, he served in the South African War (1901–2), and later became the "handy man" of the Royal Family, in which character he headed a special mission to Japan and invested the Sovereign with the Order of the Garter. He was a Personal Aide-de-Camp to King Edward, and is a Knight of Justice of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1914 he was appointed, as from August 5, an Extra Aide-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force in France, was mentioned in dispatches, and made a C.B., and in 1915 he was appointed a major 2nd Dragoon Guards.

Prince Arthur of Connaught has certainly the courage of his opinions, and he expressed them strongly when, in May, 1913, he presided at the fiftieth anniversary dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund. He said :

May I venture to remind you that, as the power of the Press is great beyond all gauging, that power, however great, is only the exact equivalent of its responsibilities. I hope I am not touching on dangerous ground, but it seems to me that one of the greatest difficulties to European concord is the attitude of mutual suspicion between one country and another, and for which the Press of all countries is, to a certain extent, to blame. Would it not be possible for the Press of England, which has no equal in the world, to exert a high-minded journalistic influence to allay this suspicion, which would be of untold advantage to the cause of peace, and save us from many scares and panics ? Having touched on the power of the Press in the region of international politics, may I pay my personal tribute to its members for contributing so much to the amenities of life by the vivid description of events in the outside world,

and bringing them, I may say, almost within our vision. Surely our breakfasts would be very dull, even bad for our digestions, without the morning paper to supply us with the wealth of news and ideas which their sheets contain.

Prince Arthur's linguistic acquirements induced King Edward to send him so often abroad on foreign missions. He speaks French and German perfectly and has a working knowledge of Japanese.

In March, 1907, there was an agitation at Belgrade for the deposition of King Peter, whose heir, Prince George of Serbia, had just renounced his rights to the succession in favour of Prince Alexander, the King's younger son, who forthwith became Crown Prince. Simultaneously one political group proposed to invite Prince Arthur of Connaught to become King, and another group favoured the selection of the Duke of Teck (Marquis of Cambridge since June, 1917). A party of Serbians arrived in London and interviewed M. Mijatovich (formerly Serbian Minister in London) at the Royal Societies Club. To their request that he would arrange for them to see King Edward on the subject (!) M. Mijatovich returned a blunt negative, informing them that His Majesty would not dream of receiving them, and that they were on a wild goose chase.

The English Grand Lodge of Freemasons celebrated, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on June 23, 1917, their bi-centenary, under the presidency of the Duke of Connaught, Grand Master, the position occupied by our late Sovereign, as Prince of Wales and as King, from 1874 until 1901. The Duke telegraphed to King George :

Eight thousand Masons are assembling in the Albert Hall this day to celebrate the 200th anni-

versary of British Freemasonry in England. I desire, on their behalf, to take this opportunity of renewing our expressions of loyalty and devotion to your Throne and person, and to wish you long life and happiness. We pray that victory may crown your armies and that a just and lasting peace may be the result. (Signed) ARTHUR.

HIS MAJESTY, who is a Grand Patron of the society's three great benevolent institutions, replied immediately :

I have received with much satisfaction the message which you, as Grand Master, have conveyed to me from 8000 Freemasons who are to-day celebrating the 200th anniversary of British Freemasonry in England. Please thank them most cordially in my name. The traditional loyalty of British Freemasons is a force upon which the Sovereign of this country has ever reckoned, and has been to me a proud memory during the anxious years through which we are passing.

(Signed) GEORGE R. AND I.

In his reply to an address presented to him the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT said :

For more than sixteen years it has been with sincere satisfaction that I have presided over this great body as its Grand Master, and that satisfaction is deepened to-day by the bringing together of this vast assemblage of Freemasons, all imbued with the same principles, all believing the same tenets, which not only supply the foundation, but cement and adorn the fabric of Freemasonry. I agree that, in order fitly to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the First Assembly of the Grand Lodge of England, it is not necessary to enter with minuteness into statistics or detailed statements of facts. Every Mason can say of those devoted brethren who, to their lasting honour, invoked that assembly, as was said of their

illustrious contemporary and great Freemason, Sir Christopher Wren, the builder of St. Paul's, "If you wish to see their monument, look around." They builded better than they knew, but that was because they began the erection of what has proved to be so glorious a superstructure on the strongest foundations.

I have been reminded of the close association members of the Royal House have had with English Freemasonry. Grand Lodge had been in existence only twenty years when one of my ancestors joined the craft as Prince of Wales, and became master of a lodge. A number of his descendants followed that illustrious example, and I recall especially to-day my grandfather, the Duke of Kent, who, as you have noted, materially assisted to promote the Union of 1813 from which so many Masonic blessings have flowed, and His late Majesty, King Edward—(cheers)—whose tenure of the Grand Master's throne for a quarter of a century will ever be memorable in the annals of the craft. Loyalty to the Throne, devotion to public order, and determination to assist in every beneficent and patriotic work, have characterised English Freemasonry throughout; and those present among us who, as sailors and soldiers of the King, and other active helpers in our present Imperial effort, representing many thousands of the brethren doing the like, are in themselves a symbol that those qualities remain among us in their highest perfection. To the distinguished brethren from the Grand Lodges of Ireland and Scotland who are with us to-day we give the most cordial greeting, and we extend as hearty a welcome to all who come to us from Grand Lodges in the Dominions beyond the seas and in the United States of America. They well know that we hold fast to our immemorial and immovable principles, and that, even in this time of very great difficulty to very many among us, we, through the agency of our great Masonic Institutions, are ever broadening the avenues of benevolence towards those who fall by the way.

Addresses were next presented to the Grand Master from the Grand Lodges of Ireland and Scotland by their respective Masters, and in acknowledging these the Duke said he trusted that the truly fraternal relations which throughout had been maintained would continue for all time.

It was deeply gratifying to him that the Grand Lodge of Scotland recalled the great position his late brother King Edward VII held in Scottish Freemasonry, and that his own name appeared on their Roll.

His Royal Highness next offered a cordial welcome to distinguished Masons from Grand Lodges in the Dominions and in the United States. He continued :

Had the times and seasons proved propitious, the number of such brethren would have been largely increased, but we regard those assembled with us to-day as representative of the mighty Masonic host which now embraces the English-speaking world. To our British brethren beyond the seas we accord a whole-hearted fraternal greeting, asking them to tell, on their return home, how very deeply all in the Motherland appreciate the devotion that has been shown to her so abundantly in this period of unexampled stress. To our American brethren we say how sincerely we recognise that spirit of love of truth and loyalty to freedom which have led their nation to join with our own and with our Allies in the present struggle. From its beginning we have felt that the cause which we defend is that of Masonic Brotherhood in its noblest aspects, and that the victory of our cause will ensure the spread throughout all lands of the three Grand Principles on which our Order is founded, and the triumph of which was never more necessary, and, we trust, never more assured, than at this hour.

Although the Duke of Connaught takes his first name, Arthur, from the Duke of Wellington, he is Ireland's own Prince, named after her patron saint, and after an Irish province. Having refused the Saxe-Coburg Dukedom it was strange that he should have been considered a possible successor to King Peter of Serbia. The Austrians declared that the Serbian throne had been placed at the disposal of King Edward ; which may account for the rumour as to the Duke.

More than once our papers have erroneously announced the engagement of Princess Patricia to this or that foreign Prince. On October 6, 1906, the Sunday journals published this Reuter telegram dated St. Petersburg, October 5 : " It is stated that the Grand Duke Michael has been betrothed to the Princess Patricia of Connaught " (who had celebrated her twentieth birthday on March 17). The day after the publication of the announcement it was officially denied. The Princess is a cousin of the ex-Tsaritsa. The Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the personage referred to, is the younger brother of the ex-Tsar Nicholas II and consequently a son of Queen Alexandra's sister, the Dowager Empress Marie. He was born at Petrograd on December 4, 1878, entered the army at the age of fifteen, and was nominated as Regent when Nicholas abdicated in March, 1917. That position the Grand Duke accepted one day and declined the next. He had been Heir Apparent until the birth of the son of the ex-Tsar. He incurred the ill-will of his Imperial brother by contracting a morganatic marriage and residing in the South of France as M. Brassow. His brother pardoned him on the outbreak of the war, and he returned to Russia. He is often confused with the Grand Duke Michael (a son of the ex-Tsar's grand-uncle), husband of the Countess Torby.

Like her aunts Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise (Dowager Duchess of Argyll), Princess Patricia has artistic tastes and talents. Some of her oil paintings of Canadian life were exhibited at the end of June, 1917, at 1 Great Stanhope Street, in aid of the East London Nursing Society, of

which Princess Christian is the president; and Miss Worsfold's newly executed portrait of Princess "Pat" was also shown and much admired. Queen Alexandra was one of the purchasers of Princess Patricia's pictures, which realised good prices.

The testamentary dispositions of the fortunes of members of the Royal Family are, as a general rule, kept profound secrets. It came, therefore, as a surprise to the public when, on August 4, 1917, the Duchess of Connaught's will appeared in the papers. This interesting document is as follows:

I, Louise Margaret Alexandra Victoria Agnes, Duchess of Connaught and Strathern, the wife of H.R.H. Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught and Strathern and Earl of Sussex, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, K.G., hereby revoke all testamentary dispositions heretofore made by me and declare this to be my last will.

I appoint my dearly beloved husband to be executor and trustee of my will, and in the event of his death in my lifetime then I appoint my dearly beloved son, Prince Arthur Frederick Patrick Albert of Connaught and Strathern, K.G., and Malcolm Duncan Murray, a Major in H.M.'s Army, of 2 Ovington Gardens, S.W.

I bequeath to my daughter, Princess Margaret Victoria Augusta Charlotte Norah of Connaught and Strathern, the wife of H.R.H. Prince Oscar Frederick William Olaf Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, Duke of Scania, £25,000; and to my daughter Princess Victoria Patricia Helena Elizabeth of Connaught and Strathern £50,000. I declare

that I have bequeathed the sum of £25,000 only to my daughter Princess Margaret as a sum of equal amount was settled upon her marriage. I appoint, devise, and bequeath all my property, real and personal, whatsoever and wheresoever subject to and charged with the payment of my funeral and testamentary expenses and the death or other duty payable in respect of the same, and the legacies hereby or by any codicil hereto bequeathed to my son for his absolute use and benefit, in the hope, but without intending thereby to create any trust, that as regards certain articles of jewellery and furniture, he will distribute them in accordance with a memo. I shall leave for him."

Probate of the will, dated December 20, 1905, was granted to the Duke of Connaught, by whom the value of the estate was sworn at £125,611 18s. 8d. with net personalty £123,018 10s. 5d.

DIARY, *April* 23, 1892.

When the Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Costebelle (where they had been staying with Queen Victoria in April, 1892) they headed straight for Paris, apartments having been taken for them at the Hôtel Liverpool. The Royal Duke paid the customary duty visits, and when these were disposed of he and the Duchess were free to do as they liked. They mooned about alone most of the time, for "Bertie's" set cannot by the most violent stretch of the imagination be termed "Arthur's" set; and, besides, the Princesse de Sagan was still at Cannes and the Marquise de Galliffet dangerously ill. Lord and Lady Dufferin entertained them at a small luncheon party, and Colonel Talbot (our

Military Attaché) and his wife dined the Royal pair at Bignon's. One afternoon the Duke and Duchess spent at the Zoo, where the great attraction has long been a group of "savages."

CHAPTER XII

PRINCESS LOUISE (DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ARGYLL)

The Late Duke

"Louise . . . told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her, and proposed to her, and that she had accepted him, knowing that I would approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her. But I naturally gave my consent." *

This aunt of King George, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, was born on March 14, 1848. She was the last but one of the young ladies to leave the Royal home and to make a new one for herself —a new and, from all that I heard from my friend Lord Ronald Gower and others, a very happy one. The marriage was, in the fullest sense of the word, a "popular" one, and "everybody" praised the Sovereign for not insisting upon her sunny-faced, golden-haired, and gifted daughter wedding "another German"—that was the current phrase, and I have no scruples at this great crisis in our history in repeating it. It is something to remember, something that makes us rejoice in this fourth year of the war, that as far back as 1871 we were

* Queen Victoria, in her "Journal," October, 1870.

sick of German Princes—we had had more than enough of them. Thank God we shall never have another as long as George V shapes the destinies of the Empire.

When the engagement of the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, and Princess Louise was officially announced, Mr. Disraeli wrote to the Queen: "What is about to happen seems to him [Mr. D.] as wise as it is romantic. Your Majesty has decided, with deep discrimination, to terminate an etiquette which had become sterile, and the change will be effected under every circumstance that can command the sympathy of the country."

At St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 21, 1871, I saw the young couple married. That day a new precedent in Royal alliances was set, greatly to the satisfaction of the British nation. No English Princess had married any one not of princely birth since 1515, when Mary Tudor, youngest daughter of King Henry VII, widow of King Louis XII of France, wedded Charles Duke of Suffolk. The precedent established in 1871 remains, and must continue, a precedent in 1917. But since 1914 a vast change has come over the peoples of the British Empire, and that change—to repeat what is written above—is expressed in the formula, "No more marriages of children of our Sovereigns with foreigners. If British noblemen were 'good enough' for Queen Victoria and for King Edward" (yet, unfortunately, only on two occasions), "they will, we hope, we believe, be found 'good enough' for our present beloved Sovereign and his equally beloved consort."

This was the first Royal wedding I had had to write about—the first I had ever seen—and consequently when I began scribbling that night (March 21, 1871), at the old office of the *Morning Post*, I had a great deal to say about it. It was a grief to me that my valued editor * would not tolerate " flowery " writing in descriptions of events in this country, although when I was on foreign soil —in Russia for the Duke of Edinburgh's wedding, in Spain alongside the late King, and in Berlin for the *Einzug*—I was allowed to be as flamboyant as I pleased. The bride rode from the Castle, now the home of the Family of the Royal House of Windsor, to St. George's Chapel by the side of her mother, amidst the cheers of the Eton boys, the Windsor people, and the shoals of strangers (many French) who had come from near and far. The bridegroom's father, mother, and children, and the Dowager Duchess of Argyll were even more closely scanned than the Queen. The red-haired Duke wore the full dress of " Old Gaul "—kilt, filibeg, sporran, and claymore, and over his green Campbell scarf was the Order of the Thistle. Similarly garbed was Mr. Campbell of Islay, brother of the present Lord Granville's mother.

When the first procession filed in all eyes sought out " the beautiful Princess," who thirty years later became Queen Alexandra, and who walked last in the procession, the place of honour. In front of her were two little boys—one of them is to-day our Sovereign Lord, the other was his brother Albert Victor; both were in Highland dress, and so was their uncle Leopold. Their father (Edward VII

* Mr. Algernon Borthwick, later Lord Glenesk.

of glorious memory) wore his 10th Hussars Colonel's uniform, and his brother Arthur (the Duke of Connaught) his dark green Rifle Brigade uniform.

Then came the bride's procession. The Princess was "supported" by the Queen on one side and on the other by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha,* the latter wearing the white uniform of an Austrian officer. The bridegroom was in the uniform of Colonel of the Argyllshire regiment of Volunteer Artillery, whose uniform was also worn by "Lorne's" "best men," Lord Percy and the former's uncle, Lord Ronald Gower, his senior by four days, brother of the then Duke of Sutherland. Prince and Princess Teck, as they were then styled (Queen Mary's parents), and a great many other personages were at the ceremony and at the subsequent breakfast in the Oak Room. The newly married couple drove to Claremont escorted by men of the 2nd Life Guards. At Esher, the bride, replying to an address, rose and said: "I thank you very much, on Lord Lorne's part and my own, for your very kind and loyal expressions. I receive with pleasure the kind welcome of the inhabitants of Esher, who are the first to testify their good wishes to me since my marriage. I beg to express, on Lord Lorne's part and my own, our great sense of your kindness, and to thank you very sincerely for extending to me the same good feeling which for many years you have shown to my family at Claremont."

The wedding of his "niece Evelyn Stuart with

* This German Duke's successor was the Duke of Edinburgh, at whose death the Duchy passed into the possession of the only son of the late Duke and present Duchess of Albany.

[the Marquis of] Ailsa " brought Lord Ronald back from Paris to London at the beginning of March, 1871. " Two weeks later," he wrote, " another marriage took place in our family—that of Lorne to the Princess Louise. On March 20 a family party met at Cliveden, and on the marriage morning drove over to Windsor. Percy and I were the two ' supporters,' to use the expression of etiquette at these Royal ceremonies. The day was brilliant, and never had the glorious old chapel of St. George looked to greater advantage. At noon Lorne and his ' supporters '—all three in Volunteer Artillery uniforms—were driven from the Castle to the Chapel, and, entering it, we at first waited some moments in the Bray Chapel, turned for the occasion into a waiting-room. There we waited while the different Royal processions were being formed and marshalled to the altar steps. At length [Lord] Castlerosse appeared, and we three marched up the crowded Chapel and took our position on the *haut-pas*, on the right of the altar. The stalls of the Knights of the Garter and the seats below them were filled with Ministers, their wives, and other high dignitaries ; and the whole place was a blaze of uniforms, jewels, gala dresses, and magnificence. From the organ-loft the Royal musicians performed stirring marches as the different processions wound their way up the Chapel. Then followed another long delay, this time rather a trying one, until at length the bride, accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and her uncle, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg, appeared at the grand entrance, and slowly walked up towards the altar. Lorne went through the ordeal with

admirable self-possession. The bride very pale, but handsome. The whole scene was superb, full of pomp, music, pageantry, and sunshine. On returning to the Castle the old Marshal Duke of Saldanha,* covered with decorations, was in the same carriage with [Earl] Percy and myself. At four the newly wedded pair left the Castle for Claremont under a shower of rice, satin shoes, and a new broom that John Brown, in Highland fashion, threw after their carriage as it left the quadrangle for the station."

All this pageantry was, as I have hinted, unfamiliar to me, and, although I was continually staring about, making furtive notes, and thinking how what I should have to say about it would "come out" in the *Morning Post* next day, I mentally compared the picture with the war scenes which I had been witnessing for several months in the previous year in France. In St. George's Chapel that day were, as I discovered later, three men who had been likewise eye-witnesses of some of the episodes of what had come to be, and still is, written of not as the war between France and Germany (which it was), but as the Franco-Prussian war (which it was not, for, besides Prussians, there were engaged in it Saxons, Bavarians, Badeners, etc.). The three personages in St. George's Chapel that wedding-day who had been spectators of some of the previous year's events were the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Count Seckendorff (representing the German Crown Prince and Princess, brother-in-law and sister of the bride), and Lord

* Portuguese Minister in London.

Ronald Gower (who, although travelling with Russell of the *Times*, did not see any of the actual fighting. As the Crown Princess's sister, Princess Louise had certainly warmly welcomed Count Seckendorff * on his arrival at Windsor Castle for her wedding, and I imagine that at the " breakfast " conversation turned on the news in that morning's papers of the landing of the Emperor Napoleon III at Dover the day before, after " doing " his seven months' confinement at Wilhelmshöhe.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne accompanied the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur to Ireland in July–August, 1871. All four were exceedingly well received. During the visit the Heir Apparent presided at the annual banquet of the Agricultural Society (Dublin) and was installed as Patron of the Irish Order of Freemasons. A military review in Phœnix Park was the great popular event of the Royal visit. Later in the month the Marquis and the Royal Marchioness visited the Duke of Argyll at Inverary, where there were naturally great doings.

In the early years of her married life Princess Louise was not, if I remember aright, wholly insensible to the attractions of spiritualism. She had probably heard that " intellectuals " like the late Earl of Crawford and the present Earl of Dunraven had seriously investigated the phenomena of the cult, and were well acquainted with its high

* It was this charming man who, in later years, " saw through " and justly loathed the monster who told Mr. Gerard (as we all read in the *Daily Telegraph* in August, 1917) that, in certain circumstances, he would blow up Windsor Castle and all the Royal Family. The Count's devotion to Princess Louise's sister is well known to some, at least, of my readers.

priest (I had almost written pervading spirit), Daniel Dunglas Home, whose "manifestations" were so novel and so generally discussed that they could hardly have escaped the attention of Royal personages. At all events the impression got abroad that the Princess-Marchioness was "interested" in the happenings at *séances*, and it is common knowledge that gossip, even of the most improbable kind, often does duty for fact; morevoer, Mr. Home's "wonderfully successful" *séances* given in the sixties before Crowned Heads (at the Imperial Courts of St. Petersburg and the Tuileries) had gradually become known and talked about in London, and doubtless lost nothing in the telling.

Princess Louise's husband was, as I have said, the nephew of Lord Ronald Gower. The two men were as brothers. With the passing of the Duke of Argyll, his uncle "Ronny" lost his greatest and truest friend. The Duke and the Princess stood loyally by him through the darkest years of his life, and he never tired of telling of their devotion to him when he had realised that he had been ruined, utterly "broke," by cunning thieves, one of whom was often his guest at Penshurst for days together.

Thanks largely to the advocacy of the leaders of the two Parties (Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli), the resolution for granting Princess Louise £6000 a year and a dowry of £30,000 was agreed to by Parliament shortly before the marriage. On the question of the marriage portion the House divided, with the result that the motion was agreed to by 351 against *one*! But there was considerable

opposition to the grant outside Parliament, and for this the Queen's continued seclusion—"hiding herself from the public"—and the anti-German feeling were responsible. A large public meeting of working men at a London music-hall near St. Alban's Church, Holborn, was held in February, 1871, "to protest against the proposed grant and to support the *withdrawal of all pensions to the German Princes.*" The "payment of large sums of money to the Royal children" was denounced. A resolution in these terms was proposed: "That this meeting is of opinion that the time has arrived when it is necessary for the working man to demand the withdrawal of the annuities now paid out of the taxes to *German Princes* and to *English Princesses married to German Princes*, and also that no further endowments be made to any of the Royal Family." A Mr. Osborne (not an inappropriate name) proposed to add to the resolution the words: "*With the exception of the Princess Louise.*" He said he "did not see why the Princess should be punished *because she would marry an Englishman.* Princes Teck, Hesse [meaning the Grand Duke of Hesse, husband of our Princess Alice], and Christian received money with their wives. If Princess Louise had her grant it would not make a difference of half a pint of beer * to the working man. Let her have the £30,000, but it should be distinctly understood that the other Princes should get nothing." The chairman said they objected to

* The national beverage was then from 4d. to 6d. a *quart.* In 1917, at quite ordinary restaurants, *draught* ale and stout are a shilling a *pint*—2s. a *quart.* In bottles the prices are even higher; and frequently neither ale nor stout is obtainable at any price.

dowries altogether, whether for English, Scotch, or German. The resolution was carried, only one person daring to court obloquy by objecting to it. At Nottingham the proposed grant was denounced, and "an English Republic" was demanded. At Birmingham the M.P.'s (Dixon and Muntz) could scarcely get a hearing when they spoke in defence of the grant. Such was "Merry England" at the time of Princess Louise's marriage.

The Princess and her husband distinguished themselves—the former in the domain of art, the latter in literature. Lord Ronald Gower had made an enviable reputation as a sculptor with his busts of, among many others, Marie Antoinette and Lord Beaconsfield, and his colossal statue of Shakespeare, which tens of thousands of visitors to Stratford-on-Avon (the Americans in particular) have admired. Its producer was engaged upon it for ten years. Princess Louise, with an ambition worthy of all praise, resolved upon devoting herself to the same branch of art, and placed herself under the tuition of the eminent Boehm, a Teuton, it is true, but one who would have regarded with loathing the Huns of these days. After a long spell of congenial toil the Princess completed her great work, that superb statue of her august mother which faces the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens and flanks the eastern side of that Palace in which she was aroused from her sleep at five in the morning of June 20, 1837, to be told by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham that her uncle, King William IV, had died at Windsor Castle "soon after midnight," and that "she was Queen of England." Victoria I was then eighteen, the

age at which she is portrayed in marble by her daughter, of whom, as a nation, we should be, and I believe are, justly proud. The date of the unveiling in 1893 was happily chosen, for it was the anniversary of Her Majesty's coronation, June 28, a day which, as I well remember, used to be kept as a general holiday in many, perhaps in most, parts of the kingdom. It was a moving scene when the curtain was drawn back in the presence of the venerable Lady herself, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, the parents of the Queen Mary of to-day, and a great concourse of spectators of all degrees. Only four days before the future King Edward had unveiled a memorial to the Duke of Clarence at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell.

The Duke of Argyll, ninth bearer of the title, was born at Stafford House (now the London Museum) on August 6, 1845, and died on May 2, 1914, after a brief illness at Kent House, East Cowes. His mother was Lady Elizabeth Georgiana, daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland and of that Harriet Duchess of Sutherland who was so great a favourite of Queen Victoria. When Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's fourth daughter, was "celebrating" her *first* birthday, on February 27, 1849, one of the guests was the Marquis of Lorne, then aged four. Queen Victoria, recording in her "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" a visit to Inverary Castle, says: "Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair, little fellow with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother. He is such a merry and independent child. He

had on a black velvet dress and jacket, with a sporran, scarf, and Highland bonnet."

He was quite a "fat little fellow" when his mother pointed out to him an old gentleman riding up Constitution Hill, and said: "Now, remember that you have seen the Great Duke." It was Wellington, whose death not long afterwards plunged the nation into grief and led to Tennyson perpetuating his memory in the famous Ode which many of us have been re-reading since August, 1914.

My recollection of this talented son-in-law of Queen Victoria, and by marriage uncle of King George, dates from 1871, three years after the time when he first wrote M.P. after his name. In the "House" he was familiarly spoken of as "Johnny Lorne," rather stand-offish in manner, but voted "a good sort when you knew him." He was in Parliament, off and on, between 1868 until he succeeded his father in 1900. He resented the heavy burdens levied under the death and succession duties, of which, in his "Passages from the Past," he wrote: "Under the Tudors men built houses worthy to rank with foreign palaces. Under the Stuarts, the Prince of Orange, Anne, and the Guelphs, they had done the same. There was no law to make men pay on the assessed capital value of the whole of the buildings and their contents each time a death occurred. The results are edifices that will, under the new jealous legislation, become ruins, where the people are few; and lunatic asylums for retired officials where there may be a 'congested district.'"

He devoted much time to writing, and liked to be known as a literary man. To the extract

given above as illustrating his style may be added one more example:

> How generous used the old life to be! What happiness and comfort were spread around by the squire or lord! "The stately homes of England" were very precious to those who lived on the broad acres, and were proud of the home-made foods and stuffs that fed and clothed them. Arcadias excite envy. In France they have abolished all Arcadias, all large rural properties. Is the country the better? France is an artist losing his eyes by painting too small. The large effects breed jealousy. *A bas* all but individual and short-lived genius. This cannot be prevented and must be endured, but to have more than one generation in a position to be respected —no! Some people think that the bounteous life of English country-house days was bad for the independence of the poorer neighbours. Is the dependence on local factions and politicians better?

Among his many books were "Memories of Canada and Scotland," "Canadian Pictures," "Life of Palmerston," "Tales and Poems," "Life and Times of Queen Victoria" (which was warmly praised by Her Majesty), "Passages from the Past" (very autobiographical and lively), and "Windsor Castle," which many considered his best book. Those who want to know "all about" the home of the newly titled Royal House of Windsor cannot do better than read it. I wonder a new edition of this valuable work from the pen of its one-time Constable and Governor has not been issued. Is the reason for its non-appearance to be found in the shortage of paper?

As Governor-General of Canada (1878–1883) the Marquis of Lorne was the successor of that great Proconsul, Lord Dufferin. The Canadians took at once to "the Lornes," who paid triumphant visits all over the Dominion. It is no figure of

speech to say that "Louise" won all hearts, and that there are still the fondest memories of her "forty years after." Her sketch-books bear witness to her industry and skill with the pencil as well as with the chisel.

It was while she and her husband were in Canada that the Princess had a very bad accident, the effects of which have to a certain extent remained. She was tobogganing with one of their suite when the sledge turned over, and when she was medically examined it was found that the back of her head was seriously injured. A thrill of sympathy ran through the country when the news was made known. In the summer of 1917, when the Princess was visiting some of the Canadian contingent, more than one of the gallant fellows was heard relating the episode, which had been told to him by his parents in his childhood.

The Princess's kindly instincts have grown rather than decreased with the years. One example of her practical sympathy with others must suffice. The Sovereign of the period has at his or her disposal numerous apartments at Kensington Palace and in what may be termed its dependencies. It became known to Princess Louise that a lady who had been much gratified by the assignment to her of a suite of rooms was not in a position to suitably furnish them, and the task of supplying all that was needed to make a cosy little home for the new-comer was immediately and cheerfully undertaken by the Royal lady.

In reply to a congratulatory telegram to the Princess on her appointment as Colonel-in-Chief of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the 8th

Argylls, then (June 25, 1914) in camp at Dundon, received this message: "Greatly value your congratulations on great honour our Sovereign has conferred upon me by naming me Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment. The Duke would have been so pleased.—LOUISE."

No one could have better or more gracefully summed up the Duke of Argyll's merits than Lord Rosebery, in conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws at Glasgow University: "He has pursued a brilliant, high-minded, public career, devoting himself, apart from politics, to the highest and best service of his fellow-men."

Princess Louise's husband had borne his ducal title only thirteen years at the time of his death. When, in the spring of 1897, our good friends the Boulonnais made his acquaintance, he was still the Marquis of Lorne. "What had brought the Prince of Wales's brother-in-law to Boulogne?" asked M. Emile Berr in May, 1915. "Simplement lancer deux balles sur le terrain neuf d'un jeu de golf." The Marquis honoured with his friendship Mr. John Whitley, who is remembered by some of us as the organiser of several exhibitions, including an *exposition française*. Whitley was a great friend of France several years before the Entente, in the cementing of which King Edward had so large a hand; and one day he determined to found on the littoral of the Channel a Franco-English town. In fact, his idea was the establishment of that *Entente cordiale* concerning which he laughingly said, ten years later: "C'est moi qui l'ai inventée!" That town is Hardelot.

The Marquis told Whitley that he intended to

build a *châlet* there. "Will you come over and inaugurate my golf links? If so, you will be the means of bringing us good luck." The Marquis accepted the invitation, and one day he arrived. He was alone. In one hand was his golf club, in the other his travelling bag. "What has he got in the pockets of his overcoat?" asked Berr of Whitley. "Les balles, dit celui-ci avec émotion." That evening the trio dined together in their jackets. "Le repas fut charmant," says Berr. "The Marquis spoke French extraordinarily well; he could even chaff and joke in it. He recalled the Paris he had known before the war of 1870. He remembered the pleasures of the Second Empire—the Café Anglais and the boxes at the Variétés. He hummed the melodies of the 'Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein.' He was gifted with *esprit*, and knew all sorts of things; and his simplicity was delightful. The next morning, after the orthodox breakfast of all good Englishmen—tea, eggs, and bacon—we went to the golf links. It was the sacramental moment. The Marquis pulled his cap over his ears, took from his pocket a little white ball, and drove it a hundred metres. A quasi-Royal hand had consecrated the Work. I looked at Whitley. He was pale, and his eyes glistened. 'Now it is your turn,' said the Marquis merrily. But I was moved also, and the second white ball rolled nonchalantly I know not where. Our guest jumped gaily into the carriage which was waiting for him. He carried a cane in one hand and his bag in the other. 'Good-bye!'"

CHAPTER XIII

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA (DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH)

HER DAUGHTER THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA

In view of our Sovereign's action, announced to a gratified Empire on Rose Day, 1917, her Imperial Highness will, I trust, forgive me for referring to her as Duchess of Edinburgh instead of as Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. I am one of the very few surviving Englishmen who witnessed her marriage to our Sailor Prince Alfred in the Winter Palace at what we now call Petrograd on January 23, 1874. Among those who can recall that event are Queen Alexandra and Lord Knollys; and it was the Royal lady's consort, the Prince of Wales, who overruled the intention of the bride's father, the Emperor Alexander II, to exclude the foreign journalists from the wedding ceremonies—the Russo-Greek and the English Protestant services. "These gentlemen have come all the way from England to chronicle my brother's wedding, *and they must see it.*" These, in effect, were the plain words spoken by the future King Edward to the Tsar, and they served their purpose.

Of the five children, issue of this Anglo-Russian

marriage, I will speak first of Princess Marie Alexandra Victoria, V.A. [the Order of Victoria and Albert], C.I., who was born on October 29, 1875, a year after the birth of her late brother, Prince Alfred, the eldest of the family. On January 10, 1893, she married, at Sigmaringen, a nephew (Ferdinand) of the late King of Rumania, whom he succeeded in October 1914.

The Rumanian nation heartily welcomed the announcement, in 1892, that a bride had been found for Prince Ferdinand in the person of Princess Marie, one of the daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, all of whom became very popular in England before their migration to Germany as a consequence of the second son of Queen Victoria inheriting the Dukedom of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. In the early autumn of the same year the Duchess took her daughter to Neuwied, and presented her to the then Queen of Rumania, Prince Ferdinand having preceded them.

On the eve of the wedding the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Marie, and the Royal *futur* again visited the late poet-Queen, "Carmen Sylva," who presented the young Princess with the original manuscript of her work, "Wanderstab" (the "Pilgrim's Staff"). The text and the miniatures painted on ivory were all by Her Majesty, and the volume had been sumptuously "bound" by Hermeling, the jeweller of Cologne, who had bedecked the covers with diamonds and rock-crystal. As the future bride had as one of her grandmothers Queen Victoria and as an uncle the Emperor Alexander III, father of the ex-Tsar, it will not surprise the English reader to be told that the

Photo Bergamas Co., Petrograd

THE LATE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEFORE SUCCEEDING HIS UNCLE ERNEST AS REIGNING DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA

Kaiser, then in the fifth year of his reign, occupied himself largely in the earlier arrangements for the wedding of the daughter of his English uncle Alfred with the future King of Rumania, and that the *fiançailles* were celebrated in June, 1892, some seven months before the marriage, at Potsdam. I put this fact upon record now, for, as the proverb says, "From small events great causes often spring," and the relations between the German and Rumanian Courts were markedly cordial until King Charles's death. Things have changed since.

King George was the first person in England to hear that King Charles (Carol) was dead, and that consequently our Sovereign's cousin had become Queen of Rumania. There are few more beautiful women in Europe than this daughter of the Duchess and the late Duke of Edinburgh, a title which fell into disuse when, as noted, Queen Victoria's son, our "Sailor Prince," as he was called, accepted the dukedom of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, now held by one of the "Recreant" princes, the Duchess of Albany's only son. Not only is the Queen of Rumania superlatively lovely; she is endowed with great *esprit*, and has acquired more knowledge of the world than falls to the lot of most queens. Queen Marie (her mother's name) has a contempt for what is said about her by gossiping people of both sexes. The granddaughter of a Tsar, may she not enjoy life's pleasures and charms at her own sweet will? She is the joy of the Rumanians, who see in her one who loves her long down-trodden new country, and despises the "devilish Germans" (the phrase is the Poet Laureate's; it is apt). She not only holds her own in conversation—she leads it.

She is an omnivorous reader, preferring Anatole France, Paul Bourget, and Pierre Loti to the Mommsens, the Nietzsches, and the like of the latter. All the joys of the outdoor life are known to her. But she loves the domestic hearth also, and adores her children. Now war-work engrosses her.

The popularity of King Ferdinand is shared by his consort, who was taken to their hearts by the Rumanians from the day of her first appearance among them as the bride of their future Monarch. Her delightful manner, her freedom from everything approaching affectation, her genuine desire to please and be pleased, her interest in all around her, captured the simple-minded, warm-hearted people of the new kingdom, who soon came to regard her as one of themselves.

Like her sisters and their late brother, and their mother, this fair granddaughter of a Tsar had been thoroughly grounded in every branch of education, notably in languages, and before very long she added Rumanian to the other tongues—Russian, French, Italian, German, and, of course, English. Sovereigns and prospective Sovereigns are familiar with "drudgery at the desk's hard wood" from their earliest years, and the august lady who shares the throne of Ferdinand I was no exception to the rule.

Prince Ferdinand became heir to the Rumanian Throne owing to his brother William's renunciation of his rights in 1888. They were the sons of that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen (brother of the late King Charles) who remains a prominent historical figure by reason of his supposedly Bismarckian candidature for the Throne

of Spain, which was made by Prussia the main cause of the war of 1870. The Rumanian Constitution had settled the succession to the Crown, in the event of Charles I dying childless, as was the case, upon His Majesty's brother Leopold, who renounced his rights in favour of his eldest son, the Prince William referred to. Prince, now King, Ferdinand was born in 1865, and in 1889 was created, by Royal decree, "Prince of Rumania." Like his brothers, Prince Ferdinand received his early education from a private tutor, in whose charge he remained for several years. He then proceeded to the Gymnasium of Düsseldorf, on whose books are to be found the names of very many of the Princely Houses of Germany, and there passed his examination in the honours classes, and took his degree in 1885, at the age of eighteen. He next entered the Military Academy ("School of War") at Cassel, passed the examination undergone by all aspirants for army honours, and entered the Service as a second lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of the Foot Guards. For two years he went through the routine courses of lectures at the Universities of Leipzig and Tübingen, devoting special study to the history, the Constitution, and the language of Rumania, which he visited for the first time, as his Uncle Charles's heir-presumptive, in 1889. His arrival in his new country was celebrated by brilliant *fêtes* and national rejoicings.

The Queen of Rumania's sister, Princess Beatrice Leopoldine Victoria, V.A. [the Order of Victoria and Albert], was born at Eastwell Park, Kent, on April 20, 1884, and on July 15, 1909, married Don

Alfonso of Bourbon-Orléans, Infante of Spain, son of Don Antoine, Infante, Duc di Galliera, whose wealthy widow made her Paris residence for many years the headquarters of the Princes and Princesses of the Royal House of Orleans. In mid-July, 1909, the briefest of telegrams in the papers made English readers acquainted with the fact that "the wedding of the Infante Alfonso of Spain and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, a niece of King Edward, took place at Coburg on Thursday" (July 15). Two further lines, in some papers, gave the bridegroom's parentage. And that was all.

Yet there were many circumstances connected with the engagement apart from the leading fact that the alliance of King Alfonso's cousin and King Edward's niece brought the Royal Houses of England and Spain into still closer communion than they had been before, in 1906, Princess "Ena" espoused the "Jeune Premier de l'Europe." The betrothal, I remember, was originally announced at the end of 1907, about the time that the Kaiser was amusing himself at Highcliffe Castle, by Bournemouth, dashing through the New Forest, and examining Rufus's Stone, alongside which some of us have picnicked. Three months later it was reported, unofficially, that the engagement was broken off, "in consequence of the Princess being unwilling to embrace Roman Catholicism" (which her fair English cousin had joyously "embraced" in 1906), while Prince Alfonso was aware that, if he abjured his faith in favour of Protestantism, he would lose the title and privileges of an Infante of Spain. All this was reported from Madrid, no

information on the subject being apparently obtainable in this country.

In February (1907) the principal Lisbon papers stated that "a marriage was being arranged" between the King of Portugal and Princess Beatrice, and it was not until some months had elapsed that the Madrid journal, the *Correspondencia*, reported the *fiançailles* of the Infante Alfonso and our Princess: this time the announcement proved to be correct. But to this day we have never heard any details of the wedding ceremony and how the "religious difficulty" (assuming it to have been a contentious point) was got over. And after a lapse of ten years it is not one of the "things that matter." The Infante Alfonso was educated in Paris; at Beaumont, Old Windsor, where Don Jaime, son of the late Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, was a pupil; and at Heidelberg University. After completing his military course he passed into the Spanish army, which, when these pages were being written (Waterloo Day, 1917), was making itself very unpleasant to His Most Catholic Majesty, while some of the more fickle public at Madrid and Barcelona were talking about revolution. . . . In the summer of 1907, two years before her marriage, Princess Beatrice was staying with the Spanish Sovereigns at La Granja, where the Infante Alfonso, then a cadet at the Infantry School at Toledo, was also a guest. And La Granja was the scene of the engagement.

Princess Victoria Melita (Marie Feodorovna) married, at Coburg, on April 19, 1894, H.R.H. Ernest Louis, Reigning Grand Duke of Hesse, K.G., G.C.B., and has had issue. This marriage was

dissolved in 1901. She married secondly, October 8, 1905, at Tergernsee, Bavaria, the Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovitch of Russia, a first cousin of the ex-Tsar, Nicholas II, and has issue. The title of Imperial Highness was conferred upon her by Imperial decree in 1907. The (first) marriage of Princess Victoria Melita with the Grand Duke of Hesse took place at Coburg. This exceptionally splendid ceremony was attended by Queen Victoria, the grandmother of both bride and bridegroom; the then Prince of Wales, the Tsarevitch (now the ex-Tsar Nicholas), and the present Kaiser.

The other sister of Queen Marie, Princess Alexandra Louisa Olga Victoria, V.A., C.I., was born at Coburg on September 1, 1878, and on July 15, 1909, married Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, G.C.B., late Regent of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, 1900–5, and has issue.

The only brother of these Edinburgh Princesses, Prince Alfred Alexander William Ernest Albert, K.G., Hereditary Prince, was born at Buckingham Palace on October 15, 1874, and died unmarried on February 6, 1899, his father dying at Rosenau on July 30, 1900, when his English honours became extinct. He was succeeded as Reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha by his nephew, the Duke of Albany—an out-and-out Kaiser's man, who, shortly after the outbreak of the war, bombastically and publicly assured the Huns that his native country's conduct in going to war with Germany was " shameful."

It will be remembered that for nearly two years after the death of King Charles Rumania remained neutral, and some of our papers accused him of

"sitting on the fence," while others hinted at his supposed German tendencies. I took the opposite view, and early in December, 1915, contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* an article entitled "The King of Rumania: a Hohenzollern, but not a pro-German." That article contained this passage:

> It is of primary importance, first, to remember that, although King Ferdinand is a Hohenzollern, he is not a member of the branch of that house of which the Emperor William II is the chief; and, secondly, that, up to now, he has not developed any indication of a desire to kotow to the Kaiser. In the accepted usage of the phrase, then, he is not, as his Bulgarian namesake has proved himself to be, pro-German. His consort has always been, and remains, at this great crisis in Rumania's history, pro-British and pro-Russian to the core.

On August 28, 1916, Rumania declared war against Austria-Hungary, and two days later the above extract from my article appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in proof of the accuracy of my original assertion in 1915.

The English (or, if you please, the Anglo-Russian) Queen of Rumania has much of the literary talent which made her German predecessor world-famous. Some two years ago (I think in 1915–16), a delightful fairy story, "A Dreamer of Dreams," from her pen was published in English, and more recently she contributed to the *Times* a number of articles on Rumania. This struck me as out-writing "Carmen Sylva," who did not long survive her consort, King Charles.

The late Dowager Queen was in her time one of the most-discussed Royal ladies in Europe and in the great country across the Atlantic, America, our treasured Ally. Elizabeth von Wied was born at the Castle of Neuwied on December 29, 1843.

Almost from her infancy she was a remarkably precocious child, in the sense that at the mature age of three she was able to read. When Princess Elizabeth was only five she was brought to England and stayed for a time in the Isle of Wight. After her confirmation she was sent to the Prussian Court, and remained at Berlin several months. There it was that she first saw Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, the King who passed away in 1914. Princess Elizabeth was not particularly taken with Prussian Court life, and no wonder, for it is about as uncongenial an atmosphere as any young girl could be placed in. But a better time was in store for the Princess, who, shortly after she had left the Prussian Court in disgust, was taken in hand by the Grand Duchess Hélène of Russia, and it was to that lively lady, who died in 1873, that " Carmen Sylva " owed her profound knowledge of the world.

Thereafter she travelled almost constantly—now with her mother, anon with the fascinating Grand Duchess. In the autumn of 1869 she was once more thrown into the society of Prince Charles, and before many months had elapsed the two were married. The poetic faculty began to develop itself in " Carmen Sylva " (a title she gave herself) many years ago, and so soon as the rage for scribbling set in she became a changed woman—a superior Bohemian, who found her greatest pleasure in the society of those also afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi.*

The late King Charles spent a small fortune in the purchase of genuine pictures. These he delighted in hanging without the help of servants or officials. You would sometimes find him perched

on steps and hammering in nails as though he was thoroughly enjoying the work. He was a strong pro-German, and had often since the outbreak of war in 1914 been heard to declare that he would rather abdicate than take up arms against Germany or Austria. A great linguist, his English was faultless. Queen Victoria made him a prime favourite when he visited her nearly thirty years ago, on which occasion I often saw him.

Queen Marie's mother, who passes part of the year in the south of France, is one of the most charming of women, beloved by all who know her, highly intellectual, and a first-rate linguist and musician. She was the idol of her father, the Tsar Alexander II. One day he was conversing with a French lady at the Winter Palace when loud screams from the neighbouring room were heard. They continued so long that at last the Tsar said to his fair visitor: "Pray excuse me a moment," and entered the next room. The screamer was his little daughter, the mother of Queen Marie of Rumania. Taking her in his arms, he first scolded her for making "all this row," and then slapped her vigorously. But, immediately repenting, he fell on his knees, embraced the naughty girl convulsively, and entreated her to forgive him!

On March 12, 1868, the Duke of Edinburgh, while being entertained at a picnic by friends of the Sailors' Home, Clontarf, near Port Jackson, New South Wales, was shot in the back by a man named O'Farrell, an avowed Fenian. Two days later the ball was extracted by the doctors of H.M. ships *Challenger* and *Galatea*, and the Duke was ordered to return to England shortly afterwards. He

reached England on board the *Galatea* on June 26. On July 4 he was welcomed at a festival at the Crystal Palace in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Signor Mario and Mme. Adelina Patti sang. [On the next day but one the Princess gave birth to a daughter, Princess Victoria, at Marlborough House. Among the sponsors at the christening on August 6 was the present Dowager Queen Olga of Greece.]

In the latter part of the seventies and again in the late eighties the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were at Malta. In the first of those periods Maltese society and the British military were warmly discussing an episode in which the late Lieutenant Scott-Stevenson (of the "Black Watch") and others, including a well-known friend of the Duke, figured. As it was more or less an army matter it came before the then Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, whose report upon the affair was made public. The C.-in-C. was a very just man, and in his weighty judicial pronouncement he did not spare *anybody*.

At a much later date—about the end of 1888 or the beginning of 1889—a reader of the *Malta Chronicle* wrote to the editor: "While looking on, the evening of the naval ball, at the reception of guests by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, it was impossible to avoid being struck by the large number of guests who seemed not to know what was incumbent on them to do under the circumstances. Although this is now the third winter that the royalties have been among us, there are many who seem not yet to have realised that on these occasions a shuffle past

their host and hostess, with a side jerk of the head, is hardly a courteous, still less a courtly, way of acknowledging their presence. Ladies should turn and face their Royal Highnesses, curtsying low with both knees bent and drawing themselves up again on the foot which is at the back. As for the gentlemen, I could refer them to a rare example of how to make a bow, but refrain from an observation which you might think too personal. As the Duchess of Edinburgh is about to give two balls, I hope that you may think what I have written deserving of insertion in your valuable journal."

In 1880 (February 17) the Duchess of Edinburgh, the late Emperor Alexander II (her father), Prince Alexander of Hesse, and the Prince of Bulgaria* were about to take their places at the dinner-table in the Winter Palace when an explosion beneath the dining-room was heard. Upon investigation 124 lb. of dynamite were discovered in a cellar beneath the card-room! The attempt to blow up the Tsar, his daughter, and their friends was frustrated; unfortunately, however, ten men were killed and fifty-three were seriously injured. A year afterwards the Duchess of Edinburgh's father was assassinated, and his eldest son, Queen Alexandra's brother-in-law, ruled in his stead. In March, 1917, the House of Romanoff collapsed, and her nephew, Nicholas II, abdicated—strictly speaking he was deposed, and at the time of writing (October, 1917) he, his consort, and their children are prisoners, while the Dowager Empress Marie is more or less under surveillance.

To add to the tribulations of this aunt of the

* Alexander, brother of Princess Beatrice's late husband.

ex-Tsar it was told in our journals on August 13 that her daughter, King Ferdinand, and their children, who had been driven from Bukarest and Sinaïa some weeks before by the enemy's troops, were about to leave their temporary home at Jassy and take up their abode in Southern Russia! This was untrue.

DIARY, *September* 2, 1893.

I suppose the weather had at least *something* to do with Her Majesty's postponement of the final Council from Monday to Saturday (August 26); but the principal cause of the alteration in the date of the unutterably dreary function was the serious and ultimately fatal illness of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, concerning whom Alfred of Edinburgh wired to his Royal mother on Sunday night, "Regret to inform you Duke most dangerously ill. Don't expect him to recover.—ALFRED."

The heir to the "Throne" of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha being the Royal Fiddler, the swarthy-faced, black- (now turning grey) bearded husband of Marie of Russia, the excellent Duke, being opportunely in those parts, hurried from Oberkof, in the woods of Thüringen, where he had been amusing himself and the gamekeepers by pot-shots at "fur and feathers," to the Castle of Reinhardtsbrunn, close to Gotha, and remained at the bedside of his illustrious relative until the end came.

August 20 was a sad day at the Schloss, when the much-maligned old Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was lying at death's door. All the leading members of officialdom were grouped in a large apartment

not far from the sick-room, and a feeling of the deepest gloom prevailed; for, despite what has been said in his dispraise by ignorant writers in many of the papers, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, own brother to the late Prince Consort, and consequently brother-in-law to our own Most Religious and Gracious, was regarded by those who knew him at all intimately with feelings of the deepest affection.

That Family Council, over which our Prince Alfred presided, was a very solemn gathering, Edinburgh's Duke (now the reigning Duke) being the gloomiest of all, while young A. of E. (who also hastened over to the Schloss) kept his father in countenance. The German papers report how deeply and sincerely sympathetic all at the Castle of Reinhardtsbrunn have been, and are, to the widowed Duchess Alexandrine. Poor old lady! She had been so constant in her attendance upon her husband, watching him by day and night—in fact, remaining by him for eight or ten days without taking off her clothes! That is wifely devotion, if you like! Don't libel those who are so unfortunate as to be born "in the purple" after this! Let us give all their due—yea, even the Royalties!

CHAPTER XIV

THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE (PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR)

Elder Brother of King George V

Prince "Eddie," as he was called in the family circle, was born at Frogmore House, Windsor, on January 8, 1864, his parents' first child. He came into the world so unexpectedly that there was no time to call in the doctors or to summon the Home Secretary. The late Earl Granville (then President of the Council) happened to be the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and he signed the certificate of birth. On March 10 (the first anniversary of his parents' marriage) the Prince was christened in the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Longley), Queen Victoria naming him and handing him to the prelate.

In 1871 the brothers Edward and George were placed under the care of the Rev. J. N. Dalton, then curate of Whippingham Church, Osborne, and in 1877 they joined the *Britannia* as naval cadets. In 1879 the brothers began their cruise in the *Bacchante*, which lasted for about seventeen months, and not, as generally stated, two years, and in 1883 Prince Albert Edward, being then

nineteen, was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, with Mr. Dalton as his tutor. He left the University in 1886 with the honorary degree of LL.D., was gazetted to the 10th Hussars, and quartered first at Aldershot and then at York. In 1889 he was in India, and on his return in 1890 he stayed for some time in Egypt, where the Khedive entertained him at a banquet. He reached England on May 2, and on the 24th Queen Victoria conferred upon him a peerage of the United Kingdom with the title of Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Earl of Athlone. On June 23 he was introduced to the House of Lords, went through the customary formalities and took his seat.

In September, 1890, the Duke of Clarence visited Glanusk House, Breconshire, and upon entering the Principality was received with great enthusiasm and ceremony. He opened the new bridge at Cardiff, and visited a number of towns and notable places in Wales. On December 15 he was installed Provincial Grand Master of Berkshire at a banquet given at Reading, at which his father and other members of the Royal Family and of the masonic body were present.

On December 7, 1891, came the Prince's engagement to his cousin, Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, and preparations for the wedding were begun. Early in January, 1892, he caught cold at the funeral of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenberg. Influenza was followed by pneumonia, and on January 14 he died, surrounded by all the members of his family, at the age of twenty-eight. His illness had lasted only from the 9th until the 14th of the month. He was buried at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on

January 20. The military funeral service was attended by the members of the Royal Family and by representatives of various countries and chief State dignitaries. Services were also held simultaneously at St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, at most parish churches in the country, at the Synagogues, and at the Nonconformist chapels, as well as at Melbourne, Ottawa, Calcutta, Cape Town, at several towns on the Continent and in the colonies. There was a general mourning throughout the kingdom.

On the day after the funeral this letter, written jointly by the Prince and Princess of Wales, was published :

The Prince and Princess of Wales are anxious to express to Her Majesty's subjects, whether in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies, or in India, the sense of their deep gratitude for the universal feeling of sympathy manifested towards them at a time when they are overpowered by the terrible calamity which they have sustained in the loss of their beloved eldest son.

If sympathy at such a moment is of any avail, the remembrance that their grief has been shared by all classes will be a lasting consolation to their sorrowing hearts, and, if possible, will make them more than ever attached to their dear country.

WINDSOR CASTLE, *Jan.* 20, 1892.

Queen Victoria wrote to the Home Secretary :

OSBORNE, *January* 26, 1892.

I must once again give expression to my deep sense of the loyalty and affectionate sympathy

evinced by my subjects in every part of my Empire on an occasion more sad and tragical than any but one which has befallen me and mine, as well as the nation. The overwhelming misfortune of my dearly loved grandson having been thus suddenly cut off in the flower of his age, full of promise for the future, amiable and gentle, and endearing himself to all, renders it hard for his sorely stricken parents, his dear young bride, and his fond grandmother to bow in submission to the inscrutable decrees of Providence.

The sympathy of millions, which has been so touchingly and visibly expressed, is deeply gratifying at such a time, and I wish, both in my own name and that of my children, to express, from my heart, my warm gratitude to *all*.

These testimonies of sympathy with us, and appreciation of my dear grandson, whom I loved as a son, and whose devotion to me was as great as that of a son, will be a help and a consolation to me and mine in our affliction.

My bereavements during the last thirty years have indeed been heavy. Though the labours, anxieties, and responsibilities inseparable from my position have been great, yet it is my earnest prayer that God may continue to give me health and strength to work for the good and happiness of my dear country and Empire while life lasts.

VICTORIA, R.I.

There were few points of resemblance between the sons of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The elder was conspicuously tall. There was not a little of the dandy about him. His immaculate

clothes, high collar, and liberal display of wristbands amused the Philistines and provided the comic artists with abundant material. Many of the young men of the period known as the crutch-and-toothpick brigade imitated the Duke in his manner of dress, which was the vogue in the eighties. He gave the impression of one who was constitutionally stronger than his brother, so that his death after less than a week's illness was both a surprise and a real grief to those over whom, in the ordinary course of events, he would have ruled.

DIARY, *December* 19 *and* 26, 1891.

I see that several papers have announced that the Queen intends to send the Duke of Clarence and Avondale to Ireland as Viceroy as soon as the nuptial knot has been tied. It would be strange if, after the lapse of so many years since the subject of a Royal residence in Ireland was mooted, a prince of the blood should occupy Dublin Castle for several months together!

À propos of the Prince's betrothal, it is astonishing how well timed some publications are. "H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale in Southern India" (by Mr. Rees, F.R.G.S.) has just made its appearance. Mr. Rees is a well-known modern Nimrod, and there is much about Indian sport in the book, besides details of the Prince's magnificent reception by the native Nizams and Rajahs. The Duke (says Mr. Rees) proved himself a good shot, but he does not seem to have been struck with Buddhism half so much as with snipe-shooting, particularly when he saw whisky bottles, and others which had done duty as holders of "unsweetened," filled

with flowers and decorating the altars of the "mighty" Kinchinjunga. Nor were some of the banners and arches much less tawdry, if more significantly inscribed; for one bore the words, "Oh, Prince, few are India's luxuries—we want no more Caines," and another, "Tell Mamma we are happy," probably meant as a message to Grandma Victoria. "Young India" does not seem to have appreciated the visit of Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P. They would have preferred a visit from the slayer of Abel.

A Continental paper which does not profess any special reverence for royalties or aristocrats, or, for the matter of that, for anybody in particular, finds a subject for lively comment in the just-arranged Royal betrothal. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale (says this piquant commentator) has "lately published an account of his trip round the world"—an obvious reference to the diary of the two young princes which was issued many years ago. "As to the future Queen of England, she has already sent to the art exhibitions more than one specimen of painting on porcelain."

"Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale," continues the writer, "is a tall young fellow of twenty-eight, fair and slim, strong resembling his mother—the Princess of Wales. He is a smart young man, remarkable for his *chic*, and always looking as if he had just come out of a bandbox. He is, they say, undemonstrative. People generally prefer his brother, Prince George, a year younger than the Duke of Clarence."

If the Duke of Clarence becomes Viceroy of Ireland next year, of course H.R.H. can look upon

his housekeeping expenses as provided for. As a fact, there has been often much difficulty in providing a Viceroy for the sister isle, owing to the immense expense incidental to that high office, as its emoluments by no means suffice to discharge the cost of keeping up a petty court at "The Castle." A poor Viceroy must be a failure, and few wealthy peers crave the position. The Irish have been badly treated by the Royal Family in its neglect of Paddyland. Scotland has been absolutely toadied to, while Ireland has been shamefully ignored. The Queen has visited the Emerald Isle, and received a welcome of which any monarch might be proud. With all their faults, the Irish are a warm-hearted people, and none more than they appreciate sympathy and consideration. Were the Duke of Clarence to take upon himself the duties of Viceroy in a liberal spirit, he would be the most popular representative of Her Majesty Ireland has ever seen.

January 30, 1892.

It is said that there were questionings among the mourners when they heard that the Duke of Fife was to walk with the Prince of Wales and Prince George in the funeral procession, and take precedence of the long string of Royal Dukes and Princes. The Prince of Wales, however, adheres to the resolution he made when sanctioning the Duke's marriage with his daughter, that in all family matters his son-in-law should be regarded as one of themselves and spared the *mauvais quart d'heure* so frequently undergone by the Marquis of Lorne.

Had not the Duke of Clarence always worn well-padded garments he would have shown how fragile

his frame really was, and what a small chance he had of recovering from any serious illness. Those present at the funeral will never forget the scene. The interior of the chapel was all half-light and gloom, and everybody felt concerned for the Prince of Wales as he followed his son's remains up the nave. Prince George looked well, but bore visible indications of his recent illness, and was closely watched by his father, who evidently felt that the exertion and the mental strain would prove too much for him. There were few dry eyes. I saw many an old and stalwart soldier furtively wiping away a tear. Only a very few flowers remained on the coffin; most of them had been taken into the Memorial Chapel; but all noticed the white blossoms surmounted by a floral crown sent by Princess May.

Flowers arrived in such huge cases that they had to be taken in vans to the Castle. The energy of the officials was sorely taxed to get them unpacked in time and to find room for them in the Memorial Chapel. Lilies of the valley, the Duke's favourite flowers, figured largely in those sent by relatives and his intimate friends. The Princess of Wales and her daughters were in very neat mourning. Princess May was also very suitably dressed. She seemed to be incapable of further suffering. After the ceremony Prince Henry of Battenberg strenuously helped in directing the carriages; it was a rather trying business, as some of the mourners left the Chapel by the south door and others by way of the Deanery.

The "message of thanks" published in the daily papers was the joint composition of the Prince and

Princess of Wales, the latter first writing it at the dictation of the Heir Apparent, and then "editing" it. That it was conceived and written under the weight of deep sorrow was obvious; it is equally certain that the phrase "our dear country" was introduced by the Princess.

The pressure upon the large clerical staff of Marlborough House has been very heavy during the past three weeks. Sir Francis Knollys has under him, in Pall Mall, a number of young men fulfilling secretarial functions, who are kept hard at it all the year round. Their duties consist, in the main, of copying documents which are deposited in the achives of Marlborough House, or intended for dispatch to the newspapers.

The clerical staff at Marlborough House is a private organisation, the expense of its maintenance being borne entirely by the Prince of Wales. This fact is mentioned for the benefit of a Sunday paper and an evening print which have been grovelling of late, presumably in expiation of their attacks upon the Heir Apparent and the bereaved Princess May!

Many have been reading that Marlborough House and Sandringham Hall have been groaning under the avalanches of telegrams and letters of condolence; but I doubt if people are aware of the enormous mass of correspondence which has to be dealt with in Pall Mall every day during the year. There is scarcely any surcease, save for a fortnight or three weeks in August, when advantage is taken of the brief respite to work up arrears.

When the letter-bags are brought in Sir Francis Knollys goes through them, and sorts them as

deftly as any G.P.O. travelling clerk. In very many cases the Prince of Wales dots down on the backs of letters the answers to be returned, and when the clerks have written the fair copies the originals are handed over to Sir Francis for pigeonholing. All letters on subjects of the least importance are kept until it is believed that they may be safely destroyed, when they are reduced to a pulp in something the same manner as that adopted by the Empress Eugénie's secretaries when the Tuileries were about to be deserted in September, 1870. No answer to a letter is ever sent out of Marlborough House without being copied, unless it be some commonplace epistle written by *the* Secretary with his own hand, and for which he alone is responsible. What an insight into the manners and customs of London Society in the nineteenth century would be afforded by the publication of "The Prince's Correspondence"! Very many would be sorry that they ever put pen to paper.

I have heard men asking each other who will have to pay for the innumerable "reply" telegrams sent from Sandringham and Marlborough House during the last fortnight. Hundreds—I had almost written thousands—of messages of inquiry and condolence have been cabled from the Colonies, the Continent, and the U.S.A., and in nearly every case an answer has been sent by the Prince of Wales at the earliest possible moment. The cost of all this "wiring" will be very heavy, and it will fall entirely upon the bereaved Heir Apparent. I have heard that probably some of the telegraph companies will remit what has been paid by the Prince; but I take this to be most unlikely. "Business is

business," after all, and the companies would have to obtain the consent of their shareholders before they could hand the Prince a cheque representing what he has paid for "cables" since the illness and death of the Duke of Clarence.

There will be some little trouble in apportioning the general expenses of the obsequies, some coming out of the Civil Service Estimates—under which heading the Royal palaces, parks, and gardens stand—others out of the Queen's Privy Purse, and others out of the Prince of Wales's pocket. Only the extreme Radical wing would offer much objection were the whole cost of the funeral to be voted out of the Civil Service Estimates. Whatever expenses have been incurred in consequence of the Queen's determination that the obsequies should be at Windsor, instead of, as the Prince and Princess desired, at Sandringham, should be defrayed by Her Majesty.

It was a mistake to have buried the Prince at Windsor, unless the Queen had really made up her mind to be present. It is very certain, however, that Her Majesty did *not* particularly desire to witness the last rites, or the "advice" of all the doctors in the world would never have kept her away. For the Queen to insist upon the transference of the remains from Sandringham to Windsor, thus making practically a double funeral of it, was to aggravate the woes of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children unnecessarily. The result of these long-drawn-out obsequies—first the early morning service at Sandringham parish church, then the long tramp to the railway station, the "training" to Windsor, and the trying function in

St. George's Chapel—was seen in the woebegone aspect of the Prince of Wales and the fagged look of Prince George. It was only late on the night before the funeral that it was decided that the Princess of Wales, her three daughters, and Princess May should be present at the actual funeral at Windsor; I believe because the Queen would not then be able to prevent them from attending. As Her Majesty had resolved not to go to Windsor herself, she was particularly anxious that none of the Princesses should be present. For perhaps the first time the Queen found her express wishes disregarded, and one can well understand the frown which darkened the Sovereign's brow when she heard that all five Princesses were at the funeral. For six months the Prince and his consort will not make their appearance in public at all, so that the season will have gone to join its predecessors by the time their Royal Highnesses have terminated the first half of their year's mourning.

CHAPTER XV

THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY

Her Son, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha

The widowed Duchess of Albany, daughter of H.S.H. George Victor, late Reigning Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, married Queen Victoria's youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, in April, 1882. Her sister Emma is the Dowager Queen of the Netherlands; she married the late King William III as his second wife in 1879 and became a widow eleven years later. The only issue of the marriage was Queen Wilhelmina, who succeeded her father in 1890.

The Duke of Albany, although not precisely a bookworm, was a great reader, and was regarded as the coming Mæcenas of literature; had he enjoyed a longer tenure of life he might have realised the expectations of his numerous professional admirers. As president of the Royal Society of Literature he gave a much-needed stimulus to that corporation of authors and readers. He was a patron of the arts, and in all intellectual studies "took after" his gifted father, the Prince Consort, more than any other of his brothers. To his Royal mother's delight—probably by her desire

—he chose as his most intimate friend the late Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower, whose preferred companions were authors and artists, and whose parents (his mother, the Duchess of Sutherland, in particular) enjoyed the friendship of Queen Victoria and her family. From Her Majesty's letters, which I was shown occasionally at Stafford House, I saw that the Queen always addressed him as " Dear Ronald," and signed " Yours affectionately, Victoria, R. & I." Attempts to make mischief between the Queen and Lord Ronald were ineffectual: Her Majesty resented them.

The Duke of Albany's death by misadventure at Cannes (March 28, 1884) was a heavy blow to the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The Heir Apparent journeyed to the Riviera and brought the remains to this country.

The elder of the Duke and Duchess of Albany's two children, Princess Alice Victoria Ansta Pauline, V.A. (Order of Victoria and Albert), was born in February, 1883, and married, in February, 1904, H.S.H. Alexander of Teck (Earl of Athlone since June, 1917). Her brother was born in July, 1884, some four months after his father's untimely death. This posthumous son of the Duke and Duchess of Albany has been subjected at intervals to severe censure since the early days of the war. He became Reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and Duke of Saxony at the death of his uncle Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh) on July 30, 1900, and in October, 1905, married Princess Victoria, daughter of Frederick Ferdinand, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has long been Colonel-in-Chief of the 95th Prussian

Infantry, General *à la suite* (in reserve) 1st Regiment Prussian Guards, 9th Prussian Hussars, 1st Saxon Hussars, and 22nd Infantry, and a Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia.

This English-born Prince, nephew of King Edward and the Duke of Connaught, and first cousin of King George V, has shown himself to be at heart a thorough "Kaiser's man," and an avowed enemy of his native country and his Royal English relatives. He has been on the battlefield with his troops, and has publicly declared that it was "shameful" of England to go to war with Germany. In 1902 he was created a Knight of the Garter; on May 13, 1915, he was struck off the roll of that illustrious Order by the King's command.

That the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha may be technically regarded as a recreant Prince is, I think, proved by speeches delivered in the German Parliament on February 5, 1894, when the accession of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Coburgian throne was very fully discussed. The Imperial Chancellor was then Count Caprivi, who was asked by Professor Friedberg "whether the Federal Government deemed it consistent with the interests of the German Empire that a Prince of the German Federation (Queen Victoria's son Alfred) should be at the same time the subject of another State" (meaning, of course, England). "Remarks," said the Professor, "humiliating to German national feeling have been made in the English Parliament—for example, that the English taxpayers are not bound to contribute to the maintenance of a German Sovereign. The simplest solution of the difficulty would be for His Highness (*sic*) to renounce his British

nationality, and it is unfortunate that he has not done so.* . . . Sovereignty is an exclusive property; one either possesses it or one does not. It is out of the question, however, that foreign interference with German affairs should take place through the instrumentality of a German Prince. The consequence of the present position of the Duke is that he is bound to be a Prince of the German Federation and nothing else."

Professor Friedberg went on to assert that the Duke was *a German born*, "the 'Prince Regent' Albert † *having retained his German nationality*." Friedberg contended that, "as foreigners are at liberty to exercise their right of succession to German thrones, they should in all such cases be required to renounce their foreign nationality. . . . Had the Federal Governments provided against the possibility of a foreigner ascending a German throne?"

Count Caprivi's reply to the Professor is of special interest in view of the King's abolition of German titles. The Chancellor said, *inter alia*: "The position is perfectly clear. The Duke [Queen Victoria's second son] is undoubtedly a lawful Sovereign. . . . It is all the same whether he has or has not at any time *ceased to be a German*, for the moment he became the lawful Sovereign of Coburg-Gotha he recovered his German nationality. He is, therefore, unquestionably *first a German*, and secondly the lawful Sovereign of Coburg-Gotha.

* The reader will naturally ask: "Has the Duchess of Albany's son ever 'renounced his British nationality'? If so, when, where, and how did he so renounce it?"

† Queen Victoria's consort, who was hailed, after his death in 1861, as "Albert the Good."

. . . It is impossible that a German Sovereign can at the same time be a subject of a foreign Power. It is impossible, and it is more clearly so in the case of war between the German Empire and the State of which the new Sovereign is supposed to be a subject in, so to speak, a subsidiary capacity. The courts of that State might prosecute him for high treason for taking part in the war as a German Prince, but that is so evidently impossible that I shall not pursue the matter. *The Duke of Coburg-Gotha is a German and a German Sovereign* . . . and cannot be a subject of another Power. . . . It is his affair to examine how far his duty to England extends, and how far he will fulfil it. It is within my knowledge that he is firmly resolved to regulate it in such a way that *it shall not clash with his duty to Germany.*"

The discussion ended after the statement by Doctor von Bonn, the plenipotentiary of Coburg-Gotha in the Federal Council, that " he was expressly empowered by his Government to declare that the Duke, as a Sovereign Prince of the German Federation, no longer had the status of a subject or recognised any obligations towards England incompatible with his present position."

According to the *Cologne Gazette* of the period, " the acceptance by the Duke of Coburg of his apanage as an English Prince laid upon him no more political obligations than if he had received a capital sum instead of an annuity on the occasion of his marriage. . . . The question was one to be settled solely according to the Constitutions of the respective countries and the laws of their dynastic Houses."

The Duchess of Albany has now (1917) been in this country nearly thirty-six years, and has unostentatiously occupied herself in good works almost from the first. The popularity previously enjoyed by her daughter was naturally greatly enhanced by her alliance with Queen Mary's brother. It is certain that the Canadians would have warmly welcomed her had her gallant husband been able to accept the Governor-Generalship in succession to the Duke of Connaught.

One hardly expected to find a Princess of the Reigning House figuring as a claimant before the War Losses Commission; but on July 7, 1917, there appeared an authorised account of the result of the Duchess of Albany's claim to recover £9179 in respect of timber on Esher Common which had been requisitioned by the Government. The £9179 was an agreed sum, the timber having been priced at 8d. a foot. The Commissioners stated: "Having regard to prices prevailing, we cannot say the agreed value is excessive, but we feel no doubt that the large purchases of timber all over the country for military purposes have quite unduly inflated the prices the Government are now having to pay." The points the Commission had to decide were to what extent the Duchess's restricted rights to fell certain timber have been interfered with, and what damage she had thereby sustained. "The standing timber is admittedly part of the inheritance. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (the Duchess's son), the remainderman in fee, is an *enemy alien*. He is not a party to the application, and if he were we should be precluded from making a determination in his favour as to any part of

the value of the timber." The "true measure of the Duchess's loss is the present value of the moneys which she would have received for the timber which she could and would periodically have felled and sold." Although it is taking "a somewhat generous view of the direct loss" she will suffer, the Commission regard it as not unreasonable to award the Duchess a fourth of the value of the timber which would have gone to the tenant for life (£2294 15s.) in satisfaction of all claims other than those of reinstatement of actual damage, which is reserved till the military occupation has ended. The Duchess had asked that the other three-quarters of the £9179 should be added to the capital of the estate, and that she should have the interest on it. The Crown had agreed.

In 1882 Queen Victoria settled the Claremont estate on her youngest son, Leopold, and his family. Under the terms of this settlement the whole property passes, on the death of the Duchess of Albany, to her son, the Reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who, upon succeeding his uncle, the late Duke of Edinburgh, and consequently becoming a German Sovereign Duke, had to swear allegiance to the supreme German Monarch. What will happen on the death of the Duchess? Will her son, the grandson of Queen Victoria, nephew of King Edward, and cousin of King George—will this English-born Prince, who, thank God, is not now a member of the Royal House and Family of Windsor, be allowed by the law of England to take possession of the property settled upon his father by Queen Victoria thirty-five years ago? Instead of waiting until the decease of the Duchess of Albany, who is

herself in a most unenviable position, why not let the question be settled now, and settled in a manner which the British people would approve? What they would assuredly not approve is that the enemy Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha should benefit (in Mr. Gladstone's phrase) to the extent of one brass farthing in the property settled by Queen Victoria upon her youngest son and his family.* The Duchess of Albany vacated Claremont in 1917 and took up her residence at Kensington Palace. Claremont, which has had as its occupants Princess Charlotte, Queen Victoria and her family, and King Louis Philippe, is now (August, 1917) the abode of the Spanish Ambassador.

The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who were on a visit to the Duchess of Albany, motored from Claremont to Windsor on May 4, 1907, and spent the day with Prince and Princess Alexander, returning to Claremont in the evening. On the following day (Sunday) the Duke and Duchess walked from Claremont, through the villages, and attended Divine service at Esher parish church. On his way back to Claremont, after service, the young Duke shook hands with some of the local residents, whom he knew when Duke of Albany, and on his walk up the village street of Esher the Duke was greeted by the inhabitants. The Duchess of Albany and her sister, the Princess of Bentheim-Steinfurt, also attended church. In June, 1914, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha again visited Claremont; and two months later this

* Since this chapter was written the Commission has stated that the entail is barred; so that the Duke has no title to any claim which he may otherwise have advanced.

grandson of Queen Victoria was with the Kaiser's armies warring against England in particular and the world generally.*

* The first Duke of Albany was Robert, third son of the Scottish King Robert II, who was crowned at Scone in 1371. That Duke (creation 1398) was also Earl of Atholl for the life of Robert III.

CHAPTER XVI

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND THE LATE DUKE OF FIFE

"Macduff" and his Celebrated Mother

When Queen Victoria went to Sandringham to discuss the proposed engagement of her granddaughter, Princess Louise, to the then Earl (afterwards Duke) of Fife, the young lady caught Her Majesty at the entrance the moment she alighted from the carriage. With tears and protestations she declared so vehemently that "if she were not allowed to marry Macduff she would die an old maid," that the Queen was momentarily taken aback. "But, my dear," she said soothingly, "I hardly know him. I must see something more of him, and *judge what he is like now*." The Queen soon "saw him," and thereafter all was well.

The Duchess of Fife and her sister, the Queen of Norway, were noted for their *esprit* when they were still in their teens. Professor Vambéry tells of a gala dinner given at Sandringham in honour of Queen Victoria when he had to "take in" Princess Louise, the future Duchess of Fife, and later Princess Royal. "The Prince of Wales took a glance at the assembled guests; then approached me, saying: 'Vambéry, why did you not put on

your Orders?' I was just going to make some excuse when the Princess Louise said: 'Why, Papa, Professor Vambéry ought to have pinned some of his books on to his coat; *they* would be the most suitable decorations!'"

The Princess Royal (Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar), V.A., C.I., Colonel-in-Chief of the 7th Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards, eldest daughter of Queen Alexandra and the late King Edward VII, was born at Marlborough House on February 20, 1867. The eldest of her two daughters, the Duchess of Fife, married Prince Arthur of Connaught, only son of the Duke and the late Duchess of Connaught, on October 15, 1913, and has issue. Like her two sisters, Princess Victoria and the Queen of Norway, the Princess Royal is endowed with remarkable individuality, a characteristic which is exemplified by the attitude which she assumed when expressing her determination to wed the man of her choice or —nobody. The kindly firmness which she displayed in the bringing-up of her daughters has long been proverbial. She taught them to regard themselves not, as the accident of birth had made them, Princesses of the Royal House, but as ordinary British children. Expensive "finery" was not for *them*, the great-grandchildren of the Queen-Empress, the granddaughters of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Luxuries came their way only at intervals. Their greatest treat, even when they had entered upon their teens, was to be taken by their governess to have tea at the house of one of her friends, when, in their own words, "We had as much bread and jam as we could eat, and there was only *one* servant—it *was* funny!"

It surprised not a few people to read in May–June, 1891, that Queen Victoria had assigned to the infant child of the Duchess of Fife the rank of a Duke's daughter, and not that of a Princess of the Blood. Her Majesty had, however, followed the tradition of the Royal Family, which establishes certain precedence for the grandchildren of the Sovereign, but goes no further. As a matter of fact, the Queen was the first Sovereign—since the Plantagenets at least—who had lived to see great-grandchildren with an English domicile; though the Princess Charlotte's still-born infant would have been in that relationship to George III had it lived. It did, however, seem illogical that the Princess of Wales's [Queen Alexandra's] granddaughter, who was at the moment fifth in the succession to the Crown, should be of lower rank than Prince Henry of Battenberg or Prince Christian, Royal Highnesses only by Her Majesty's favour.

At Mar Lodge in the old days there were picturesque scenes when deer-stalking began. An "antlered monarch of the glen"—in other words, a stag—having been brought into the house (of course, it had been first "brought down"), all the guests assembled to witness the "blooding." This consisted of marking the lily-white forehead of each of the ladies with a small cross, now the genial "Macduff," and anon "Bertie" [the Prince of Wales], dipping the forefinger into the blood of the dead animal, and then smearing the brow of each fair one therewith. It was a pretty spectacle—savouring more, however, of the Middle Ages than of the nineteenth century. My friend the late Melton Prior, the distinguished war artist, who

was much favoured by King Edward, gave me a lively account of the "blooding," which he portrayed in the *Illustrated London News*, and in a sketch which, later, he drew for me.

The Princess Royal's husband was Earl Macduff and Duke of Fife, K.T., G.C.V.O., P.C., V.D., son of the fifth Earl and of Agnes, daughter of the seventeenth Earl of Erroll, and received his education at Eton. He represented Elgin and Nairn in the Liberal interest from 1874 to 1879. His first appointment at Court was Captain and Gold Stick of Gentlemen-at-Arms, which office he held until 1885. In that year he was created Earl of Fife in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. Four years later he married Princess Louise. The highly spectacular ceremony took place in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, on July 27, 1889, and was attended by Queen Victoria. At the wedding breakfast the Queen toasted him as Duke of Fife! Two daughters were issue of the marriage —Alexandra, born in 1891, and Maud, born in 1893. The Duke's titles were added to in 1909. In that year he was made Earl of Macduff, with special remainder in default of heirs male to his first and other daughters and their male issue. Included in King Edward's birthday honours in 1905 was the announcement that the Duchess of Fife would assume the title of Princess Royal, while her daughters would be known as their Highnesses the Princesses Alexandra and Maud of Fife.

The Duke was one of the founders of the Chartered Company of South Africa, and for nine years was Vice-President, resigning that position after the Jameson raid. He had held only a few State

offices, and the one special mission he undertook was the investing of the King of Saxony with the Order of the Garter.

One remembers the Duke as Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, a member of the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of London, President of the County of London Territorial Association, and Hon. Colonel of the Banffshire Artillery Volunteers. At the Coronation of King Edward and also at that of King George he fulfilled the functions of Lord High Constable. He was partner in a well-known banking house, and generally was regarded as an able man of business. The Duke was for more than twenty years a supporter of the Church Army. He often presided at the annual and other meetings of the society, and one of his last public acts, before embarking for Egypt, was when he attended, with the Princess Royal, the opening of the Church Army King Edward's Labour Tents, Kingsway, for the winter season, on November 27, 1911.

The Duke inherited much of his celebrated mother's humour and conversational power, added to a certain aloofness which disappeared when he was among his intimate friends at Marlborough House, Sandringham, Mar Lodge, and "at home" in London. It was at Mar Lodge, Braemar, that he first came under the eyes of Queen Victoria, who took a great liking to him for his genuineness and independence of character. It is hardly too much to say that he was idolised by the children of King Edward and Queen Alexandra from their earliest years. They regarded him as a kind of

uncle, prodigal of gifts and, what was more, ever ready for a game. That he should have married the elder of them was a foregone conclusion years before the engagement was formally announced.

The Duke of Fife's mother—Lady Agnes Hay, daughter of the seventeenth Earl of Erroll, and granddaughter of King William IV, by Mrs. Jordan —was a very great lady, witty and charming; and to be of her *salon* was a privilege much sought after and valued. Her *esprit* was proverbial, and many are the good things attributed to her. She greatly favoured some of the authors, and fewer of the journalists of her day. She was something of a bluestocking, minus any of the defects of a *précieuse*, such, for example, as Harriet Lady Ashburton, with whom Carlyle was a favourite. To be known as one of Lady Fife's circle was to be possessed of a passport to many of what were then accounted the "best" houses. The Duke's grandmother, Lady Duff, was a celebrity in her day. She lived at Knightsbridge, and the "golden youth" of the period, after spending an hour or so at Tattersall's close by, found her ladyship's hot luncheons an irresistible attraction. All who knew her were welcomed by this great lady of a long-past age, a type which may be sought for unavailingly in the London of these khaki years.

Of the very few notable survivors of the Old Guard one is the particular friend of the late Duke of Fife, Lord Farquhar, Master of King Edward's Household 1901–7, acting Lord Steward 1906–7, Extra Lord in Waiting to King Edward 1907–10, and also to King George from 1910, and Lord Steward of the Household 1915.

With the coming into power of Mr. Lloyd George towards the end of 1916 Lord Farquhar was again appointed Master of the Household. In 1892 he was created first Baronet of Castle Rising; six years later he was raised to the peerage. Who does not recall the "Mr. Horace" of the old days? A masterful man, with all-round abilities second to none—not always too conciliatory to everybody, but devoted to "the Prince" long before he succeeded his Royal mother, and to "Fife."

The Duke shared the "secrets of the Court" with Lord Knollys; but he was no gossiper, even to those who were most in his confidence; and not one man or woman was ever heard to say, "It must be true—I heard it from Fife." Only eight years the junior of his Royal father-in-law, the Duke had heard and seen everything of abiding interest connected with the political and social history of our times; and his knowledge died with him.

In the night of January 29, 1912, Queen Alexandra received news that her son-in-law, the Duke of Fife, had died at Assuan that day. The official announcement, published on January 30, was as under:

The Duke of Fife was taken ill at Abu Simbel on January 19. On the following day he was feverish and complained of a pain in his left side. On January 21 pleurisy developed, but the lungs were not affected. On Thursday morning the Duke's temperature was normal, but the improvement was not maintained, and it was evident that the left lung was congested.

The Duke's heart was not affected till Friday. It responded to stimulating treatment, but from then until the Duke's death the heart showed persistent signs of failure, which became very marked towards the end.

Throughout his illness the Duke took nourishment well, and his faculties were unimpaired until just before his death.

Lord Kitchener notified the Foreign Office of the event, adding that he had gone to Assuan to arrange for the conveyance of the body to England.

The Duke, the Princess Royal, and their two daughters were on their way to Egypt, where they intended to pass the winter. The liner *Delhi*, in which they were passengers, was wrecked near Cape Spartel, on the Moroccan coast. The party were hastily got into a boat, coats being thrown over their night attire. The boat capsized, and all were thrown into the sea, narrowly escaping drowning. They suffered much from exposure, for they had to trudge five miles in wet garments before they could obtain mules to carry them to Tangier. A few days later the Duke and his family proceeded to Egypt in another vessel. The party arrived at Port Said on December 27, and it was then reported that they were in good health.

King George and the Queen were on the way to Gibraltar in the *Medina*, on their homeward voyage from India, when they received, at sea, a wireless message reporting the Duke's death. All the intended festivities at "Gib." in honour of their Majesties were, of course, abandoned. The King, however, received addresses of welcome from the Chamber of Commerce and the Exchange Committee, and in his reply said: "Thirty-three years ago, as a naval cadet, I came to Gibraltar for the first time. The intimate knowledge of the place which I gained on many subsequent visits makes me feel quite at home here to-day. I find Gibraltar firm in that

steady loyalty, the only sure source of strength, reinforced though it may be by nature and science."

The King also received in audience the special Moorish deputation, and afterwards their Majesties, in deep mourning, drove to the Colonial Hospital. The King directed that nobody should wear uniform and no troops lined the streets.

On the morning of the funeral (February 28, 1912) this statement was officially made: "Queen Alexandra, to Her Majesty's great distress, was unable to be present at the funeral of her son-in-law, the late Duke of Fife, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to-day. Her Majesty is confined to her apartments with influenza and a bronchial cold. Princess Victoria was also, to Her Royal Highness's deep regret, prevented from attending the funeral, as her Royal Highness is still unable to leave her room." An attack of influenza and laryngitis prevented Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) from being present.

The principal mourners were the King and Queen, the Princess Royal and her two daughters, and the Dowager Marchioness Townshend (sister of the deceased). The funeral was attended by the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Albany, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Windsor officiated. On the wreath sent by the King and Queen was inscribed: "Rest in Peace. From his sorrowing brother-in-law and sister-in-law, George and Mary. February 28, 1912."

Although by the special remainder contained in the Letters Patent of April 24, 1900, Her Highness

Princess Alexandra of Fife succeeded her father and became Duchess of Fife in her own right, the Fife Earldom in the Irish Peerage created in 1759 apparently, according to some writers, descends to an Australian. The earldom was originally conferred upon William Duff, of Braco and Dipple, in the county of Banff, who was born in 1697. He was M.P. for Banffshire from 1727 to 1734, and was raised to the Peerage as Lord Braco of Kilbride in 1735. A staunch supporter of the Government in the rebellion of 1745, he was in 1759 advanced to the dignity of Viscount MacDuff and Earl Fife in the Peerage of Ireland.

He had four sons—William, who died unmarried; James, who succeeded as second Earl Fife, but died childless; Alexander, whose male issue has become extinct by the death of the Duke of Fife; and George. This son, the Hon. George Duff, died at Elgin in 1818, having married Frances Dalziel. By her he had a son, the Rev. George Duff, D.D., who, by his wife, a Miss Ogilvie, had a son, Colonel Daniel Duff, of the East Indian Company.

Colonel Duff married a Miss Anne Hayter, leaving an only son, Jekyl Chalmers Duff, of Warnabool, Victoria, who appears to have inherited the titles of Baron Braco, Viscount MacDuff, and Earl Fife in the Irish Peerage. This Mr. J. C. Duff was named by certain papers as a possible claimant of the title Earl Fife. It was said that he had been formerly in the Australian Police, has sons in India and South Africa, and was "quite aware of his position." It was "expected" in 1912 that "very shortly application would be made to the Committee of the House of Lords for admission of his

claim to the title." But this expectation had not been realised by October, 1917.

At the end of March, 1912, the will was proved of the Duke of Fife, of Mar Lodge, Braemar, and 15 Portman Square, W., brother-in-law of the King, who had died at Assuan, Egypt, on January 29, aged 62. His property was valued for probate as of the gross value of £1,000,000, "as far as at present can be ascertained." The executors were his widow, Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, of 15 Portman Square, W., and Lord Farquhar, G.C.V.O., of 7 Grosvenor Square, W. This testamentary document was treated as a will of one of the Royal Family, and having been sealed up immediately on the swearing of the affidavit it was not available for inspection. This raised some constitutional, financial, and social problems. The theory that Royal wills are sacrosanct from the public gaze seems to be of comparatively recent origin; but it was made strongly apparent in the case of the Prince Consort. The question, however (said a commentator), has never been formally raised of how far collaterally the privilege of secrecy extends; and this may prove of the more importance as members of the Royal Family marry with our aristocracy. The point will then arise of whether such marriages, contrary to the established custom, raise the non-Royal husband to the Royal wife's status, as appears to have been assumed in regard to the Duke of Fife; and this will have its bearing on the financial side. Many remember the serious question which was raised before the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons during the last Administration of the late Lord Salisbury,

when the privilege of Royal exemption was pleaded in reference to certain English properties of Alexander III (father of the ex-Tsar Nicholas II). But the point can safely be left for discussion when, if ever, it arises.

CHAPTER XVII

THE EX-DOWAGER EMPRESS MARIE

Sister of Queen Alexandra and Mother of the ex-Tsar

The member of the Romanoff family who claims our deepest sympathy in 1917 is the mother of the deposed Emperor.*

Queen Alexandra's sister, Dagmar, mother of the ex-Tsar Nicholas II, and widow of Alexander III, was first betrothed to that Emperor's elder brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch, heir to the throne. That betrothal took place in October, 1864, at Copenhagen, *éclat* being given to the event by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were visiting the latter's parents at the time. The father of the Princesses Alexandra, Dagmar, and Thyra had become King of Denmark only in the previous year, the year which had witnessed the marriage of his eldest daughter to the future King of England and the election of her brother as King of the Hellenes. The betrothal of the Tsarevitch Nicholas, then twenty-one, was ratified by a

* During the summer of 1917 (the exact date was not made public) she was deported to the Crimea, and on September 3 was reported to be seriously ill of influenza. On October 11 the *Vossische Zeitung* (of all papers in the world!) stated that "her death was momentarily expected."

decree promulgated by his father, Tsar Alexander II, in accordance with a law established by Alexander I. The young Grand Duke's father showed his approval of his son's choice by sending Princess Dagmar a necklace of pearls and diamonds of fabulous value, accompanied by an autograph letter couched in the most flattering terms. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the King and Queen of Denmark, and the members of the Danish Royal Family (including Prince William, who, as King George, had been, as noted, elected by the Greeks as their Sovereign in the previous year) were also highly gratified at the engagement.

The projected marriage was undoubtedly one of affection, and was hailed in Russia with delight. The Grand Duke Nicholas had long suffered from a rheumatic affection, and, on the advice of his physicians, took up his residence at Nice, intending, after recovering his health, to visit first Paris and then London, where he would have been the guest of Queen Victoria and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The hoped-for relief was not obtained; disease of the spine was discovered; his slight frame and delicate constitution were against him; his mother, the Tsaritsa, daughter of Louis II, Grand Duke of Hesse, and herself a hopeless invalid, became alarmed, and the Tsar (father of the Grand Duchess who became Duchess of Edinburgh) hastened to the south of France, and, with the Queen of Denmark and Princess Dagmar, soothed the last moments of the Tsarevitch. Two days after his death a service according to the rites of the Greek Church was celebrated at Nice, the Tsar and his sons and nephews, as well as

Photo Hansen, Copenhagen

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS MARIE, QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SISTER, AND MOTHER OF THE EX-TSAR

several Imperial Russian dignitaries, personally assisting in placing the remains on the bier. For two days the body lay in state, and was then taken by sea to Cronstadt for burial in the fortress cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul at St. Petersburg. This Grand Duke *héritier*, unlike his father and grandfather, showed no predilection for a military life, but, as a matter of course, he was officially associated with the army. Among his numerous honorary posts was that of Hetman of all the Cossack troops. He was an exceptionally accomplished linguist, and had made himself personally acquainted with most parts of the Russian empire.

The married life of the ex-Tsar's mother was one of unalloyed happiness for twenty-eight years, ending with the death of Alexander III at Livadia on November 1, 1894. Early in the morning he said to the Empress : " I feel the end approaching. Be calm ! I am quite calm," and then, sitting in his arm-chair, received the Holy Communion, and repeated aloud the customary prayers. Two days later the new Tsar, Nicholas II, issued a manifesto announcing that Princess Alix of Hesse, " the bride of his choice," had accepted the Orthodox Faith under the name of Alexandra. The marriage contract was signed at St. Petersburg on November 23, four days after the burial of Alexander III, and on the 26th Nicholas II and King Edward's niece were married in the private chapel of the Winter Palace, the national mourning being suspended for one day. The Empress's sister, Elizabeth, who married the Grand Duke Serge, declined to abjure the Protestant faith, and was only converted to the Orthodox religion after a protracted

struggle with her conscience, during which she received strong support from English Protestants. She was received into the Orthodox Church on April 25, 1891, in the private chapel of the Winter Palace. She made a very successful literary *début* with an anonymous novel, which appeared in French under the title of "Le Roi de Thessalie." It gave great offence to her relatives, many of whom recognised themselves in the portraits dexterously limned by this niece of King Edward, who thought the book "very clever and most amusing."

After the tragedy of March, 1881, when the Nihilists' bombs deprived Russia of one of her most beneficent rulers, Alexander II, the Tsar-Liberator, the Empress Marie became a political force, one which had to be and was taken into account at the Courts and Embassies. As with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, so the Emperor Alexander III gave his consort, whom he wedded in 1866, his fullest confidence. Regularly once a day he informed her of his plans and of the decisions on political and social questions which he had arrived at, and not infrequently he modified his intentions at her suggestion. On the whole I imagine the Empress Marie's influence over the ex-Tsar was, prior to 1914, even greater than that of Prince Albert over Queen Victoria. She displayed, and still has, a remarkable aptitude for foreign affairs. King Edward found in her a valued ally. Remembering the harsh treatment meted out to little Denmark by domineering Prussian statesmen in the sixties, she was as much an anti-Teuton as her stalwart consort.

One remembers that Tsar, when Tsarevitch,

dashing his glass to the ground rather than drink to the toast of "Germany" which had been proposed at a great Court banquet.

"England, France, and Russia against the world" had been the cry of the Russians since the visit of King Edward (accompanied by Queen Alexandra) to the ex-Emperor Nicholas at Reval in 1908. Such an alliance, as our far-seeing Sovereign well knew, and often said, had no more fervent and uncompromising a supporter than the Dowager Empress Marie, who has always claimed our admiration for her *audaces calculées et irrésistibles*.

Until her arrival in the spring of 1907 the Dowager Empress Marie Féodorovna had not been in this country for many years. She took away many delightful impressions of her visit to Queen Alexandra in that year, but none could have been more ineffaceable than the vision of grandeur and beauty which greeted her when Queen Alexandra took her to Westminster Abbey. In Canon Duckworth, whose name was very familiar to the Empress, the Royal ladies found a most able cicerone, who did not forget to direct the Empress's attention to the tombs of members of the Royal Family of Denmark—those of the Danish Queen Anne and her two children. Objects of attraction to her were also the Confessor's Chapel and that of Henry VII, as well as the tomb of Richard II. She was shown the tombs of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots; and in the Islip Chantry she examined the curious wax effigies of various distinguished personages, with which most of our own people have yet to become acquainted.

Shortly after their arrival at Buckingham Palace

(on an Easter Monday afternoon in 1907) the Queen and Empress made an inspection of the stables and coachhouse, the State coachman (Bligh) conducting the Royal ladies through the mews. The "creams" and the "blacks" were duly admired by the Empress, who seemed amused at the gorgeousness of the old state coach. When the Royal sisters appeared in the mews it was to the surprise of many of the men attached to the stables, for they were smoking their pipes and playing with their children in the "quad." By the Queen's directions all remained "as they were," and the Empress smiled on all and sundry. The Royal ladies had come to St. Pancras from Sandringham by a special but slow-going train, in which they lunched. Travelling with them were Prince Chervachidze, Colonel Freedericks (who fell into the hands of the revolutionists in March, 1917), and my old friend, the late Sir A. Condie Stephen.

Like Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, and notably Queen Maud, the Empress Marie is an expert photographer. When she was at Sandringham in 1907, the Queen drove her to the stud farm at Wolferton, and the Empress kodaked several of the horses and cattle, which were paraded for the purpose. The Dowager Empress was taken by her sister to see some of the old lady cottagers on the estate, and with these Her Imperial Majesty chatted in homely fashion. On all sides at Sandringham one heard the remark, "The Queen and her sister are as like as two peas."

Unlike our own Sovereigns, Russian Monarchs and their consorts did not pay visits to their subjects and were rarely seen at the entertainments

given by the personages who, until 1917, dominated Petrograd society. The Empress Marie always welcomed at her "at homes" ladies who could keep her well posted in current talk, and she made it a pleasurable duty to personally concern herself with the numerous educational and charitable institutions in St. Petersburg and Moscow. From the period of her consort's accession, and I believe even long before that date, she heard from an official specially appointed for the purpose daily reports of the progress of those establishments, while the vast improvement in the education of the young ladies of the "classes" at the celebrated schools of St. Catherine and the Smolna Cloister is largely attributable to her efforts. Much of her time was spent in visiting the schools, hospitals, and convents, questioning the children, and ascertaining the progress they had made. On these visits she was invariably accompanied by General Count Protassoff-Bakhmatieff, ex-commandant of the Emperor's Horse Guards. When war broke out the Dowager Empress, in conjunction with the ex-Tsaritsa and the Grand Duchesses, devoted herself to Red Cross and war hospital work generally. Her last visit to her sister, Queen Alexandra, in London was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the war. Her journey through a part of Germany on her way to Russia was made as unpleasant as possible by the Kaiser's ruffians.

Like Queen Alexandra, the Empress Marie has been the most devoted of mothers, and found her greatest happiness in bringing up her children under her personal superintendence, and sharing in their occupations and amusements. For the

children of the humble she was always unaffectedly solicitous; in this also resembling her sister. For these waifs she provided huge Christmas trees, and herself distributed the glittering gifts. Were poor children stricken by some incurable malady, she went into their homes and made them happy by her presence and the good things which she took for them. Millions who had never seen her worshipped her from afar.

All through the reign of her consort the Imperial Court was the gayest and most brilliant in the world, and no one more fully entered into the spirit of the festivities than the Empress, whom I had seen in the previous reign, in the great hall of the Winter Palace, walking through a polonaise, to the music of Glinka, when the future King Edward and Queen Alexandra were among the "dancers," and Lord Knollys and the late Lord Suffield were in the ranks of the spectators. With me, among the lookers-on, was Sir Alexander Condie Stephen, who never dreamt that the time would come when he would be one of King Edward's Grooms in Waiting, and be "personally attached" to the Empress Marie when she visited her sister and Edward VII; and also when she came to England again in the following year (1908). Before she arrived twelve months later, "Alec" Stephen was dead, and I had seen the last of him at the church in Sloane Street.

The season at St. Petersburg began when the Empress Marie and her consort took up their residence at the Anitschkow Palace on the Nevski Prospect. They were often, unlike their predecessors, at the theatre—the Opera, the Comédie Russe, or the Théâtre Français—from whence they passed on to a

Photo Hansen, Copenhagen

THE LATE TSAR ALEXANDER III, QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S BROTHER-IN-LAW, AND FATHER OF THE EX-TSAR NICHOLAS

ball or some other gathering. During the season they gave a series of balls, and were to be found at a few private houses and, although very seldom, at one or other of the Embassies. In her prime, before her widowhood in the winter of 1894, the mother of the ex-Tsar, a fearless rider, hunted in the Polish forests and occasionally, well mounted, reviewed the troops. When she was in the Crimea she amazed the villagers by galloping along the mountain roads on one of those little Tartar horses which few ladies would have ventured to mount. With her daughters and other ladies she skated or sledged down the ice-hills. (The sledge is steered by a gentleman; the lady kneels behind him, supporting herself by firmly grasping his shoulders.)

Both the Dowager Empress and her consort preferred Gatchina to Peterhof as a residence. It is within an easy train journey of the capital, Petrograd, and it was said of it in the Empress Marie's time that there was "no night" there, for at dusk the house and grounds were illuminated by electricity, making the place "as light as day." The special guard was composed of the Yellow Cuirassiers and the Mahometan Circassians—the finest types of the Russian soldier. In the great hall, divided into compartments, Alexander III, a prodigious worker by fits and starts, often toiled like a slave. A feature of the house was a theatre, in which operatic and dramatic performances were frequently given, Alexander III sharing his wife's passion for music. The Gobelin tapestry is marvellous. The mines in the rich Urals contributed emeralds, topazes, amethysts, and other gems, which, as a whole, form the finest collection of

precious stones in the world. In the Gatchina jewel-room are, or were, also turquoises from Persia and pearls from the Orient and the Dwina. We may well wonder what the ultimate fate of all these treasures will be now that, since September, 1917, Russia has been a declared Republic.

A Polish lady of rank was gratified, on her arrival at Petrograd in 1915 being made known to the Dowager Empress, by the receipt of a gracious message inviting her to call on the Imperial lady. From that lady's lips Queen Alexandra's sister learnt the bitter truth of the Hunnish occupation of Warsaw, and echoed her visitor's fervent hope that they would soon see the old fortress recaptured by the Russian troops. The Empress Mother listened to the moving story with emotion, accompanying her occasional sympathetic interjections with nervous gestures.

"Listen," she said. "I hate the Germans. I am a Dane. From the day the Prussians took possession of Schleswig I have hated them. For fifty years I have been compelled here, at the Court, to conceal my feelings. Russia has shown too much confidence in the Germans, and has granted endless favours to those of them who have settled among us, besides entrusting them with delicate duties. But, unfortunately, even when benefits have been showered upon him, *a German is always a German.* I know *one* man who was never deceived by anything the Germans said or did—that was King Edward VII. *He* foresaw their aggressions. He was a great Sovereign. I have not forgotten the manner in which the Germans received me when, on the outbreak of the war, I was obliged, in order

to get to Denmark, to pass through Germany. They greeted me and those accompanying me with shouts of '*Russische Schweine!*' (Russian pigs). They are a nation of miscreants, wretches." One wonders what the then reigning Empress had to say to all this.

To the Empress Marie the assassination of her *bête noire*, Rasputin, must have come as an event for congratulation; for to her the machinations of the monk, and the positive danger he was to the Throne, were long a cause of perpetual and sorrowful anxiety. It so happened that, more than once, while the Dowager Empress was visiting her sister at Marlborough House, the English papers published a variety of the most nauseating of Rasputin's doings, including his fatally pernicious influence at the Russian Court. The names of the ex-Tsar and his consort were then brought into the hideous story, and personages in influential positions at our Court did not fail to assure her, in the most sympathetic manner (but that goes without saying), that they were horrified by the reports in the English Press. The Imperial lady was not, perhaps, greatly surprised at the effect upon the English mind of these gross scandals, which, needless to say, she had been powerless to check.

The late Marchioness of Ripon was perhaps the best acquainted of our "great ladies" with the Dowager Empress Marie, just as she had had in the past a larger number of friends in Petrograd society than most of our countrywomen. On one of her visits to Russia the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir arranged a *soirée* for her at their palace. The celebrated tenor, Smirnow, who was afterwards

heard in London, sang selections from the opera "Borois Godounow," previous to its production in Paris. The principal personages invited to meet Lady Ripon were the Grand Duke Andrew, Duke George of Mecklenburg, Princess Reuss (one of the numerous relatives by marriage of the late Queen of Bulgaria, Ferdinand's second wife), Court Minister Baron Freedericks and his beautiful wife, Prince and Princess Wassilitchikow, Prince and Princess Zouzoupow, Princess Orloff, Prince Dolgorouky (of the family of Princess Jouriewsky, the surviving morganatic wife of the Emperor Alexander II, father-in-law of the Empress Marie), and Count and Countess Chérémétiew. When the Empress Marie paid her second visit to London she and Queen Alexandra were entertained at dinner, at Coombe, by Lord and Lady Ripon.

English visitors to Petrograd will search in vain for anything approaching our social works of reference—"Burke's Peerage and Baronetage," "Debrett," and the like. There is, it is true, the "Velvet Book" ("Barhatnaïa Kniga"), but it contains the names only of the cream of the Russian nobility, the descendants of Rurik. A previous record, the "Rodostorvnaïa Kniga," was destroyed ("Kniga" means "Prince"). There are two descriptions of nobility—the personal and the hereditary. Every functionary was regarded as more or less "noble" in pre-Revolution times.

An English friend who is now "high up" in the army told me about a great event in his life—his presentation to the Dowager Empress Marie and her consort, Tsar Alexander III. After he had been for a while in the Bengal Lancers he got

"smashed up" at polo, was unable to walk for some time, and spent the period of his enforced absence from duty by learning Russian. When he went up for his "exam." he passed with flying colours, and, as a reward, was sent to Russia for a two years' trip on full pay. At Berlin he was entertained for three days by Count Schouvaloff, then Russian Ambassador to Germany. He went on to what was then St. Petersburg, taking with him a letter of introduction to the diplomatist's brother, the general, who then commanded the Guard Regiment. The general invited the young man to witness a review of that regiment, said he was to appear in uniform, and promised to send him one of his own horses for the occasion.

"I went" (said my friend) "in my Bengal Lancer's uniform, which attracted much attention in the streets. On my arrival among the Staff they marvelled who I might be, but there was no time for explanations, as the review had begun. After the manœuvres, when the Staff were ranging themselves in the rear of the Tsar, previous to the march past, His Majesty caught sight of the strange uniform, and said to General Schouvaloff: 'What officer is that?' 'A foreign officer, Majesty.' 'Oh,' said the Tsar, 'bring him up directly the march past is over.' An aide-de-camp galloped up when the last troops had passed, and told me the Emperor wished to speak to me. I saluted, and the Emperor asked brusquely: 'Who are you, sir? What country do you come from?' I replied that, if he did not object, I should like him to answer the question himself! This seemed to amuse him, for he said: 'I accept your challenge, sir,' and

proceeded to guess, but never correctly. At last he got rather irritable, and said: 'Well, you must be a Serbian.' 'No, sir, I am an Englishman.' 'Well, I have never heard an Englishman speak Russian as you do. You must come to luncheon and be presented to the Empress, and have a chat with me.' General Schouvaloff, who was much surprised at all this, was also invited, and we had a very pleasant time. The Empress was most agreeable. She enjoyed my talking French and German fluently, as well as Russian, and introduced me to the future Tsar. Nicholas was then a boy, and not allowed to associate much with his seniors.

"I was not permitted to leave after luncheon, but was taken by the Tsar to his smoking-room, and afterwards into the gardens and the park. It will be understood that I had a most agreeable time, for His Imperial Majesty became for the nonce simply a private gentleman, desirous of making me enjoy the day, and talking a great deal about his life and the lives of his people. He spoke, among other things, of his danger. 'Daily and hourly,' he said, in a cool, matter-of-fact way, 'I am never safe.' He knew that even his most confidential servants and friends were 'got at'; and he never sat down to a meal without feeling that he was just as likely to be poisoned as not. During all our talk he expressed genuine interest in his people and their welfare, and was very keen about their being better educated, about the country being opened up with foreign capital, and about more freedom being granted. When he talked of himself he became rather melancholy, 'for,' he said, 'my people do not give me credit for thinking about

them and believe me to be in the hands of my Ministers.'

"That evening I had the honour of dining with their Majesties *en famille*, and before leaving the Tsar was pleased to offer me a captaincy in his Guard (I was only a lieutenant in the Bengal Lancers at the time), and to promise that if I accepted I should be a major in a couple of years. It was a very flattering and tempting offer, but my acceptance of it was out of the question, as, in the event of international trouble, I should not have been allowed to retire; so I declined the kindly offer with the best grace I could command on the spur of the moment.

"The Tsar's generosity did not end with his offer to take me into his army. Before I left the Palace His Majesty sent for the Lord Chamberlain, and requested him to bring a special pass 'for the Empire.' This he placed round my neck, and told me it would always free me from any difficulty with officials and secure me from molestation throughout the whole of his realm. And finally the Tsar told the Chamberlain that, if ever I came to St. Petersburg again, with or without my sister, in whom he had taken an interest, we were to be lodged at the Palace and he was to be immediately informed of my, or our, arrival."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

The Kaiser's Mother—King George's Aunt

It was only after the death of the Emperor Frederick that William II began to abandon the attitude of hostility which he had so long displayed to his mother, Queen Victoria's eldest child, King Edward's elder sister. The life of this illustrious woman has been written, and well written, by more than one pen, but the younger readers of these volumes will like to hear something about her, if only because she was the mother of the man who, despite his many protestations of admiration, friendship, even affection, for us has approved himself our bitterest, most uncompromising, and most implacable foe.

In September, 1855, we were at war with Russia. On September 10 Queen Victoria, who was then at Balmoral, received from General Sir James Simpson the fateful telegram, "Sebastopol has fallen!" The fortress had held out gallantly against the Allied Armies, but the day came when the supposed impregnable stronghold fell before the assault of the combined armies. Three weeks later England heard that our Princess Royal was engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, "who," writes

Photo Fritz Leyde & Co., Berlin

THE LATE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS FREDERICK
(THE KAISER'S PARENTS)

Queen Victoria in her "Journal," on September 29, 1855, "had been on a visit to us since the 14th."

He had already spoken to us on the 20th of his wishes (writes Queen Victoria), but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself (now), or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of good luck), which he gave to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Girnock, which led to this happy conclusion.

The Prussian Prince and the English Princess lived a perfectly harmonious life, varied, until many years later, by few of those crosses which mark the histories of the majority of people, whether they be born in or out of the purple.

From the first, although a formidable reaction was to come, the young Princess captured the hearts of the Germans, while it was not long ere she gave unmistakable proofs that she was not only a *femme savante*, but one destined to make her mark in the world's history, and to occupy a place on the very first page of the roll of illustrious women. Her life was much too full a one to permit of my doing anything but sketch it in the merest outline. Art, philosophy, science, and theology—she was a patient and a brilliant student of each and all of them; while it was not less certain that, for a very considerable period previous to her consort's death, she had occupied herself with politics and the art of government to a degree which provoked

the brutal criticism of Bismarck, as well as the disapprobation of her mother-in-law, Queen and Empress Augusta. In every sense of the word the Empress Frederick approved herself a masterful woman—one who would have taken a leading part in swaying the destinies of her adopted country had not her beloved consort been snatched away only three months after the Kaiser's mantle was placed on his shoulders.

There was more in common between the elder Princess, King Edward, and Princess Alice than between any other members of the Royal Family. The younger sister's bent was in the direction of theology, although, like the Empress Frederick, she took an interest in public affairs, and also in science. Strauss dedicated his "Voltaire" to her, and it was while the elder sister was visiting Princess Alice at Darmstadt that she requested that eminent man to put her in communication with some Berlin savant who would instruct her respecting certain portions of the Old Testament upon which she earnestly desired to be enlightened. Wilhelm Vatke had been a fellow-student of Strauss, and it was Vatke whom he recommended to the then Crown Princess of Germany. Strange to say, however, Vatke felt obliged to decline the offer to give the Imperial lady a course of lessons, alleging, as a reason, that he was too old, although we know that it was his shyness and modesty alone which kept him in the background.

When she was quite a young girl Princess Victoria displayed a great penchant for geology, and in conversation with her Sir Charles Lyell found that she was no stranger to recent scientific discoveries.

The Princess had even then read and pondered over Lyell's "Principles of Geology," as well as Darwin's "Origin of Man," and the celebrated geologist had engaged in an animated conversation with the Princess, whom he recognised as "the worthy daughter of her father." "The Princess Royal" (he wrote in a letter to Darwin) "is thoroughly well acquainted with 'the Origin.' She knows intimately, too, Huxley's works. She is strong in archæology, and argues wonderfully in reference to the lake-dwellings of Switzerland. Although she has read your [i.e. Darwin's] book twice, she cannot yet explain either the origin of the world or that of the different species of man, especially the black and white races. Was one derived from the other; or had they both a common origin? The Princess questioned me about my works, and I told her that in the new edition of my 'Geology' I should renounce the idea of the independent creation of each species. She also told me that she agreed with me all the more because, upon the appearance of your book, the old opinions had received a shock from which they would never recover."

It has been said, and I repeat the statement without either guaranteeing or questioning its accuracy, that the Imperial lady's admiration for the English Church and its organisation, and her veneration for the ideas and sayings of Dean Stanley, developed in her a certain antipathy to the Prussian Church, and, generally speaking, to all the other Churches.

There is much I should like to say about the Empress Frederick's deeds of charity in Berlin—much, too, of all she did for the children of the Kaiserstadt, but were I to attempt even the barest

enumeration of her charitable works—the "Friedrichsheim," the Princess's "Volkskindergarten" in the Steinmetzer Strasse, and Fröbel's educational scheme (the Kindergarten)—I should have no space to spare for this glance at other and more domestic parts of Her Imperial Majesty's career.

When "Pussette" (another of the Queen's pet names for her first-born) was married, the Prince Consort wrote to Baron Stockmar: "Even by the humble cottagers her marriage was regarded as if it were their own family affair," and the Queen confirms this view of the alliance where she describes the visits to the old women in the Highlands: "I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. . . . She was quite surprised at 'Vicky's' height; great interest is taken in her." Again: "Old Widow Symons, who is past four score, was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings. To 'Vicky,' when told she was going to be married, she said, 'May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye.' . . . Another old woman had tears in her eyes, and speaking of 'Vicky's' going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry hersel'.'"

"Victoria has the heart of a child with a woman's head," so the Prince Consort wrote to the young bridegroom, and that is an apt summing up of the character of Frederick the Noble's wife. Her self-possession and nerve stood her in good stead on more than one occasion. One day, when she was alone with Princess Alice, the sleeve of the elder sister

caught fire, and at one moment it looked as if almost anything might have happened. Princess Victoria neither shrieked for help nor went into hysterics, but simply said to those who came running into the room, "Don't tell mamma; ask papa to come." Luckily, the flames were speedily extinguished, but the Princess had a very bad arm for a long time.

In 1855, when Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort paid their memorable visit to Paris, at the invitation of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie, the little Princess Victoria and "Bertie," the Duchesse de Mouchy's "charming little man," accompanied them, and witnessed those magnificent *fêtes* which the French Sovereigns gave in honour of their Royal visitors, with whom the Emperor and Empress had been staying at Windsor only a short time previously. The Empress (the Queen tells us) "parted from Vicky very sorrowfully," and gave the child a bracelet of rubies and diamonds, containing a lock of her hair, and from that period dated the attachment of the Empress (now nearly ninety-two) to all the children of the Royal House, from Princess Victoria down to Princess Beatrice and her daughter. The youthful Princess Victoria had been with the Queen and Prince Consort at the opening of the Great Exhibition in 1851, the Prince leading "Vicky" and the Queen taking charge of "Bertie." "Vicky" was phenomenally clever, even as a child, speaking French exceedingly well at the age of *three*, and being able to recite some of the great Lamartine's poetry!

"Dearest little Pussy," as the Queen fondly

called her, was taken by the Prince Consort into the City, in 1849, when "Albert the Good" went thither to open the Coal Exchange. The future King Edward was also of the party, and never forgot being rowed down the Thames in a State barge by twenty-seven oarsmen. The Princess's "governess" was Lady Lyttelton, who for four years had been a Lady in Waiting to the Queen. For eight years Lady Lyttelton had the young Princess under her charge, to the great satisfaction of the Royal pair, who were unfeignedly grieved when she felt constrained to resign her position in the Royal Household. Up to the date above mentioned, the Queen had been able to devote a great deal of her time to the superintendence of her children; by 1844, however, her duties as Head of the State had so increased as to render it impossible for her to be so much with them. "It is very hard," wrote Her Majesty, "that I should be prevented, by my occupations, from being by my child's side when she says her prayers!" (What a lesson for the "smart" mothers of to-day!)

Just ten years before her death the Empress Frederick was betrayed into perpetrating what was cunningly magnified into an indiscretion which became the topic of European discussion.

Since the retirement of Bismarck the relations between France and Germany had improved, and when the President of the Berlin artists invited his Parisian *confrères* to take part in an exhibition in the German capital the French Government lent a willing ear. This reply gave the liveliest satisfaction to the Emperor William II, and at the table of M. Herbette (French Ambassador at Berlin)

he gave free vent to his admiration of French art.

On February 16, 1891, it became known that the Empress Frederick was visiting Paris, ostensibly to order furniture for her *château* at Kronberg, but really in order to clinch the acceptance of the German invitation. The French Ambassador, however, had his doubts as to the wisdom of the journey, and the Emperor hesitated whether to give it his approval. The Empress reached Paris on February 19, and simultaneously there appeared an article in the *Gazette de Nos* rather too frankly avowing that the journey was intended to quench the last embers of the *revanche*. On the following day the *Frankfurter Zeitung* echoed the same idea.

Nothing more was needed to excite the Boulangist Press. Wreaths were deposited on the tomb of Henri Regnault and round the Statue of Strasburg. M. Detaille, who had accepted the invitation to exhibit at Berlin, declared that he had been led into a trap, and withdrew his acceptance, and his withdrawal was followed by that of several other leading artists.

On February 24 the Empress took a walk through St. Cloud, and lunched at Versailles, thus recalling certain incidents of the war. The Boulangists invited Paris to make a demonstration during the return journey of the Empress, in order to vex the Emperor, whose chagrin had been growing with the growth of the reaction in France. On the 26th, in an interview with General Count von Waldersee, he arranged for a mobilisation, and on the following day Baron Marschall had an interview with the French Ambassador which was almost

threatening in tone. M. Herbette kept his head, but telegraphed to Paris that the least untoward incident might precipitate a war. Luckily, the Empress left Paris for England on the 27th. Her attempt at building up a *rapprochement* had produced the most serious tension between the two countries that had been seen since the war of 1870.

The Empress Frederick died of an incurable malady on August 5, 1901, her mother having predeceased her in January. King Edward's first formal visit as Sovereign was to Germany, to attend his sister's funeral.

Some read with amusement, and most with righteous indignation, "The Arrest of an Empress. How the Emperor of Germany first made his mark on European History."* The Emperor Frederick was dying at Friedrichshof when, says the writer, "A. V.," "I was informed one morning that a monsieur was asking for me in a language that none of my staff were able to comprehend." This was a messenger from the Empress Frederick; it appeared that she wished to see the gentleman, who describes himself, in the course of the narrative, as an international spy. The spy disguises himself as a Scotch gardener, and gives out, when he gets to Germany, that he is the successor of Macpherson, who had been the intermediary. He obtains audience of the Empress, who says: "I want your help in a matter of immense, I may say supreme, importance. There is in the castle a certain document whose existence is known only to half a dozen persons, including the Emperor, myself, and our son, the Crown Prince [the present Kaiser]. It is

* *Pearson's Magazine*, 1906.

a State paper, affecting the future of the German Empire—in fact, it relates to the succession to the throne." This document the Emperor Frederick retained in his own keeping, but, continued the Empress, "I am afraid that Bismarck has told Prince Wilhelm that the paper is here, and has advised him to seize it at all costs."

The Empress wishes the document to be taken to England, but "unfortunately all egress from the castle has been stopped for the last few days," and the gardener Macpherson had only succeeded in getting out by "claiming his right as a British subject and threatening to appeal to the Ambassador." The document is contained in a foolscap envelope, sealed. "I want you to convey that to England," the Empress explained, "and place it in the hands of the Keeper of the Archives at Windsor. You will tell him to keep it for me till I come to England."

The spy tells the Empress that there is only one way of getting the document through the cordon. The Empress, attended by the spy, must drive out of the closely guarded gates; then hand the packet to him, and he must trust to his wits for getting across the frontier. The Empress conceals the document "in a secret pocket of her cloak," takes the reins, and, the spy seating himself "in a small dicky behind," drives to a remote gate leading to a country road. The gate was closed and a soldier was doing "sentry go" in front of it. Her Imperial Majesty calls out, "Open! I am the Empress!" The soldier demands the countersign. The spy jumps out of the carriage and indignantly asks for the officer on duty, who presently arrives.

"Be good enough to have the gate opened for me, captain," says the Imperial lady. But the captain will not comply with the request, and asks if he may send one of his men for the countersign. "A dark flush overspread the exalted lady's face as she grasped the meaning of these polite phrases. The wife of Frederick III, the daughter of Queen Victoria, was a prisoner in her own palace. 'In the name of the Emperor, I command you to open that gate!' 'Majesty, I have been ordered in the Emperor's name only to open it after the countersign has been pronounced.' 'I will say nothing more to you, captain," replied the Empress; 'I understand to whom I owe this outrage.'"

The late Emperor Frederick

CHAPTER XIX

THE PRINCE OF WALES

"My David"*

On May 31, 1898, Queen Victoria declared by Letters Patent that the children of the children of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales would henceforth enjoy the title of Royal Highness.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, her heir apparent was her uncle, Ernst, King of Hanover. Three years afterwards the Princess Royal was born, and was heir presumptive to the Crown for about a year, until the birth of an heir apparent, who was created Prince of Wales at the age of twenty-nine days, thrust the infant Princess into the background. The Prince of Wales (Edward VII) received his chief title at an earlier age than any of his sixteen predecessors, except the last (King George IV), who was created Prince of Wales five days after his birth. Of Princes of Wales born in the purple—that is to say, when their parents were on the throne—Arthur, son of Henry VII, was created at the age of three. Henry, son of James I, born when his father was King of Scotland,

* "Have you seen my David?" said the Queen to a lady in France in 1917. "Come here, David." It is the last of his seven Christian names, and the one which they call him in the family circle.

was not created until six years after his father ascended the throne of England. Three years had elapsed after his death when his brother, afterwards Charles I, received the Principality. In later times the eldest son of the King has always been created Prince of Wales as soon as convenient after his birth or the accession of the father. Two sons were born as heirs to the throne to Henry VIII, and one to Charles I, but they died in early infancy. Of the heirs who lived, Henry VI, Edward VI, and the Old Pretender, son of James II, were not created Princes of Wales.

The eldest son of a King of England is born Duke of Cornwall, and, since the accession in this country of James I, inherits certain Scottish titles at his birth. This was quaintly illustrated in the patent by which Queen Victoria created her son (then nameless, because he had not been christened) Prince of Wales on December 8, 1841. Her Majesty first greeted all Archbishops, Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Baronets, Knights, Justices, Provosts, Ministers, and all other faithful subjects. She went on to say that she had made and created "our most dear son, the Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland (Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland), Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester; and to the same our most dear son, the Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, have given and granted the name, style, title, dignity and honour of the same Principality and Earldom; and him, our said most dear son, the Prince of the United Kingdom

of Great Britain and Ireland, as has been accustomed, we do ennoble and invest with the said Principality and Earldom by girding him with a sword, by putting a coronet on his head and a gold ring on his finger, and also by delivering a gold rod into his hand, that he may preside there, and may direct and defend those parts, to hold to him and his heirs, Kings of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for ever.—By the QUEEN herself.—EDMUNDS."

Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, PRINCE OF WALES, was born at White Lodge, Richmond, on June 23, 1894, and was baptized there on the 16th of the following month.

His Royal Highness is—

Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester in the peerage of the United Kingdom.

Duke of Cornwall in the peerage of England.

Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, and Baron of Renfrew in the peerage of Scotland.

Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland.

Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, K.G., M.C.

He was educated first at Osborne and two years later at Dartmouth. A right gallant little figure did Prince Edward present in his natty uniform when, one day in May, 1907, accompanied by his father, he reached the Royal Naval College at Osborne, the first of the "new boys" to report himself. He was then twelve and a half. First came the roll-call, a formality which was gone through in the gymnasium. Prince Edward was necessarily last on the list of names, for he was "W.," his boxes being lettered "E. of W.," as,

aforetime, those of his father were inscribed "G. of W.," in the joyous days of the *Britannia*.

After the roll had been called, and duly responded to, came the formation of classes; and our Royal Cadet found himself in a class with the son of the head master of the College (Captain Sinclair) and Admiral Curzon Howe's son. Before being admitted into the Royal Naval College "E. of W." had a sufficiently arduous "exam." to pass. He had been most assiduously trained for this ordeal, and got through with flying colours; this was to be expected, for he was studiously inclined, persevering, patient, quick to learn, and industrious; moreover, he took the liveliest interest in the tasks set him.

"Edward of Wales" began his new life at a quarter to seven, when he leapt out of his bunk as the gong pealed and took his cold tub. In the engineering shops at Kingston he was initiated in the mysteries of the woodwork shop. He was one of four hundred at dinner, and went with No. 4 party to look at the Fleet off the Spit. A two hours' cruise in H.M.S. *Eclipse* gave the boys a famous appetite for tea. Sunday saw him at service in Nelson Hall; and dinner was made appetising by the roast fowls provided on that day only. Needless to say that, like the other cadets, "E. of W." had to "rub for himself." One servant looked after him and eleven others. "Share and share alike" is the wholesome rule. He soon knew how to run up and down "Jacob's Ladder"; and it was brought home to him that two white dress shirts per week, and no more, whether for Prince or pleb., was the allowance at the Royal Naval College.

He was now Cadet Edward of Wales. Two years later he went through another naval course of instruction at Dartmouth; then, in 1911, he entered the Royal Navy as a "middy" for a three months' cruise on board the battleship *Hindustan*, and during the same year was invested as Prince of Wales at Carmarthen Castle, having in the previous year become an undergraduate at Magdalen College, Oxford. His three months as a midshipman was thus summed up by Captain Campbell, of the *Hindustan*: "The Prince has throughout the whole period of his training been an extremely hard worker and has struck all those about him, high and low, as what we call 'a live thing.'"

On June 11, 1911, Prince Edward was installed at Windsor as a Knight of the Order of the Garter; eleven days later he was present at the Coronation of the King and Queen; and on July 13, in Carnarvon Castle, he was invested as Prince of Wales by King George.

The Prince's eighteenth birthday fell on a Sunday, and he spent it at Windsor with the Royal Family, coming from Paris for the occasion. He had then been in France since April 1, 1912, "improving his French," as the guest of the (late) Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, with Mr. Hansell and M. Escoffier as his tutors. For birthday presents he received from the King a commission in the Army and a lieutenancy in the Navy, in accordance with the rule that the Heir to the Throne should belong to both the Services.

Sunday, June 23, 1912, was, as noted, the Prince's eighteenth birthday, when he attained his majority. But, said the *Times*, in point of fact he did and

he did not "come of age" on that day. "The occasion has been well described as 'a contingent coming of age'; for the words are only applicable to the Prince as Heir to the Throne, while they are not applicable to him in his private capacity. From and after the completion of his, or her, eighteenth year the Heir is qualified to succeed to the full possession of the Throne on the occurrence of a vacancy, as was actually the case of the Princess Victoria, who became Queen less than a month after her eighteenth birthday. . . .

It is not easy to forecast the development of a character at eighteen, especially when the person concerned is, as everybody declares the Prince to be, young for his age. But all the omens seem favourable, all the indications full of promise. The Prince is beloved in his home, is regarded with affection by his tutors and dependents, and is liked by those who have been his companions. Intellectually, he is a good linguist, and has worked and is working well at history, a study of the first importance for modern Princes and Kings. On the moral side there is plenty of evidence that he takes his duties seriously, that he has a sincere feeling about religion, and that in the every-day relations of life he is kindly, careful, and considerate. His development, under the stimulus of the new interests with which he has been lately brought in contact in France, is said to have been already considerable; and doubtless when he enters upon the enviable career of an Oxford undergraduate next October it will be more considerable still.

"The King's birthday present could scarcely be bettered—a commission in the Army and a lieutenancy in the Navy—according to a sound tradition which prescribes that the heir to the Throne should belong to both the Services."

Indeed the upbringing of the young Prince of Wales has been a model of careful regulation and provident foresight. Like his father, his early training was in the Navy—perhaps the best discipline of all for a scion of a Royal house; while,

like his grandfather, he has made an early acquaintance with a foreign country closely allied with ourselves in popular sympathy and in political ideals. Hereafter he is to pass some time in the University of Oxford, in that College of Magdalen where another gallant young Prince of England, Prince Rupert, showed his prowess in the fields of war—fields curiously alien from that province of intellectual development which we usually associate with academic existence. Throughout the past eighteen years those who have been responsible for the education of the Heir Apparent have carefully set before themselves the enormous gravity of their task, and fully realised the depth and extent of their responsibilities. A young man who is born in the Royal purple, and who is destined to the blaze and glory of a great future, must so accept discipline in his youth that he may be enabled to understand not only the large currents of thought and action in his time, but in especial the nature and character of that Constitutional Monarchy to which he will have to take the Oath of Allegiance. He must comprehend what the interests of his kingdom require; he must learn the position which Great Britain holds in Europe; he must understand enough of history to be aware of the kind of monarchical rule which he has inherited; and, above all, he must be able to envisage clearly in his mind the relation in which Great Britain stands to the great empires and kingdoms of the world, and to her own sister dominions, West, and East, and South.*

The coming of age birthday was not "celebrated" in London in the usual sense of the word. Flags were "up," but that was all. The Lord Mayor received this message:

"The Queen and I thank you, my Lord Mayor and citizens of London, for your kind congratulations upon the coming of age of our dear son, who will be proud to feel that he is in the thoughts of the capital of the Empire to-day. I rejoice that he is serving with my brave Army at the front.

GEORGE, R.I."

* *Daily Telegraph*, June 22, 1912.

The Chester Town Council sent the following telegram to the Prince :

We rejoice in the noble example you have set to the nation, and pray that no harm may befall you, and that you may soon return with the victorious British forces, when we may be privileged to welcome you in the capital of your earldom.

On the eve of his twenty-first birthday in 1915 this notice was issued : " The Prince of Wales being at the front, wishes that all congratulations should be postponed until the conclusion of the war."

Of the Prince's Oxford life a Don gave us these examples in the *Isis*, an Oxford University journal (May 21, 1914) :

After a period of preparation for Oxford, he passed four months in France. Later on, during his first year at Oxford, he spent some months in Germany, and so was able to follow more or less the same course that had been devised for him in France. It is known that it was some time before he settled down into the landsman's life, nor does Oxford think any the less of him for his loyalty to the sea. Here we all know the sort of life he leads. He has followed a special course of studies in history and modern languages. He has entered heartily into the corporate life of his college and the usual athletic amusements of the undergraduates. He is a familiar figure at the meets in the Oxford countryside and on the polo field. He has marched, fought, and camped with the Officers' Training Corps. He has mixed with men who will probably help him in time to come to guide the future of the State, or serve with him in the Army and other Services. Oxford will lose him with genuine regret, and with a keen remembrance of his strenuous life and modest bearing, but she will send him forth to his new tasks in the larger world with loyalty and confidence.

Of the Heir Apparent's career at Oxford we have this authoritative and delightful study from the pen of Sir Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen, the Prince's college :

Those who knew him well, who remember his advent and saw him often throughout his course, will agree that few

undergraduates, taking things all round, could have got more, if so much, out of two fast-fleeting years. The Prince arrived, at a little over eighteen, well forward in the studies and training of the Navy—moral, physical, and intellectual—but naturally somewhat newer to, and less directly prepared for, university life and studies than the Public School boy.

He played football, lawn tennis, golf, tennis, and squash rackets; he motored; he ran with the college boats, he ran a great deal with the beagles, he shot at various country houses round Oxford; he rode, for exercise, and to hounds. He was withal a punctual and diligent member in the ranks of the O.T.C. He drilled, he marched, he went into camp like any other private.

As to his set studies, his time was short. It was not clear at the first that he would have the second year; the career for which he was to prepare was a unique one. Strict educational "economy" had to be practised. French, German, and English, especially the command of literary expression in his own language, were necessary for him. History, political economy, political science, and constitutional law were desirable.

For this last study he was singularly fortunate in having at hand one of the first living authorities, and perhaps the first living teacher, in the late Sir William Anson. Young himself in mind and body to the last, a country gentleman and sportsman, as well as a great jurist and publicist, and singularly happy in his relations with undergraduates, Sir William Anson at once put the Prince at his ease, and there sprang up between them a friendship which grew and strengthened every term.

Together, beginning with the British system, they went through the Constitutions of the world, if not from China to Peru, yet literally from Switzerland to Japan, the Prince reading and writing and taking notes, Sir William talking and expounding. His "hour with the Warden" was a pleasure to which he looked forward every week.

More and more as time went on he found that he preferred the Oxford system of private and individual tuition in which the pupil writes or prepares work and his work is criticised, and he is "catechised" orally by his tutor, to the system of the larger general lectures. He found that he learned more, and more quickly, under the first method, and, indeed, that is the usual experience of Oxford students, and is the *raison d'être* of the "Tutorial Classes" which have recently been added

with such remarkable effect to the old extension lectures for working men.

It is interesting to notice how his command of all three languages proceeded together, and how he acquired a sense of literary style, as regards both arrangement and form, in both English and French, at much the same rate. His essays, which at first were conscientious reproductions and compilations, became more and more his own, both in thought and expression. In the end, though not yet twenty and only at the age when many sixth-form boys are just beginning Oxford, he acquired a considerable mastery. Gifted with a good verbal memory, a freshness of view, and decided independence of character, his essays, if not exactly literary, became more and more interesting, and again and again were striking and eloquent if only in their genuine sincerity and simple honesty.

Bookish he will never be; not a "Beauclerk," still less a "British Solomon." Kings, perhaps fortunately, seldom are this last. That is not to be desired, but the Prince of Wales will not want for power of ready and forcible presentation, either in speech or writing. And all the time he was learning more and more every day of men, gauging character, watching its play, getting to know what Englishmen are like, both individually and still more in the mass.

If the rôle of Princes in a constitutional country is to guide rather than to dominate, to persuade rather than to compel, to influence by the attraction of character and personality, and the example of the chivalry of modern days, and of duty, steadfastly and eagerly if unostentatiously pursued, he stands on the threshold of life to-day wanting neither in natural gifts nor in such preparation in its more modern form as it has been the privilege of England's ancient and historic schools and seminaries of "true religion and useful learning" from age to age to confer upon each succeeding generation of her sons.*

The Prince has always been interested in famous men—men who have "done something." From his early boyhood, Lord Roberts has been one of his heroes. He shares the King's partiality for scientists and inventors, and wireless telegraphy has fascinated him from the time when Mr. Marconi exhibited his system before King Edward on the Royal yacht at Cowes. When he was nine years old, the Prince heard King Edward

* The *Times*, November, 1914.

mention Mr. Roosevelt. He said: "Mr. Roosevelt is a very good man, isn't he?" The King said: "President Roosevelt is a very clever man."

Just then the Prince was looking through an album at Buckingham Palace which contained the living rulers of the day. On the following day he said to the King: "I have changed Mr. Roosevelt's portrait from the album of rulers to the album where the clever men are!" King Edward laughed at the "distinction with a difference," but told his grandson to replace Mr. Roosevelt among the rulers.

The Prince has always been fond of natural history, and enjoys lectures by experts like Richard Kearton and Frank T. Bullen. He used to be very fond of mechanics, and at Sandringham there was a model railway which occupied him by the hour. He likes to know "how things work," and lately has taken up motoring with enthusiasm, driving his own car in the country.*

In May, 1913, the Prince became an honorary member of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. King George used to play a little before his accession, but his life soon became too full, even in peace times, to allow of his taking to a game which never had much attraction for him. But the Prince of Wales, says that gifted writer, Mr. Henry Leach, is a keen golfer:

At Newquay, Brancaster, Oxford, and other places he has played the game whole-heartedly, and even when he was in Paris he took his clubs with him and went out to La Boulie, by Versailles, for the game whenever he could. So we may say that the Prince is a golfer, and it is excellent, then, that he should become a member of the great institution that is at the head of the game. By so doing he renews an intimate association between our royal house and our royal game that has hardly been so close in recent years as it once was. To no other sport except horse-racing have kings and princes of England shown so much favour as to golf, and it is not without very good reason that it has earned for itself the description of being the royal and ancient game.

On the day after his nineteenth birthday (1913)

* *Daily Mail Year Book*, 1914.

the Prince, on behalf of the King, received President Poincaré on his arrival at Portsmouth in the Admiralty yacht *Fire Queen*. Since his "schooling" in Paris the year before the Heir Apparent had become proficient in conversational French, and was duly complimented by the President, who kept his young friend in full talk until they reached Victoria Station, where the King was waiting to welcome his guest. As the President alighted he was, or appeared to be, slightly nervous, but the King's manner was so hearty that M. Poincaré's set features relaxed and he was smiling "all over his face." The contrast between the lithe, agile Sovereign and the rotund President was great. That King Edward's gracefulness and graciousness have descended in large measure to his son did not pass unnoticed or uncommented upon by the distinguished personages who had gathered to greet the Chief Magistrate of the French Republic—the then Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith), Sir Edward (now Earl) Grey, the Lord French of to-day, Prince Louis of Battenberg (then First Lord), and Sir Francis (now Lord) Bertie among them.

The King took his guest to St. James's Palace (his home during the visit) by way of Grosvenor Place, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street, lined throughout by Foot Guards and fringed by spectators. Like his predecessor, M. Loubet, M. Poincaré was entertained the same evening at a banquet at Buckingham Palace, the ball supper-room being arranged to seat 130 diners. At one of the fourteen tables—an oblong one in the middle of the room—sat the King, the Queen, the President, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family,

and the Ambassadors and Ministers of Legation—the latter *au complet.*

The two next days were full ones for the President, who lunched at the Guildhall, received the Diplomatic Body at St. James's Palace, visited three French institutions, received addresses, visited several members of the Royal Family, was shown Windsor, lunched by the French colony, taken to Olympia, and entertained at banquets at the French Embassy (the King and Queen being present) and the Foreign Office. There was a State ball at Buckingham Palace in his honour, and with this the festal programme ended. On the fourth day, at 10 a.m., the President left for Dover, and reached Paris in time for dinner.

The officers of the King's yachts, at their annual dinner at the Hôtel Métropole, on June 10, 1914, had as their guest the Prince of Wales, whose first appearance it was at a gathering of this kind. At the dinner referred to, when the Prince represented his father, the menu was of that refined and appetising description which experience of the Métropole led one to expect. The wines, besides the dry sherry, pontet-canet, included three varieties of champagne—Moët and Chandon, Dry Imperial 1906, and Duminy, extra quality, in magnums, all three distinctly good. I recall a dinner in the same beautiful room at which the Prince's grandfather presided, with the result that £6000 was subscribed on the spot for the Middlesex Hospital, the institution for which Queen Mary's philanthropic brother, the late Prince Francis of Teck, did such good service, while another brother has been equally energetic in the same direction. At the

King Edward dinner (which Lord Sandhurst will remember) I was the guest of an eminent medico, the late Mr. T. W. Nunn, whom all old "Middlesex" men will gratefully remember. By chance I was placed immediately in front of the then Prince of Wales, and before selecting my champagne I furtively glanced over the way to see the particular "fizz" which the illustrious personage was favouring; it was Duminy.

I suppose it is a sort of coincidence that the menu placed before the Heir Apparent of to-day on his first appearance at a dinner-table as the representative of his father should have contained the same wine as that which I had seen his grandfather enjoy in the same room at the same hotel. I believe the young Prince prefers barley-water to the juice of the grape, while his father is known to have been always what he is now, one of the most abstemious of men—in fact, for two years a *total* abstainer, *pour encourager les autres*. King Edward, as we all know, was what the French call a *fine gueule*, an epicure; and many will recall what he said at a picnic at Cannes in praise of the generous wines of France. But he was abstemious, in the generally accepted sense of the word, as regards both drinking and eating. It would be untrue to say that he did not enjoy good cheer when it was put before him, as it always was. His son has always had a positive distaste for "drinks," spirituous and vinous.

The Prince of Wales performed his first public duty on June 13, 1914 (less than two months before the war), when he laid the foundation-stone of St. Anselm's Church, Kennington Cross—intended

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales
(In France, *en route* to Paris
to reside with the late Marquis
de Breteuil)

for the use of those living on the Duchy of Cornwall estate in that part of London. After the religious ceremony Dr. Burge, Bishop of Southwark, presented an address on behalf of the diocese to the Prince, who replied as follows:

My Lord Bishop,—I have to thank you very heartily for the kind welcome which you have given me in the name of your diocese. It has long been my wish to visit South London, and it is a real pleasure to me that my first public duty should be on behalf of the Church. It was here that the first Duke of Cornwall, Edward the Black Prince, had his palace, and according to one of the old writers it was almost on this very spot that he died. This site, therefore, is of no ordinary interest, and it is of happy significance that a great church should rise where five centuries and a half ago there dwelt a Prince who was noted for his piety. It was to God that he first gave the praise for his victories, and even his coins were inscribed with the words taken from his favourite psalm, *Auxilium Meum a Domino*—My help cometh even from the Lord.

I have listened with pleasure to your graceful reference to the visits to this neighbourhood of my father and grandfather, who always took a deep interest in the Duchy estate. To my dear father, who in the midst of innumerable other duties has given much time and anxious thought to the problems and perplexities which must always attend the work of rebuilding an estate, I can never be sufficiently grateful, but I shall hope to show my gratitude by endeavouring to walk worthily in his

footsteps. At present I cannot pretend to much knowledge of the difficulties which beset the housing reformer, but by studying the comfort and happiness of my tenants I hope to gain experience. I pray that it may please God to pour His blessings on all who shall worship in this place, and to prosper the work of those who now, or hereafter, may be called upon to minister in this parish.

A feature of the day was the singing by some 2000 children of "God Bless the Prince of Wales," which probably few of those present had ever heard. It was composed by Mr. Brinley Richards in honour of the Prince's grandfather, and is referred to in another part of this volume.

The Prince is Interviewed

In permitting his son to open his heart, the King showed himself as consummate a diplomatist as was his revered father. With remarkable prescience, King George foresaw the delight with which all France would receive the self-revelations, the innermost thoughts and opinions—yes, opinions—of the future Sovereign, who at the time of the publication of the "interview" was only three months over eighteen. The French people generally, and not merely the "elevated classes" (anglice, "society"), recognised in this charming act a compliment of the most delicate kind, in full accord with their subtle temperament.

To the general reader M. de Fouquières' article, "Prince Charmant," probably appeared an ordinary magazine contribution. Those engaged in journalism and book-writing took a very different view of it. They know that it would have been impossible for an "interview" with the Heir Apparent to have appeared at first hand in any English periodical;

yet it had no sooner been published in a Paris magazine than long extracts from it were given in our papers. To me—and doubtless to many other writers—this seems inconsistent. No English writer—not even the most influential—would have ventured to approach Lord Knollys, or his successor in the Private Secretaryship, with a request that he might have a conversation with the young Prince, question him on every conceivable subject, and publish a full record of his answers in one of our periodicals.

The liberation of his soul by any boy of eighteen makes precious reading, but when the Heir Apparent to the throne of an Empire acquaints his future subjects with his inmost thoughts we cannot do less than record them on the historic page. Never did King Edward or King George make, or dream of making, such self-revelations as those which streamed from the lips of the future Edward the Eighth in the valley of the Chevreuse. We live in a prosaic age: sentiment is banned as being "Victorian," or, worse, "Early Victorian." "When we talk about the swallows," wrote Sully Prudhomme, in one of his poems, "they laugh at us. The worship of the rose is so antiquated that it has perished." Similarly, there may be people so modern, so practical, that they will smile at some of the ingenuous sayings of the Prince who is so proud, as he tells us, of being "an Oxonian." But his words will sink deep into the hearts of the million, for they are redolent of the perfume of a pure young soul.

This episode in the Prince's career is so fascinating that I must tell it to English as it was told to French

readers by the highly privileged writer in *Je Sais Tout*, the most beautifully illustrated of foreign periodicals.* I must premise by stating that I have translated the portions of the original "interview" which had not appeared in English.

When the Heir Apparent was improving his French as the guest in Paris of that charming couple the (late) Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, the Duc de Luynes (the Royalist Duc d'Orléans' right-hand man) gave a *fête* in his honour at the famous *château* of Dampierre, where Queen Mary and her mother were entertained once upon a time.

The King's desire was naturally that his son's stay in France should be private throughout. Thus it was as the Earl of Chester that the Prince was received by the Marquis de Breteuil, that intimate and valued friend of King Edward, and of King George and the Queen. From the day of his arrival in Paris (in the spring of 1912) there was, M. de Fouquières tells us, in the *salons de la plus haute aristocratie*, a feverish desire to entertain the Prince at lunch or dinner. Everybody recalled the many friendships made by King Edward in Paris; consequently the disappointment was intense when it became known that, by his father's instructions, the Earl of Chester could not escape from the tutelage of the Marquis de Breteuil, and that the two would go nowhere except upon excursions about the country *en auto*.

One exception was made to this rule, and that enabled M. de Fouquières, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Europe, plus the United States, to be present at

* This luxurious magazine is issued by the celebrated house of Pierre Lafitte et Cie., Paris.

a conversation between the Heir Apparent and the Marquis de Breteuil, " in which," says the gifted narrator modestly, " I took part." He has reported the conversation as accurately as possible—" an easy and agreeable task, for every word uttered by the Prince is engraved in my memory as evidence of a refined intelligence and an exquisite elegance."

Taking advantage of the sojourn of the Prince at the Marquis's country house, the Duc de Luynes, whose *château* of Dampierre is near by, obtained the King's permission for the Prince to spend a day with him. The ducal *château* is an architectural marvel, a *chef-d'œuvre* of Hardouin-Mansard, situated in one of the most picturesque parts of the Ile-de-France, the valley of Chevreuse. The *château* was restored in 1840 by Duc Honoré de Luynes, who filled it with *objets d'art*, including a silver statue of Louis XIII by Rude. The present Duc de Luynes is *grand-maître* of the household of the Duc d'Orléans, who sold his estate in Worcestershire in 1913 and took up his residence near Brussels; so that until the German invasion in 1914 Belgium sheltered both the Pretenders to the French throne. The Duc de Luynes, who was frequently seen at Wood Norton, continues the traditions of his family by making a museum of his seigneurial home.

This *fête* in honour of our future King took place on July 10, 1912. A dinner for seventy-four was given in the great gallery on the first floor of the house, amidst tapestries and old armour. Five tables were laid. At the most important one—that in the centre—were seated none but young people. It was presided over by the Prince of Wales, opposite whom was the eldest son of the host.

On the Prince's right sat Mlle. de Luynes, whose grace and elegance are "consecrated" in Paris. The other guests were the friends, of both sexes, of the families of the host and the Marquis de Breteuil, those who were known to the Prince and had been the companions of his pursuits and his pleasures. When, after dinner, glasses were raised to the "Earl of Chester," several of the young people, despite his semi-incognito, saluted him as Prince of Wales, and the Prince addressed his *vis-à-vis* for the first time by the title which properly belongs to the eldest son of the Des Luynes, Duc de Chevreuse. At nightfall there was a general move towards the lake; here there was a display of fireworks in honour of the Royal guest, who then preferred pyrotechnics to concerts and dances.

"It was at this moment," said the recorder of this event, "that, seeing me talking to the Marquis, the Prince came up, and there ensued this informal conversation, the charm of which I cannot render; the atmosphere, the weather, and the exquisite beauty of the night combined to make it unforgettable. Very fair, quite calm, somewhat distant in his manner, yet very affable, the Prince willingly answered my questions and those of the Marquis; and when he had overcome his first timidity, and his nervousness at unveiling his thoughts to a stranger, he spoke with the ease and facility of a native of France—I should say of a Parisian of Paris." M. de Fouquières, observing that the Prince was not joining in the dance on the lawn, began to question him. The Prince's answers were delightfully frank. He cast aside all reserve

and spoke as he thought. I envied the distinguished interviewer his fortunate lot.

The Prince admitted that he was not overfond of dancing. "I like what we in England call the 'simple life.' My tastes are those of—how do you say it?—a gentleman farmer. I like every kind of sport. We all love the Navy in England. For me it is a religion." He spoke enthusiastically of the French Navy. Presently his tutor, Mr. Hansell, came up and asked the Prince if he would not put on an overcoat, as it was chilly. "No. I am not a child. I am an Oxonian. . . . I am going to Magdalen; the divine tower of Magdalen, as your Paul Bourget calls it. . . . It will be a proud day for me when I leave Oxford and take service in a regiment."

He expressed his gratitude for the manner in which the French had treated him. "They have looked upon me a little bit as though I were a King. It was jolly, I tell you. It has taught me to take stock of myself. I'll just tell you where I have felt this most of all. One day they took me to a little theatre in Montmartre, the Grand Guignol. At the moment I was leaving, the pianist played 'God save the King.' It is nothing, that, and it is much. There were several English people in the theatre; among others, a friend of Mr. Hansell, a teacher at a Yorkshire grammar school. I heard him saying to a boy who was with him: 'Look! There is my Prince.' These are all little things, but for us children of Kings they are sweet luxuries."

The Prince spoke of the excursions he had made. "At Saint Denis for some moments I ceased to be an Englishman. My heart beat in French before

the tombs of great Kings. Do I *like* cathedrals? I have studied them all, and compared the French ones with ours."

M. de Fouquières congratulated the Prince on his French. "It is my teacher, M. Escoffier, whom you must compliment," he answered. "Then think how I am obliged to speak French! At the house of the Marquis de Breteuil I never heard one word of English. All the same, the Marquise is English. . . . By nature I am decidedly timid. I do not like expressing my ideas. Often I remain retired within myself. I lack the assurance—that is a fact—to begin a conversation, especially with people whom I know slightly; but when I speak French I lose a great part of my timidity and recover my assurance. Yes, I am as fond of French as my grandfather was. Oh, indeed, he loved France well. Wait a minute, and I will prove to you how much he had your beloved France at heart. I was very young at the time, but what I am going to tell you is fixed in my memory. We were at Windsor Castle, where we had gone for one of those ceremonies of which there are so many in our country of traditions. Some strangers who were visiting the Castle while we were roaming about passed close to us. They were French. Very simply, and apparently not thinking of what he was doing, my grandfather began humming in a low tone the 'Marseillaise.' The French visitors turned round and uncovered. Had they recognised the King? I think not; but he looked so happy at what he had done that unconsciously there came to me, and developed, a very great and real love for your country, your dear country."

"King Edward often spoke French to you?"

"Oh, very often. He never concealed his predilection for your language. He made us express ourselves in French. He was amused by the barbarisms which we committed, and corrected us, and was delighted with the progress which we made. It was not only Paris that he loved, as many have thought and repeated; it was all that constitutes France, and he certainly spoke the language with extraordinary purity. At Creusot, whither I went in the course of my trip to the South, the director of the works (M. Schneider), who knew my grandfather, confirmed what I have just told you, and related some most amusing stories. My grandfather had an *esprit* so Parisian."

"Can you not tell me some of the stories, Monseigneur?"

A delicately ironical smile appeared on the Prince's lips. "That would be a serious matter! Would it not be telling State secrets?"

The wind now rose suddenly, and made everybody shiver. The Marquis de Breteuil, who had taken off his silk hat, put it on. "*Voilà*," said the Prince, "a *coiffure* which I have always worn, and that the Eton boys want to give up."

"Give up the tall hat! That would be a real revolution for the English schoolboys."

"It will happen, however," he added, "and you are right in saying that it is a serious matter. In England we attach so much importance to the *tenue* and to the thousand outward manifestations of life."

"I really did not know how to thank the Prince sufficiently for the grace and simplicity with

which he had given us his impressions of France," said M. de Fouquières. "I was confused by this excess of honour, and tried to find a phrase which would convey my thanks and my admiration for one so worthy of the throne which awaits him."

The Marquis's car came up, and the guests rushed forward to present their farewell homage to the Prince. As the chronicler bowed to him the Prince said:

"Yes, we are the traditionalists, for small as well as for great things. But do not deceive yourselves, you also in France have similar feelings, only you do not like to avow them. Violent outside circumstances are necessary to bring them into the light of day. Your cathedrals, your army, your chivalrous *esprit*—your 'painted plates,' as Maurice Donnay says—how, at bottom, you are attached to them, how you cherish them! I have seen it in my auto tours through the provinces; I saw it at Longchamp, at the review on the 14th of July, where I mingled with the thousands of Parisians who cheered the French army and France; and I see it to-day at this beautiful and charming *fête*. See here—France is everybody's second country; and now that I know the way to it I hope to return often, and for long."

"An heir to the Throne has flatterers, adventurers, who hang about him—ambitious men, who use him, but friendship is denied him." And Thackeray, who spoke those words when he lectured in America and in England on "The Four Georges,"

preceded them with the assertion: "What matter what friends he had? He never *could* have had *real* friends." The "he" in question was, of course, the Prince who became King George IV, whose name is still to be seen on gaudy signs bedecking public houses, an honour also conferred upon King William IV. Thackeray had such a hold upon people that doubtless most of his readers agreed with him in his diatribe on the Royal quartet. But what I should like to know is the opinion, if any, he formed of the first of the three Heirs Apparent whom *we* have known. On that point I plead ignorance. But what I do know is that one of his "Roundabout Papers," which he wrote for the "Cornhill" Magazine, which still flourishes (with Mr. John Murray as its publisher), contained a charming account of the triumphal passage through London of the Prince of Wales and his bride-elect in the teeth of a March wind in the memorable year 1863. "Thack" as reporter—is it not delightful?

Thackeray's Heir to the Throne may not, "never *could*, have had *real* friends," but two of the Heirs Apparent whom we have been privileged to see a great deal of had troops of staunch friends, both before and after they came into their inheritance; while as to the third, who has "dined out" and made speeches, and been at the front since 1914—are not the hands of a nation stretched out to grasp those of the no longer "little" Prince? His tender, wistful look must alone endear him to us—has, in fact, already made him the object of our sympathy. In his eyes there is an expression which reminds some few of us of another *petit Prince* whose name is now only a fragrant memory. And

what Cardinal Manning, in one of the most beautiful addresses ever delivered, said of the one-time Hope of France, might with equal truth be said of the Hope of England, the cherished son of King George and Queen Mary.

In the third week of March, 1913, the Prince left England to pay visits in Germany and to study the language, attended by the late Major the Hon. William Cadogan and Professor Fiedler, of Oxford University.

At the end of August the Prince was at Berlin. On Sunday evening, the 31st (so Reuter reported), the Kaiser and the Prince attended a performance of *Aïda* at the Opera House. The British Ambassador (Sir Edward Goschen) and the Prince's suite were also present. As I read the telegram my thoughts went back to a January evening, also a Sunday, at the Opera House at what we now call Petrograd. Another Prince of Wales was then among the audience, and *that* cannot be forgotten in 1917 by Lord Knollys, the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Duchess of Edinburgh), Mme. Adelina Patti, and, I think, Mr. Le Sage (then, as now, of the *Daily Telegraph*). In that great theatre also were the Tsar (Alexander II), the Tsarevitch (afterwards Alexander III) and his consort (whom we have known and cherished so long as the Dowager Empress Marie), and all the Grand Dukes, Grand Duchesses, and the members of the Imperial Court *au complet*; to say nothing of a legion of foreign Princes and Princesses, headed by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, to whom had been born just five years earlier a son —since 1888 Kaiser William II.

The Prince of Wales referred to was, needless to say, our unforgettable King Edward VII. On the day after the representation of *Aïda* the London papers published the fell announcement that the Prince of Wales had attended the performance at the Opera "this evening" (Sunday). Sunday! The Queen was furious. On the following Sabbath, in churches and chapels, preachers improved the occasion, and some of the papers launched thunderbolts. . . . These things are fresh in my mind after forty-three years, many more than forty-three, for we have all lived a lifetime since 1914.

The Heir Apparent saw a great deal of Germany in 1913—Munich, Dresden, and many other places, including Neu Strelitz and its Grand Ducal Court. His impressions of that *Wanderjahr*, were he permitted to confide them to, say, M. de Fouquières, would make as good reading as some of Mr. Gerard's confidences; but we are not likely to see them yet a while, if ever—not even, to employ the stereotyped formula, "after the war." When he talked unreservedly on the greensward in the Chevreuse valley he was an irresponsible Boy—in 1917 he is a responsible Man, straining every nerve, like five million others, to win the war. That makes all the difference.

On August 6, 1914, a National Relief Fund was initiated by the Prince of Wales, who issued this appeal:

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

All must realise that the present time of deep anxiety will be followed by one of considerable distress among the people of this country least able to bear it.

We most earnestly pray that their sufferings may be neither

long nor bitter. But we cannot wait until the need presses heavily upon us.

The means of relief must be ready in our hands. To allay anxiety will go some way to stay distress.

A National Fund has been founded, and I am proud to act as its treasurer. My first duty is to ask for generous and ready support, and I know that I shall not ask in vain.

At such a moment we all stand by one another, and it is to the heart of the British people that I confidently make this most earnest appeal.

EDWARD P.

It was notified that cheques were to be made payable to the Prince and all subscriptions addressed to him personally at Buckingham Palace. His Royal Highness acknowledged all contributions by a special receipt.

Simultaneously the Queen made this appeal :

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

A National Fund has been inaugurated by my dear son for the relief of the inevitable distress which must be bravely dealt with in the coming days.

To this end I appeal to the women of our country, who are ever ready to help those in need, to give their services and assist in the local administration of the fund.

MARY R.

The words of Queen Mary and her son touched all hearts. In less than four months over £1,500,000 was subscribed, and by October, 1917, the fund had exceeded £6,000,000 !

When the Prince of Wales left for the front in 1914, the managers of some of the "variety" theatres marked the event by including in their musical programme "God Bless the Prince of Wales," a melody which many among the audiences probably heard for the first time. The suggestion

then made that the song should be included in the repertory of our military bands has been adopted to a certain extent, and the stirring strains of the late Henry Brinley Richards' once-famous song were heard a few months later as a detachment of a Cadet Corps ("Queen Mary's") marched along Piccadilly. It is a spirited air, makes a highly enlivening march, and might be more generally played by regimental bands than it is. Brinley Richards' national song was first issued in 1862, the year before the then Heir Apparent wedded the "Rose of Denmark."

A kindred melody, never now heard in public, and perhaps quite unknown to the great majority of people, is "God *Save* the Prince of Wales," which was originally published during the severe and almost fatal illness of the Prince towards the end of 1871. The words were by Mrs. Abingdon Compton, who adopted the *nom de plume* of "Louisa Gray," one of several of our Red Cross ladies who tended both French and German wounded in the great war of 1870. The poetess, who died some three or four years ago, was decorated for her services by Marshal MacMahon and the Crown Prince of Prussia (father of the present Kaiser). The words were set to music by the well-known impresario and conductor, the Chevalier Wilhelm Ganz, who died, at the age of eighty-one, in 1914.

On August 8, 1914, four days after Germany had treated our Ultimatum with contemptuous silence, the Prince was gazetted second lieutenant in the 1st Grenadier Guards, and joined the 1st Battalion immediately. Scarcely had he got ac-

customed to his khaki uniform than, with the ungrudging consent of their Majesties, he formally applied to Lord Kitchener to be sent to the front in France. The reply was in one sense disconcerting, in another hopeful: "You must first learn a little more about soldiering, sir; then we will see about it." The Prince turned silently away with a sigh. The story goes that his heart was too full for speech, and those who know him expressed no surprise when they heard it. But he applied himself so diligently to his duties, "roughing it" in camp with his comrades at home, entering with zest and good humour into the route marching, and going whole-heartedly through the whole curriculum of the soldier's life, that in the exceptionally short space of three months he was pronounced fit for "his job," and began it forthwith. He was placed on the staff of Sir John (now Lord) French.

Before even the members of the "Rag," the "Senior," the "Junior United," and the "Marlborough" knew he was off, he was at Boulogne (November 15), chatting in his sympathetic, boyish way with some of our wounded heroes. The last visit he paid was to his adored grandmother, whose eyes glistened as she wished him God-speed. In his winning gentleness he takes after this illustrious relative, our Lady, not of the Rosary, but of the Roses.

Before receiving his commission the Prince had been a lance-corporal in the Oxford University battalion of the Officers' Training Corps, and had had lively experiences of "playing at soldiers" round about Aldershot.

A correspondent of the *Bystander* (1915) gave this illustration of "the Prince's daring":

A captain in one of the Scotch regiments writes to me from the front to say that it really is true that the Prince of Wales goes right into the firing-line, and, in fact, is rather fond of getting into rather dangerous places.

"I am in a part of the line," he says, "which is not by any means a soft bit—we are as near as thirty yards from the Germans in places—and twice the Prince has visited my trench. One time was at night, when we were standing by, expecting the explosion of a big German mine in the trench. On another occasion he came into my trench at a particularly bad place, where there was a gap of 200 yards or more, right between my trench and the one on my left which it was impossible to hold. The Prince crawled out to a listening-post in this no-man's-land, and was badly sniped at by the Germans coming back. In the trench next mine on the same day a man was shot through the head, standing *next* to the Prince. In fact, he is generally knocking about the front-line trenches, and is as keen as mustard. The men are delighted with him, and say so in their letters home, which we have to censor. No, he isn't kept in cotton-wool, by any means."

Mr. Valentine Williams reported (November 13, 1915) that, when objections were raised to his going to the front, the Prince of Wales said: "I have brothers at home if anything happens to me."

A "Coldstreamer," writing from the Western front, said: "The Prince of Wales has been up here on two occasions. I didn't think he would have been allowed so near. He is a 'sport.'" And another wrote (August, 1915): "One of the chief pleasures of the Prince (then on leave from the front) was to pay surprise visits to the trenches, even when German bullets were whizzing overhead. Such visits cheered the soldiers, giving them proof that our future King is anxious to bear his share of the worries, troubles, and dangers of trench life."

One of our men in France wrote to his mother in 1915 :

I have just witnessed a very exciting little incident—one of the few little happenings that help to brighten life up a bit out here. It was an air chase between three British and a German aeroplane. The chase was going on all over the place for about ten minutes. The British machines encircled the enemy plane, and went round and round it, dodging up and down. The British and German airmen were peppering each other with machine-guns all the time. The Boche aeroplane tried to get away, and it was very exciting watching the British machines preventing it doing so. The sight was witnessed by thousands of troops, and each little incident of the fight was loudly cheered by us. At last, as is always the case, the Hun machine was brought to the ground by machine-gun fire amid great cheers. I followed in the direction of the landing, which appeared to be 200 or 300 yards away, but it turned out to be two or three miles. Anyway, I was glad I took the trouble to go. I was just in time to see the two German aviators escorted away by a crowd that looked as though it would like to limb them. Two of our machines had landed just by, and the four aviators looked very pleased with themselves. When I was there the Prince of Wales arrived and congratulated the airmen. He looks very boyish in his Staff officer's uniform, and doesn't look a day older than sixteen. This is a little description of an everyday incident that occurs "somewhere in France."

On January 17, 1916, the Prince of Wales, as chairman of the Statutory Committee constituted by the Naval and Military Pensions Act, presided at its first meeting at St. James's Palace. Mr. Hayes Fisher stated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would ask Parliament to aid the funds by a grant of £1,000,000. According to the official report of the proceedings, which were private, the Prince spoke as follows :

Ladies and Gentlemen,—It was with feelings of much diffidence that I accepted the Prime Minister's invitation to be the chairman of this

important committee, which has been created by Act of Parliament, for it is the first work of a public character which I have undertaken. At the same time it is most gratifying to me that I am considered worthy to preside over this distinguished and representative body, empowered to deal with a matter of such deep national interest as the pensions and allowances granted not only to those who have been engaged in this the greatest war the world has ever seen, but also to their wives, their families, their widows and dependents.

My dear father and other members of my family are to-day, as in the past, personally identified with all schemes for the welfare of sailors and soldiers. I am proud to follow their example. It has been my good fortune for some months to be associated with the daily life of our Army at the front, and the experience thus gained will leave imperishable memories of the dauntless courage and cheerful endurance of all ranks. So I regard it as a privilege to join with you in rendering service to them or to their dependents.

With regard to the powers entrusted to us, it is satisfactory to know that we shall be able to deal sympathetically with the cases of widows and dependents of soldiers who may need more individual treatment than can be given under the necessarily somewhat rigid system of Government Departments. It must be our endeavour to save those who have answered their country's call from the dread lest, should their lives be sacrificed, their families will suffer serious hardship or any material lowering of the standard of life. Under the Act we shall not only be authorised to supplement in exceptional

cases the scale of State pensions, but also to take into account the position of dependent persons not hitherto recognised by the State.

And there is another class to whom the whole sympathy of the nation will go out, and who may count upon the hearty consideration of this committee—those who in the prime of manhood and vigour of health have been permanently disabled. Although they will receive substantial pensions from the State, our special duties will be to initiate schemes of training and means of finding employment, and thus enable them to feel that they are still active members of the community.

Among the members of our body are representatives of many of the various voluntary associations that have already done so much to relieve the Government Departments, and to ensure a sympathetic treatment of the families of men with the Colours, and of the widows and orphans, the number of which, alas, daily increases. I doubt whether the public at large has fully recognised and appreciated the quiet, unselfish work which since the opening of the war has been done by thousands of men and women to make certain that, as far as possible, the men who are fighting our battles shall be free from anxiety as to the well-being of their families at home. It will be for us to see that this good work is not lost but rather adjusted and developed. I sincerely hope that they will still place their services at the disposal of their country by serving on, or co-operating with, the new local committees which will come into being as a consequence of this Act.

During the continuance of the war it will be

difficult—indeed I fear impossible—for me to carry out fully my duties as chairman, but I shall follow your proceedings with the closest interest and look forward to the day when my time will be more at your disposal. Meanwhile, you will be guided in your deliberations by our vice-chairman, Mr. Cyril Jackson, who can always count upon our loyal and implicit confidence.

On the 1st of February following the Prince spoke at the Conference Hall of the Local Government Board, Whitehall, in the interests of "our stricken heroes of the war" and their dependents. With the Prince were Lord Kitchener (whom we were so soon to lose) and Mr. Balfour. It was a special meeting of the General Council of the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation at which the Prince spoke. He made no pretence to dispense with notes, but in clear tones read from a manuscript and put his points with simple directness. There was no trace of nervousness. An unassuming, businesslike manner, and a note of deep sincerity added force to sentiments which at once touched popular sympathy.

Mr. Hayes Fisher, Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board (the President of which, Mr. Long, was also present), explained that they were setting up a new organisation to meet a new situation, and its success would depend more on local authorities than on the central authority.

The Prince reminded his audience of the State's earlier connection with naval and military pensions, and pointed out that until the South African War

the State made no provision for widows and dependents. They were helped by voluntary patriotic funds, "with which," he remarked, "my family have always been prominently and intimately associated." Then he turned to the second era, after the Transvaal War, when the State granted small pensions, which were considerably supplemented from voluntary funds administered by the corporation, of which his uncle, the Duke of Connaught, had been president since its establishment in 1906.

Reaching the third era in the evolution of this class of pension, we found (continued the Prince) that "the supreme struggle in which this Empire is unhappily engaged has raised the spirit and enthusiasm of our whole people to such an extent that it may almost be said that the Navy and the Army are the young manhood of the nation, and that the young manhood of the nation is identical with the Navy and the Army. They are one and the same. Not only the rank and file, but also the officers, and even the higher commands, are now drawn from all classes of the community. It is the will of Parliament, expressing the will of the people, that pensions and allowances, alike for widows and dependents and for the disabled, should be given on a far higher scale than in any previous war or in any other of the European countries taking part in this war. These pensions and allowances will be paid by the State as a right, through the usual State department. But Parliament has gone further. It has said: 'That is not enough. Beyond these State pensions it will be necessary, if we are to adopt a rule of equality of sacrifices, to supplement

the pensions in some cases, and if we are really as a nation to love and honour our stricken heroes, to see that they are provided, not alone with pensions, but with some employment suited to their new and perhaps painful conditions, and, if necessary, that they receive a training to enable them to adapt themselves to these conditions.'

"To supplement the flat rate of pensions when necessary, there will be a joint effort of the State, local authorities, and voluntary associations, and the setting in motion of a network of machinery covering the whole country. Any State grants which may be made to us from time to time—and already the Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised to ask Parliament for a million to start us on our way—will, I hope, be used, in the wealthier areas at all events, to supplement and stimulate, not to supplant and suffocate, local effort and local generosity."

The Prince next turned to figures to illustrate the magnitude of the problem, and pointed the moral of these comparative returns for 1914–15 :

	South African War	Present War
Killed.....	21,942	128,138
Casualties	44,876	549,467

"Formidable as is the problem when surveyed in the mass (he concluded) it becomes light and easily manageable when it is realised that each county and borough area will have only its own fraction to deal with."

Hearty cheers were the response to the Prince's appeal for service in compensating for "depriva-

tions that may have been caused by the willingness of men to sacrifice life, health, and happiness at the call of their honour, their King, and their God."

Mr. Balfour, proposing a vote of thanks to the Prince of Wales, commended the wisdom of the course Parliament had taken; and Lord Kitchener, seconding the motion, said the movement had anticipated the urgency of making generous provision for the necessitous. "The task is weighty, for not only is the number of soldiers engaged in this struggle multiplied over and over again beyond any former experience, but the women and children affected are also in far greater proportion."

Two months later (March 10, 1916) Lieutenant the Prince of Wales, of the Grenadier Guards, received his captaincy, and on the same date was appointed Staff captain.

In the leading Paris paper,* in June, 1916, I read this telegram from Rome:

> The Marquis Imperiali, Italian Ambassador in London, goes to Rome [April 1] for reasons concerning which the papers are properly silent. A few weeks later the Prince of Wales goes to the Italian front, and remains there for several days as the guest of the King and the Royal Family. Next, the Duke of Connaught [Prince Arthur in reality] goes to Rome under the apparent pretext of presenting medals given by King George to Italian officers and sailors. Then, the Duke [Prince Arthur] is said to have had an interview with the Pope [an item officially denied]; and immediately afterwards leaves Rome, but returns on May 31, after lunching with the Queen and the Dowager Queen Margaret.
>
> What did it all mean? Why, that in certain *milieux mon-*

* The *Temps*, June 9, 1916.

dains in London and Rome conversations took place concerning the approaching engagement of the Prince of Wales and Princess Yolande of Savoy, eldest daughter of the King of Italy, and born in 1901. But no further steps will be taken, owing to the war and to the youth of both parties. We give these rumours *sous toutes réserves*, although well-informed people assert that very shortly an official announcement on the subject will be issued.

At the end of October the heir to the Throne was at home on short leave, but left before the funeral of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein (November 1, 1917). A private in the Coldstream Guards wrote: "I must tell you about the Prince, who is here with us. I can assure you he is as brave as a hero. Only last night he passed me when German shells were coming over. You can take it from me that he is not only the Prince of Wales, but a soldier and a man, and we are all proud of him. He is not very big, but he has got a bigger heart than a lot who are hanging back in Great Britain."

An officer of the R.F.C., writing home from the front in September, 1917, said: "King George is able to command a Fleet or an Army Corps, but you people at home are probably not aware that he would make a fine R.F.C. general. He rather astonished the fellows at our aerodrome the last time he was out here. As his car came along one of our machines, flying back to roost, passed just over it and smashed on landing. The King at once stopped his car, stepped out and hurried to inspect the wreck. After making sure the pilot and observer were unhurt, he examined the machine, asked a few questions, and himself spotted the cause of disaster. For five minutes he gave us a

little lecture on aeroplanes and flying, which made most of us open our eyes wide in wonderment. Then, shaking hands all round, he went off with a cheery smile. Now we all want the King in the corps!"

CHAPTER XX

DID NOT THE KING "COLD SHOULDER" THE KAISER?

William II, Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Suffield

> "All Germans have realised that the instigator of this war, and our chief enemy, is England. She is our most spiteful adversary. Thus *England is particularly the enemy to be struck down*, however difficult it may be."—The Kaiser's address to deputations from all detachments in Flanders, August 22, 1917. (*Official telegram from Berlin.*)

For many years the Kaiser was the guest of Queen Victoria almost annually. Both as Prince of Wales and as Sovereign King Edward frequently entertained him. He attended the King's funeral (May, 1910) as he had attended that of the Great Queen, and he was present at the unveiling of the Victoria Memorial in the Mall in 1911; but since then he has not set foot on our shores. In 1913 the King and Queen were present at the wedding in Berlin of the Kaiser's only daughter with Prince Ernest Augustus of Cumberland, now Duke of Brunswick, an enemy Prince, only surviving son of Queen Alexandra's youngest sister, Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland. The Kaiser's last visit (with his consort) to King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Windsor was in November, 1907, and lasted from

the 11th until the 18th. On the 17th, at the Castle, twenty-five Royal personages sat down to luncheon, of whom eight were reigning Kings or Queens Consort. On November 13 the couple were the recipients of a great public welcome as they drove from Paddington to the City. The Corporation entertained them at luncheon and they were presented with an address of welcome. In a speech the Kaiser recalled his visit in 1891, when he received the freedom of the City, and said he was proud of that "close tie." On that occasion (he reminded his hosts) he had told them "his first aim was the preservation of peace," and he now hoped that "History would do him the justice of saying that he had pursued that aim unswervingly ever since." The streets were lined by people all along the route, and they gave the visitors (in newspaper phraseology) an "enthusiastic welcome." *He* scarcely deigned to notice the handkerchief-waving and hat-raising and occasional cheering.

Three months before this event King Edward had visited his nephew at Wilhelmshöhe, where the King's lifelong friend, Napoleon III, was, in a manner of speaking, "imprisoned" from September, 1870, until March, 1871. The German Empress left England on November 18; her consort went from Windsor to Highcliffe Castle, by Bournemouth (lent to him by Colonel Stuart-Wortley), where he remained for over three weeks, surrounded by his Court minions, carrying on "business as usual," making the best use of his eyes and ears, and sucking the brains of those with whom he came in contact, all for the pious purpose of ensuring the world's peace and drawing tighter the bonds of

PUBLIC

The Kaiser in 1869

The Kaiser in 1871

relationship between England and Germany. He covered miles daily in his auto, "stood treat" to the local school children, and forgetting as far as possible that ghastly "trouble" at Berlin (exposed by the courageous Harden) in which three of his bosom friends had been implicated, that "affair" which the Crown Prince, to his great credit, was the first to bring to his sire's knowledge.

For five years after the events here briefly recorded the British people continued to regard William II as the "All-Highest" (*Aller-Höchst*), the title he so modestly conferred upon himself. Then they learnt a few things to his detriment. But they had to wait—the world had to wait—a further two years before realising that

> A Super-snake, a Juggernaut,
> Dethroned the highest of human thought.*

And that it was Belgium, "A stripling Knight in the shining armour of Truth and with the flashing blade of Right," which "withstood the first fierce onslaught of the monstrous and fire-belching Dragon that" had "grown up in Central Europe and uncoiled itself to devour the world."†

It was in October, 1912, that the searchlight was first turned on the real character of the man who, a brief two years later—less than two years—had earned for himself the epithets noted above. A few lines from the magazine article and the volume which appeared shortly afterwards ‡ are now re-

* Alfred Noyes in "King Albert's Book," issued in 1914 by the *Daily Telegraph* in conjunction with the *Daily Sketch*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

† Sir James Crichton-Browne in the same volume.

‡ The *Fortnightly Review* and the book "King Edward in His True Colours."

peated here for the sole reason that they form an integral part of the subject of this chapter. When I reread them in September, 1917, I was struck by their mildness in comparison with what I have written since—surprised also that by so small an effort so great an effect had been produced wherever our language is spoken. In October, 1912, then, I wrote, *inter alia*, as under :

In reality the personal relations of King Edward and the Kaiser lapsed into comparative calm only when they were apart from one another. By means of letters it was always possible, by the form of correspondence, to re-establish a passable *modus vivendi*. But even this passable harmony was repeatedly interrupted by the carrying backwards and forwards of messages through which King Edward was invariably a passive sufferer ; the restlessness, the eccentricity, and the unaccountability of the nephew being a constant source of irritation to the uncle.

One of the continual pin-pricks which the Kaiser delighted to inflict on his long-suffering uncle may be related. The Emperor was desirous of paying one of his thirteen visits to England, and mooted his wish through a personage who was equally acceptable to both sovereigns. The King (then Prince of Wales) received the emissary, to whom he said, in effect : " You may tell my nephew we shall be very pleased to see him, although my mother in her state of health is, of course, unable to entertain him adequately. I will, however, do all I can to make his stay here agreeable. One condition, however, I should like to make : it is that he should not bring with him Admiral von Senden Bibran, who, I have heard from a reliable source, has spoken of me in derogatory terms." What was the Prince of Wales's disgust when he saw, among the very large suite which the Emperor brought with him, that very man !

When the Empress Frederick was nearing her end she expressed a wish to see the eminent English doctor, Sir James Reid, later one of King Edward's physicians-in-ordinary. The Emperor, hearing of this, caused his mother to be informed that if she persisted in her intention he would place himself in front of her room and bar the English doctor's entrance.

The uncle's conception of the essence of good breeding was continually flouted by the exuberant loquacity of the nephew; and, do what he would, he generally managed, quite unintentionally, to wound the younger man's boundless vanity by his disinclination to pander to it by consenting to be made a stalking horse at parades, naval inspections, and "side shows."

Queen Victoria suffered annoyance at the Kaiser's hands. A German General went to Osborne on a confidential mission—the Kaiser having a partiality for such missions—and expressed his intention of appearing at dinner that night in his uniform. Queen Victoria objected to uniforms at her private dinner-table, and the General was asked if his uniform was imperative. "Decidedly," said General von L——, "the Emperor's orders were that I should wear uniform."

Queen Victoria was visibly displeased at this disregard for her well-known wishes in this matter, and, turning smilingly to a gentleman after dinner, said: "I wonder if His Majesty's envoy thinks we are impressed by uniforms?"

The Kaiser was an unguarded and reckless critic of King Edward's private life and associates, and in the presence of witnesses . . . was foolish enough to vaunt his own immaculate record and to contrast it with that of his uncle.

At the time of the baccarat affair the Kaiser impudently wrote to the Prince of Wales "protesting against any one 'holding the position of a colonel of Prussian Hussars embroiling himself in a gambling squabble, and playing with men young enough to be his sons.'" This impertinent communication angered the Royal Family from Queen Victoria downwards.

One of the Kaiser's sisters, when asked how King Edward and William had got on together at Homburg, replied: "Oh, Uncle Edward was as suave, courteous, and correct as he always is; my brother was as awkward and impossible as ever."

In 1897, King Edward (then Prince of Wales) took certain private action respecting the Kaiser's appropriation of the Guelph Fund, and this step came to the Emperor's ears. The incident now related went the rounds of the Neues Palais. To his Uncle Bertie the Kaiser is said to have written a furious letter intimating that he would demand a personal explanation from him during the Prince's summer visit to Homburg, a menace which apparently did not disturb the Prince of Wales in the least, for, instead of a direct reply, there arrived at the

Neues Palais a week or ten days later a newspaper clipping, under the seal of Marlborough House, announcing that in the coming season the Prince intended to take the waters of Marienbad ; and on the margin was scribbled in German an inelegant, but whole-souled, invitation to the Imperial nephew, the like of which was once before extended to a German Emperor by Goetz von Berlichingen, who answered Maximilian the First's invitation to surrender in the same fashion.

The Kaiser's inability to travel without an imposing retinue was another cause of friction. Once this *entourage* was so numerous that it could not be accommodated at Windsor, and some members were sent to Frogmore. They grumbled at the hospitality in letters to the Fatherland, and the complaints were repeated in the German newspapers, to the intense annoyance of King Edward, whose vexation was the greater as the complaints were chimerical.

An occurrence which exasperated the King was connected with Count Albert Edward Gleichen's stay at Berlin as British Military Attaché (1903–6).* In the course of his official duties the Count had occasion to send to our Government certain reports, which got into the newspapers. These the Emperor characterised as ungentlemanlike, unfair, and unjustifiable, and he insisted upon the Count's recall. The King, through a confidential channel, endeavoured to smooth the matter over, fearing a public scandal. His Majesty expressed the readiness of our Government to meet the Kaiser's wishes with regard to Count Gleichen's removal from Berlin, but asked that a little time should be given to allow the trouble to be forgotten. Even this concession was refused by the Kaiser, who insisted upon the Count's immediate recall. In these circumstances our Government was compelled to give way, and Count Gleichen was transferred to Washington.

The Kaiser was last seen in this country in May, 1911, at the unveiling of the Queen Victoria Memorial in the Mall. After that date he did not shed the light of his countenance upon us. Why ? Was he not invited to come ? Was he ashamed to come after reading what I wrote about him in

* With the King's consent, Major-General Count Gleichen became in August, 1917, Lord Edward Gleichen, as noted elsewhere in this volume.

October, 1912 ? * He need not have feared that, if he showed himself among us, he would have been hooted, for in 1912, and until the dispatch of our Ultimatum to his Government in the first days of August, 1914, he still had a legion of sycophantic admirers and defenders within the confines of the British Empire, *plus* what is called "a good Press." It was likewise so in France, although to a smaller extent. I cannot recall any hostile feeling in the United States; many of the wealthiest Americans were delighted if he deigned to set foot on their yachts in German waters; the same may be said of not a few Frenchmen, the great chocolate maker among them. At Berlin he kept open house for Gallic politicians, writers, musicians, actors, and actresses—all but great Sarah, who treated his invitations with contempt. English actors obeyed his "commands" with alacrity, and the impressive news that they had "appeared" before him was telegraphed to the papers and by them made much of.

William II, then (and it is useless to deny it), had a large following in England—aristocracy, snobocracy, and democracy; and from December, 1907, until August 1, 1914, the burden of their funereal song was "O Willie, we have missed you!"† I cherish the hope that his absence was due to the fact that he was not invited. But I will not venture into the region of speculation. I feel, and have felt all along, too happy that,

* A Berlin Court personage readily admitted that I had written nothing but the truth.

† To save myself from being pulverised as a suppressor of facts I note that his presence here in 1910 and 1911 did not count as "visits."

after 1911, our sacred soil, our glorious homeland, was not desecrated by the hoof of

> A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
> Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
> Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
> And as with age his body uglier grows,
> So his mind cankers.*

What the Kaiser wrote and Lord Suffield said

In 1908 King Edward and the then Tsar, his *protégé*, were toasting each other at Reval, in the presence of the King's niece, consort of Nicholas, Queen Alexandra, and the Dowager Empress Marie ; and the Anglo-Russian Alliance was *un fait accompli*. But had Edward VII even suspected the gross trick which, rather more than four years earlier, had been played by Tsar and Kaiser, there would have been no Reval meeting, no Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain and Russia, no co-operation of our Government and that of the Tsar in August, 1914, and Russia would have had to face Germany single-handed, with the certain result that long before the Christmas of 1916 the Huns' hoofs would have been on the necks of 200,000,000 Muscovites.

Later, in what came to be known as the " Reval " year, the Kaiser wrote to the then First Lord of the Admiralty, the late Lord Tweedmouth, the following letter, which provoked sharp discussion in Parliament, although its contents were kept secret until October 30, 1914, when it was published for the first time by the *Morning Post*, which once again rendered the State a great service. And I use

* " The Tempest," Act iv, sc. 1.

those words because this document is another link in the heavy chain of evidence which proves the hypocrisy which has characterised the Kaiser, *vis-à-vis* this country, throughout his nearly thirty years' reign.

The Kaiser's epistle runs :

BERLIN, *February* 14, 1908.

MY DEAR LORD TWEEDMOUTH,—May I intrude on your precious time and ask for a few moments attention to these lines I venture to submit to you.

I see by the daily papers and reviews that a battle Royal is being fought about the needs of the Navy. I therefore venture to furnish you with some information anent the German Naval Programme which it seems is being quoted by all parties to further their ends by trying to frighten the peaceable British taxpayer with it as a bogey.

During my last pleasant visit to your hospitable shores I tried to make your Authorities understand what the drift of the German Naval policy is. But I am afraid that my explanations have been either misunderstood or not believed, because I see the " German Danger " and the " German Challenge to British Naval Supremacy " constantly quoted in the different articles. This phrase if not repudiated or corrected sown broadcast over the country and daily dinned into British ears might in the end create most deplorable results. I therefore deem it advisable as Admiral of the Fleet to lay some facts before you, to enable you to see clearly.

It is absolutely *nonsensical* and *untrue* that the German Naval Bill is to provide a Navy meant as a " challenge to British Naval Supremacy." The German Fleet is built *against* nobody at all. It is solely built *for* Germany's needs in relation with that country's rapidly growing trade. The German Naval Bill was sanctioned by the Imperial Parliament and published ten years ago, and may be had at any large booksellers. There is nothing surprising, secret or underhand in it, and every reader may study the whole course mapped out for the development of the German Navy with the greatest ease. The law is being adhered to and provides for about 30–40 ships of the line in 1920. The number of ships fixed by the Bill included the fleet then actually in commission, notwithstanding its material being already old and far surpassed by the contemporary

types in the other foreign navies. The extraordinary rapidity with which improvements were introduced in types of battleships, armaments and armour made the fleet in commission obsolete before the building programme providing the *additions* to it was half finished. The obsolete fleet had to be struck off the list, thus leaving a gap lowering the number of ships below the standard prescribed by the Bill. This gap was stopped by using the finished ships to *replace* the obsolete ones *instead* of being *added* to them as originally intended. Therefore instead of steadily increasing the " standing " fleet by regular additions it came to a *wholesale rebuilding* of the *entire* German Navy. Our actual programme in course of execution is practically only an *exchange* of old material for new, but *not* an *addition* to the number of units originally laid down by the Bill ten years ago, which is being adhered to.

It seems to me that the main fault in the discussions going on in the papers is the permanent ventilating of the so-called two-to-three or more power standard and then only exemplifying on *one* Power, which is invariably Germany. It is fair to suppose that each nation builds and commissions its Navy according to its *needs*, and not only with regard to the programme of other countries. Therefore it would be the simplest thing for England to say : I have a world-wide Empire, the greatest trade of the world, and to protect them I must have so and so many battleships, cruisers, etc., as are necesary to guarantee the supremacy of the sea to me, and they shall accordingly be built and manned. That is the absolute right of your country and nobody anywhere would lose a word about it and whether it be 60 or 90 or 100 battleships that would make no difference and certainly no change in the German Naval Bill ! May the numbers be as you think fit. Everybody here would understand it, but people would be very thankful over here if at last Germany were left out of the discussion. For it is very galling to the Germans to see their country continually held up as the sole danger and menace to Britain by the whole press of the different contending parties ; considering that other countries are building too, and there are even larger fleets than the German.

Doubtless when party faction runs high there is often a lamentable lack of discrimination in the choice of the weapons ; but I really must protest that the " German Naval Programme " should be the only one for exclusive use, or that such a poisoned one should be forged as the " German Challenge to British

WILLIAM II AND NICHOLAS II TELEPHONING CONFIDENCES

Supremacy of the Sea." If permanently used mischief may be created at home, and injured feeling engendering the wish for retaliation in the circles of the German Naval League as a representative of the nation; which would influence public opinion and place the Government in a very disagreeable position by trying to force it to change its programme, through undue pressure difficult to ignore.

In the letter Lord Esher caused to be published a short time ago he wrote " that every German from the Emperor down to the last man wished for the downfall of Sir John Fisher." Now I am at a loss to tell wether the supervision of the foundations and drains of the Royal Palaces is apt to qualify somebody for the judgement of Naval Affairs in general. As far as regards German Affairs Naval the phrase is a piece of unmitigated balderdash, and has created an immense merriment in the circles of those " who know " here. But I venture to think that such things ought not to be written by people who are high placed, as they are liable to hurt public feelings over here. Of course I need not assure you that nobody here dreams of wishing to influence Britain in the choice of those to whom she means to give the direction of her Navy, or to disturb them in the fulfilment of their noble task. It is expected that the choice will always fall on the best and ablest and their deeds will be followed with interest and admiration by their brother officers in the German Navy. It is therefore preposterous to infer that German authorities work for or against persons in official positions in foreign countries, it is as ridiculous as it is untrue and I hereby repudiate such a calumny. Besides to my humble notion this perpetual quoting of the " German Danger " is utterly unworthy of the great British nation with its world-wide Empire and its mighty Navy; there is something nearly ludicrous about it. The foreigners in other countries might easily conclude that the Germans must be an exceptionally strong lot as they seem to be able to strike terror into the hearts of the British, who are five times their superiors!

I hope your Lordship will read these lines with kind consideration. They are written by one who is an ardent admirer of your splendid Navy, who wishes it all success, and who hopes that its ensign may ever wave on the same side as the German Navy's, and by one who is proud to wear the British Naval Uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, which was conferred on him by the late Great Queen of blessed memory.

Once more. The German Naval Bill is not aimed at England,

and is *not* a "challenge to British Supremacy of the Sea," which will remain unchallenged for generations to come. Let us all remember the warning Admiral Sir John Fisher gave to his hearers in November when he so cleverly cautioned them not to get scared by using the admirable phrase "If Eve had not always kept her eye on the apple, she would not have eaten it, and we should not now be bothered with clothes."

I remain, Yours truly,

(sd) WILLIAM I.R.
Admiral of the Fleet.

The letter is printed exactly as originally written; the occasional mistakes in spelling have not been corrected. As I write this I recall the eulogy of William II by perhaps King Edward's most intimate friend—no longer ago than 1913: "The Kaiser is and always has been very fond of England and the English, in spite of all that people may say to the contrary. *He has invariably worked for peace with England*, but, in spite of all his earnest endeavours and *his sincere love of this country*, there has always been friction between the two Courts. . . . *It is certainly not the Emperor's fault.*"* The volume is dedicated to Queen Alexandra, with the grateful acknowledgment: "Much of the happiness I have known is owing to you and to our dear late King Edward."

Had Lord Suffield been still among us he would have written in a different strain, or forfeited his claim to be a patriotic Englishman.

I commend this American estimate of the titular head of the doomed House of Hohenzollern to the considerable herd of white-livered Pacifists, to those few writers who only half conceal their treachery

* "My Memories: 1830–1913." By the late Lord Suffield. With an Introduction by Lord Charles Beresford. London: Herbert Jenkins Limited. 1913.

to their country and their King, to all who sow the seeds of discontent and treason in the factories and workshops, and to the mongrel crowd of cravens who spend their days and nights in the endeavour to wriggle out of their military obligations:

What do you think of the Kaiser? He is the rottenest, vilest, dirtiest, most vicious, corrupt, inhuman, beastly, devilish triple extract of Hell degenerate in the world, is this German Emperor. What are you going to do? Are you going to take your orders from Washington or Berlin? Do you want to doff your caps to Woodrow Wilson or to that Wienerwurst, sauerkraut degenerate, Kaiser Wilhelm? Choose. It is up to you. If you are American, back up the Stars and Stripes in everything. Buy Liberty Bonds, and fight, and farm.*

* Extract from a sermon by the noted Revivalist "Billy Sunday," who in June, 1917, preached in the New York Tabernacle on "Prussianism" to a congregation numbering 18,000, of whom 1000 were French, men, women, and children. The New York papers said the discourse "made the 'Hymn of Hate' seem pale and colourless.'" [The word "Wienerwurst" means "Vienna sausage."]

CHAPTER XXI

ABOUT THE ROYAL FAMILY

"Teetotalism has been too much for His Majesty, and the sooner he gives it up the better for himself and for all his loyal subjects." *

It was towards the end of March and in the first days of April, 1915, that the conversational ball concerning the use, or abuse, of alcoholic beverages was set rolling, at the instigation of the worthiest of Kings, with the heartiest concurrence of the most indefatigable of Queens. Excessive drinking is a crime—moderate drinking is mostly accounted a virtue. But great evils demand strong remedies. Fully cognisant of this truism, fully aware of the excessive drinking which marked pre-war times, and increased to an alarming extent in the early autumn of 1914, when fabulously high wages for war workers began to demoralise men and women alike, the King and Queen proclaimed publicly that they had become total abstainers and required all in their service to follow their example.

On March 30, 1915, His Majesty had written to Mr. Lloyd George through Lord Stamfordham expressing his "deepest concern at the grave

* The privately expressed opinion, in 1917, of an eminent Englishman.

situation now existing in our armament factories. The continuance of such a state of things must inevitably result in the prolongation of the horrors and burdens of this terrible war. If it be deemed advisable the King will be prepared to set the example by giving up all alcoholic liquor himself and issuing orders against its consumption in the Royal Household, so that no difference shall be made so far as His Majesty is concerned between the treatment of rich and poor in this question."

Deep was the impression made throughout the kingdom by the King's words. The Press could not do otherwise than welcome them. The public, as a rule, applauded them. A wave of teetotalism swept over the land. At a temperance demonstration in the Wesleyan Hall, Westminster, the Rev. Enoch Salt said : " A little while ago I should have spoken of Mr. Runciman as the teetotal member of the British Cabinet. To-night I speak of him as a member of the teetotal Cabinet—a fact unprecedented in the history of British Cabinets." This announcement that the Cabinet had followed the King's example was loudly applauded, and Mr. Runciman, whom Sir Robert Perks introduced as " the only Methodist in the Cabinet, and until lately, I think, the only teetotaler," was heartily cheered on rising. The then President of the Board of Trade said there never was a King who more quickly or more readily interpreted the inner feelings of his people than King George. It was because he knew the spirit pervading every class of his people that in this matter he had given his people a lead.

Lord Kitchener was among the first to give

instructions that no alcoholic drink was to be used in his household during the war. Other personages followed suit. Mr. Lloyd George had previously stated that His Majesty had "viewed with deep concern the problem of drink and the war." It was declared by the reformers (a formidable body) that by his action the King had "solved the liquor question as with a stroke of the pen." On April 5 (Easter Monday) the public read that "by the King's command no wine, spirits, or beer will be consumed in any of His Majesty's houses after to-day." Five months later (September 18) Mr. Leif Jones, M.P., addressing the North of England Temperance League at Newcastle-on-Tyne, said "he had reason to know that the King and Queen were disappointed that the lead they gave in good faith to the people was not more widely followed."

Since April 6, 1915, only mineral waters and other innocuous beverages have been seen on the Royal luncheon and dinner tables, a fact which gives point to this story. As elsewhere, the air raids have often formed the subject of conversation at the Palace. One evening the King remarked: "When we are *sure* that enemy aircraft are here, the only thing to do is to *go into the cellar*." "Shall we go down *now*, Sir?" eagerly inquired the wittiest of our statesmen (a Premier in his time), with a rueful glance at the flagon of sparkling "Schweppe" by his side!

"We look before and after, And sigh for what is not." And, without laying myself open to an accusation of Pecksniffism, I may permit myself the luxury of a lament that the lead given by the Sovereign and his consort in the matter of total

abstention from wines, spirits, and beer was not followed to the extent ardently desired by their Majesties and their *entourage*. That a vast amount of good resulted from the example they set their lieges admits of no question—it was obvious to all; but that the august pair would have been better pleased had they found a greater number of imitators is equally true. There was much self-abnegation, and, speaking "at large and at wide," many beneficial results were attained by that Royal suggestion which by many was rightly viewed as equivalent to a command. Now (1917), more than ever, the injunction from the Throne should be heeded, and the more generally the spirit of self-sacrifice, in small as well as in great matters, is made manifest the better it will be for our righteous cause—and the more complete the pleasure afforded to the King and Queen.

The King's consent to Acts of Parliament is still given (in the House of Lords) in Norman French—"Le Roy le veult" ("the King wills it").* In the case of a Supply Bill—as, for example, the Appropriation Bill—when money for the Crown's purposes is being voted by the House of Commons, the Royal assent is given in similar linguistic form: "Le Roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur bénévolence, et ainsi le veult" ("The King thanks his good subjects, accepts their benevolence, and so wills it").

There has been no "Cowes Week" since August, 1913, the regattas arranged for 1914 being abandoned at the last moment (Sunday, August 3) by the King's request. In 1913 their Majesties were

* *Vide* the chapter under this heading.

present on board the *Victoria and Albert*, which was anchored in Cowes Roads. The Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, the notorious spy, was there in all his glory ; the majority paid their court to him, and he was inundated with invitations from the " best people," who in previous years had gracefully and unanimously performed the kotow to his brother. The Kaiser's *Meteor* competed in the London Yacht Club's first race, and on board were Prince Henry, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Marchioness (now Dowager) of Londonderry, and Lady Drogheda. Another competing yacht was the *Germania*, sailing under the orders of Captain Müller, of the German Embassy.

On the Sunday their Majesties entertained a large party at dinner on the Royal yacht, Prince Henry being the " star " guest, and also, on the following evening, attending the annual dinner of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, at which the King and the Duke of Connaught were present. Prince Henry was then and had been, like his brother, for several years a member. Another enemy who assisted at that Cowes gala was Count Mensdorff-Pouilly-Dietrichstein, then Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, who, as a relative of Queen Victoria, had been in high favour at our Court for many years and enjoyed the close friendship of King Edward, and most of the wealthy Germans who were residing in London were visible at Cowes during the " Week," lavishly entertaining and being entertained. This year brought the King his first yachting win.

On his voyage round the world in 1880 Prince George of Wales stayed for a brief spell at New

York, putting up, of course, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The Broadway hairdresser, Vatet, had the good fortune to cut the Prince's hair, and (thoughtful man!) preserved the clipped locks, seeing money in them. He put a few hairs in gold medallions and disposed of them at high prices. "No millionaire," it was facetiously said at the time, "sails for England without one."

In 1892, shortly after his brother's death, the now future heir to the Throne was said to be "a bright, lively, quick-witted young man, with a keen sense of public dutifulness and an easy, tolerant, joyous nature. He is the silent member of the Royal Family. He has not yet [1892] made a speech which has been extensively reported, and none of his sayings has gained currency. But he is reputed to be a gay conversationalist, in whose talk there is a distinct flavour of Guelphic [?] humour. He is highly popular among men and women of his own age who are fitted by their station to associate intimately with him."

In April, 1912, there was circulated in Ireland a post card containing portraits of the King, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. Bonar Law, and inscribed: "One King, One Flag, One Fleet, One Empire." Mr. Robert Harcourt, M.P. (honorary secretary of the Home Rule Council), wrote on the subject to Lord Stamfordham (Private Secretary to His Majesty), and received a letter which was paraded in Home Rule newspapers, and contained the following paragraph:

> In answering the question contained in the last paragraph of your letter, it would seem almost superfluous to me to state that His Majesty's authority was neither granted nor sought

for the publication of this post card. You are at liberty to make what use you wish of this letter.

When the Home Rule campaign was being conducted in Canada, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., on behalf of the Home Rule Party, published a manifesto in the Canadian newspapers containing this passage:

> Behind the scenes it is well known that the author of the conference is Lloyd George. *Next to him* the great influence in bringing it about has been the King, and for this particular transaction, and perhaps for others, *Lloyd George and the King may be taken to mean the same thing.*

Was Mr. O'Connor ever authorised by the King to state, for Home Rule purposes, that Mr. Lloyd George was His Majesty's *alter ego*? I doubt it.

When the King and Queen visited Paris in April, 1914, they took with them, as presents to France, five bronzes, which President Poincaré forthwith placed in one of the museums. Some exquisite aquamarines were given by their Majesties to Mme. Poincaré. These bronzes are of great historic value, for they form part of the monument raised by the Vicomte d'Aubusson, Duc de La Feuillade, to the glory of his Sovereign and idol, Louis XIV. La Feuillade idolised Royalty in the person of the *Roi Soleil*, and devoted a large part of his fortune to the monument by which he intended to immortalise that monarch. He purchased and pulled down the family mansion of the Duc de La Ferté-Sénecterre. The municipality, assisting in the project, purchased the Emery mansion, and on its site the Place des Victoires was laid out. Here was placed the commemorative statue representing King Louis in his coronation robes, trampling

underfoot the Triple Alliance, symbolised as a three-headed monster. A winged " Victory " placed on the Royal wig a bronze garland of laurel leaves, and the group, raised upon a high white marble pedestal, was of gilded bronze. Four slaves in chains stood at the four corners of the monument, with four torches of bronze set upon Doric pillars, united by wreaths of oak and laurel. From these wreaths hung the twenty-four bronze medallions executed by a Dutch artist, named Desjardins. The monument was inaugurated by the King himself in March, 1686. His successor, Louis XV, did not appreciate the work, and allowed it to be gradually despoiled of its ornaments. The statue of the *Roi Soleil* was taken down and replaced by another by Coysevox, which was destroyed by the Revolution. The Consulate continued the work of destruction, but the Restoration saw the present statue, the work of Bosio, set upon the remains of La Feuillade's pedestal. The medallions had in the meantime been sold to a dealer in antiquities of the Rue Saint-Antoine, named Ephrem, who had a good English connection, and the five which King George returned to France were sold to Lord Roxburghe. They next came into the possession of Queen Victoria and adorned the gardens of Kew Cottage.

There is a story about the cake presented to the King and Queen in 1911. Many years ago, when His Majesty, as Prince of Wales, visited a cookery exhibition in London, he saw some modelling in sugar. The sculptor was a Putney pastrycook named Schür, and when the Universal Cookery and Food Association received permission to present a Coronation cake to the King it was to Mr. Schür

that the commission for its making was entrusted. It was a marvel of the confectioner's craft—at any rate, in its externals, which formed an exquisitely modelled symbolism in sugar of the Empire and its history. Groups emblematic of Britannia and Peace and of the Dominions comprised one tier of iced whiteness, and above a smaller tier of figures of heralds and coats of arms rose a group twenty inches high embodying King and Queen with an angel on a globe, about to place a crown on the royal head.

After an "investiture" at Buckingham Palace in January, 1915, one who had been present remarked: "On no previous occasion was King George so like his father. Instead of the reserved, rather stiff manner usual with him he was all smiles and geniality. He had an apt word with everybody. Those about him were agreeably surprised by this more expansive vein, and a hope was expressed that it would prove no mere flash in the pan."

Those who imagined (and they were not a few in number) that the King's nerve had been impaired by his untoward mishap at the front did not know their Sovereign. "I expect we shall see His Majesty again in the Row before very long, as he has made so rapid a recovery," said one of the oldest *habitués*, as we watched the young cavalrymen of the near future early in December, 1915. "I suppose you don't remember when King Edward was knocked over in Rotten Row by a horse which had bolted with Lord Barrymore (then Mr. A. H. Smith-Barry) in the saddle?" "Yes, I recollect it perfectly. The father of King George had a narrower escape from a fatality than His Majesty had in France."

George IV, as Prince Regent, was seen in the Row even oftener than George V, and it is recorded, with more or less authority, that it was when riding there, and not when he was walking in St. James's Street, that he provoked Beau Brummell's sneering inquiry, "Who's your fat friend?" George IV's predecessors did not ride in the Row or anywhere else, but took walking exercise in the Mall. Before her marriage Queen Victoria rode for three hours daily; and as Princess of Wales Queen Alexandra was seen in the Row not infrequently. I have had it from an eye-witness of her exploits that she was a "flier" in the field, and took "obstacles" with the utmost intrepidity; while in Denmark, as quite a girl, she would give her father (a perfect horseman) and brothers a "lead." King George and Princess Mary are occasionally seen in the Row.

The King's escape from all but some contusions and a bad shaking was providential. Good, even the best, horsemanship is of little or no avail when a horse stumbles or rears. Cases in point are Sir Robert Peel, that great prelate Samuel Wilberforce, Whyte-Melville, Lord Chesham, and a score of others. Probably comparatively few of his subjects realised the peril in which His Majesty was placed on that Thursday morning. But expert riders grasped it with a shudder.

The King has, and his father had, a good seat. Nervousness, whether on sea or land, is to King George an unknown quantity. Those of us who have seen him at full gallop at Aldershot and elsewhere recognised a good and somewhat bold rider: one who had not only had instruction for

the hunting-field, but training in the military riding-school. None but those who have had the latter education can be deemed absolutely perfect horsemen. (We have seen even these unhorsed in the street.) In a military school the novice is taught to ride round the building and to take "obstacles" without the use of stirrups. Falls, at first, are plentiful. When the King reviewed the Guards in Hyde Park one spring morning the men not only cheered, but yelled. His Majesty's "mount," however, took it all very quietly. At the front the mare which His Majesty bestrode quite lost her head at the vociferous cheering; hence the mishap.

How long is it since a King and Queen of England visited the scene of war? Sir Herbert Maxwell puts it at six centuries. Sir Herbert wrote*:

Unless memory plays me false, the latest occasion, previous to the present month, on which the King and Queen of England visited the seat of war was in the summer of 1304, when Queen Margaret accompanied King Edward I to the siege of Stirling Castle. The King caused an oriel window to be built in his house in the town, whence the Queen and her ladies might witness the play of fourteen mighty siege engines upon the castle. Gunpowder was not employed in the war with Scotland till the campaign of Weardale in 1327, but these great machines, the latest masterpieces of military science for throwing stone-balls and wildfire, had been brought round by sea to the Firth of Forth, and King Edward took as keen personal interest in their performance as His Majesty King George V shows in modern armament. The engines were all named as scrupulously as battleships—to wit, the Lincoln and the Segrave, the Robinet and the Kingston, the Vicar and the Parson, the Berefry, the Linlithgow, the Bothwell, the Prince's, the Gloucester, the Dovedale, the Tout-le-monde, and, newest and mightiest of all, the Loup-de-guerre, which did not arrive in

* Letter to the *Times*, July 18, 1917.

time to be placed in position before Oliphant hoisted the white flag of surrender. King Edward, however, being impatient to try the new engine, bade the garrison take cover while a shot was fired from it into the castle (*tauntge il eit ferru ove le lup de guerre*). So says Sir Thomas Gray (direct ancestor of the late Foreign Secretary) in his "Scalacronica."

Simply because of its unfamiliarity, the name of one who has passed (in 1915) must not be allowed to lapse into the obscurity which is the common fate of all of us who are classed as the unknowns. And, as a matter of fact, Chiddy was anything but unrecognised by many of those who dwell, not in the humble cottage, but in the stately Palace. It thrills us to know what might, and could, and would have happened to the British Empire but for this humble, yet heroic, seaman, upon whose breast the V.C. would have gleamed did we all get our due. That is what he did—no less. For when Prince "Eddy" and his brother, now King George, were seafaring on the *Bacchante*, the rudder broke, and, but for Chiddy's courage in repairing it and making it again usable in the teeth of a furious gale, there would have been an end of the good ship and all aboard. It is often only when some humble hero like Francis Chiddy departs upon his last voyage that his prowess shines "like a good deed in a naughty world." It is true that our bold sailorman had a Royal Navy pension. But these honoraria vary in amount. Your ermined judge, upon retirement, draws his comfortable thousands yearly. Your ex-Lord Chancellor extra thousands. If upon this life-saver of Heirs to the Throne fifty golden pieces per annum were bestowed, he probably deemed himself in luck's way.

There is living, not far out of London, one whose pride it is to tell of the doings of His Majesty when he first went to sea. He will descant at great length and with much fervour on the part he had in this phase of the Sovereign's career. He taught the young gentleman much, and is full of stories of his assiduity, earnestness, and pride in his calling, perfect behaviour, jolliness, and good-fellowship, and how he was beloved and respected by all on board. King George is the ideal of this old friend of the past. "Nobody like him" is his emphatic summing-up. It is rightly accounted a pleasure and an honour to shake hands with this sturdy veteran and devoted loyalist, who is well known to some of the chronicler's circle, and it was from one of them that these facts were gleaned in a little talk two years ago after a second visit to the captured guns.

"When I was trying to induce my charwoman to eat less than 2 lb. of bread daily, she said she *must* have that quantity, although she is quite alone, and has no child; her husband is at the front. 'Why,' she asked, 'should I not eat what I like when *lydies* are cleaning their walls with bread?' I explained that no lady ever does such a foolish, wasteful thing; but she said some one had told her it was in the papers. I persuaded her to take a different view of the matter, and now she is satisfied with a 1-lb. loaf daily. A postman, who is a rabid Socialist, if not an Anarchist, told me he would not obey the rationing or any other order. He did not see why fault should be found with any of the young women employed at the Post Office, although he declared he *knew* what they did, and that seventy

letters had not been delivered that morning! He said he wished he could get to Russia to murder the Tsar. I told him that, if he was an Englishman, he ought to be a patriot, and think of nothing now but how he could help to win the war and succour the prisoners taken by the enemy. To my surprise he softened immediately, and said: 'Well, you see, ma'am, I'm not like you.'

"What made my blood boil more than anything was to be told some months ago by a foreman that he spoke one evening at a meeting with the object of getting some recruits, he himself having voluntarily enlisted in the Hampshire Regiment. He asked his hearers: 'Is there no man here who will go and fight for his King?' A man rose and shouted in reply: 'Why should we fight for *'im*, when 'e can't ride a 'orse?' (The allusion was, of course, to the mishap to His Majesty in France on his second visit to the front.) I said: 'Why didn't you shout back: "The King is a *very good* rider and the best shot in the kingdom!"'

"I see all around me in Lambeth soldiers' wives, with more money than they want, spending any amount on drink, going into the public-houses ten at a time, laughing and talking and neglecting their children; and all we can say and do will not induce them to lead better lives."*

A notable pre-war event in the present reign was the retirement of Lord Knollys from the Private Secretaryship, whose last day of office was March 15, 1913. The Court Circular's notification of the fact

* Mrs. Cochran (widow of Col. Cochran, 1st Hants Regiment; a well-known member of the Army and Navy Club) in a letter to the Author, August, 1917.

ran: "The Viscount Knollys to-day took leave of the King on relinquishing his post of Private Secretary. His Majesty cannot allow the retirement of Lord Knollys to take effect without placing on record his deep gratitude for the faithful and devoted services rendered by him to King Edward and himself during a period of more than fifty years."

The *British Review* (August, 1915) contained an admirable essay entitled "King George and His People," by that noted author, Mr. T. H. S. Escott, who showed how His Majesty's early training moulded him for the times in which he was to rule:

> The old Anglo-Saxons were remarkable for a patriotism quickened and deepened by a lively faith. Of such ancestors the King is a true lineal descendant. With him, therefore, as in the case of his grandmother, Queen Victoria, court ceremonies have taken upon them something in the nature of religious rites. Royal interest in the dwellings of the poor and the nursing of the sick was brought into courtly vogue during the last reign. *George V is the first King to have personally visited the mechanics, artisans, and factory-men of his realm in the places of their daily toil* and to have examined the sanitary, social, and religious conditions under which they work *as systematically as if he had been trained for a factory inspector.*

The 29th of July, 1917 (a Sunday), will long remain in the memory of every Sandhurst cadet who was at Camberley at that time. The King, Queen, and their daughter motored over from Aldershot, where they had spent several days, and, after a close inspection, His Majesty addressed the young men as follows:

You will soon become commissioned officers in the Army. As such you will occupy positions of the highest responsibility, that of command, in

the discharge of which the lives of others will be in your hands. At the Royal Military College you have learned the first principles of command, namely, to obey. Discipline is the bedrock of the whole military structure; without it an army is worse than useless. It is the growth of steady training, and, above all, of mutual confidence between officers and their men.

Always try to realise the individual characteristics of those you command; study their interests, supply their wants, ask nothing of them which you are not ready to do yourself. This war has shown with what devotion officers and men have stood by one another to the death.

You have reached the threshold of your career while the greatest world-war continues. Make use of your opportunities. Keep in mind the illustrious soldiers who, like you, have been trained within these walls. Emulate their deeds and do your utmost to carry on the glorious traditions of the British Army.

Their Majesties followed the cadets into the college chapel; and their departure, after the service, was made the occasion for a boisterous demonstration of loyalty. On the previous day the Sovereigns, Princess Mary, and the Duke of Connaught drove to the American camp at Bordon and inspected a regiment of Railway Engineers, whose commander is Col. C. H. McKinstry. After the King had addressed them the troops marched past, carrying their colours.

The most anxious days ever experienced by King George were those at the end of July, 1914, when

he and his Ministers were engrossed by their Herculean efforts to save the Empire from the indescribable horrors and miseries of war. The manner of man he is cannot be illustrated more strikingly than by recalling an incident which was recorded by the papers without comment on July 30. At the distribution of prizes at Newport (Isle of Wight) Grammar School on the previous day, a letter from the King was read offering his congratulations to Horace Cooper, the winner of the prize given by His Majesty "for the best boy in the school." At that great crisis in our history the Sovereign, a prey to anxiety, and perhaps dread, lest we should be dragged into the seemingly inevitable conflict, bethought himself of those Isle of Wight schoolboys, mindful of the pride they would feel at receiving from him a letter congratulating one of their fellows upon his success. It was a kindly and a Kingly act, performed to gratify an English schoolboy within a week of the dispatch of our ultimatum to Germany.

Three years later almost to a day I read in one of our evening journals * an article, by Mr. George A. Wade, on the subject referred to above—"The King's Prizes." "The King," said this admitted authority, "has shown even greater interest in education and in certain schools than either his father, Edward VII, or his grandmother, Queen Victoria. In a number of cases he himself has offered Royal prizes to schools in which he takes a special interest." To Dover College, we are told, His Majesty gives an annual scholarship of £30, tenable at Oxford, Cambridge, or Woolwich. This

* *Star*, August 1, 1917.

scholarship is "for general success and good work during the boy's school career." It recently fell to E. R. Bury, who went with it to Trinity College, Oxford. To "Wellington" (Berkshire) the King gives annually a gold medal, and also one to the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, as King Edward had done. Again, like his father, the King gives yearly a medal to King's Lynn Grammar School, the successful boy receiving it from His Majesty's own hands, either at Sandringham or in London. At Rugby School the writer of the best historical essay receives a "King's Medal." Mr. Wade quotes these words of Admiral Sir Arthur D. Fanshawe, K.C.B., when presenting, in His Majesty's name, the successful Dartmouth cadet with his well-won medal:

> To obtain his Sovereign's approval in the early stage of his career in the Service is the greatest honour any cadet can aspire to as a boy. For it is known that the King takes the deepest interest in all educational matters, that he wishes to foster study and expert training in every way, and that he is ever eager to discover and encourage true merit, hard and loyal work, as also that excellency of life and character which marks the best traditions of our Services, of our schools, and of our beloved country.

Possibly some few readers of the Papal futile peace suggestions which were circulated in August, 1917, remembered that in 1893 (March 23) King George, then Duke of York, accompanied his august mother to the Vatican and had a private audience of the Pope lasting about an hour. The King was then not quite twenty-eight.

A few years before his marriage, King Edward, when a little over eighteen, and on a six months'

tour, had a similar experience, Queen Victoria raising no objection when she was sounded concerning her son's desire to pay a courtesy visit to His Holiness. In a letter (February 15, 1859) to her uncle, the King of the Belgians, Queen Victoria wrote: "Bertie's interview with the Pope went off extremely well. He was extremely kind and gracious, and Colonel Bruce was present; it would never have done to have let Bertie go alone, as they might hereafter have pretended, God knows! what Bertie had said."

A fortnight later the Queen wrote to her uncle (King Leopold): "It is rumoured that you are going to Berlin to the Christening, but I doubt it! Oh! dearest Uncle, it *almost breaks* my heart *not* to witness our *first grandchild* christened! I don't think I *ever* felt so bitterly disappointed *about anything* as about this! And then it is an *occasion* so gratifying to both *Nations*, which brings them *so much* together, that it is *most* peculiarly mortifying! It is a *stupid law* in Prussia, I must say, to be so particular about having the child christened so soon. However, it is now no use lamenting; please God! we shall be more fortunate another time!"* The child whose christening Queen Victoria had longed to witness is the Kaiser of to-day.

A "Good Press" for the Royal House of Windsor—"Punch's" Tribute

Throughout July, 1917, the Mr. Dicks of the daily Press held the Crowned Head in constant remem-

* "The Letters of Queen Victoria." Edited by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1908.

brance, with the result that the omnivorous person facetiously termed the "general reader" greatly increased his knowledge of matters pertaining to both "cabbages and Kings." He learnt, probably to his surprise, if he was faithful to the *Daily News*, that

> The choice of "Windsor" to be the family name of the Royal House invades a very old monopoly. The present Lord Plymouth is Robert George Windsor-Clive, and is directly descended from William FitzWalter, who, having been made "Castellan of Windsor" by Henry I, assumed the designation of de Windsor from his office. Andrew de Windsor was created Lord Windsor in 1529; and the family, extinct in the male line, is represented in the female line by Lord Plymouth. Another invasion is the assumption of the title of Milford, which was vested in the family of Philipps, now represented by Lord St. Davids; and yet a third is Mount Batten, which is the name of an old-established Cornish family.

It could not fail to have gratified the Sovereign to read in the same paper (July 18, 1917):

> The King's Proclamation yesterday completes the process of stripping the British Royal Family of the German "degrees, styles, dignities, titles, and honours" which they have hitherto enjoyed. The new title is undeniably English, and sufficiently dignified; the motive which has led to the change is public-spirited; and the sacrifice involved ought not to be ignored. Men do not without pain break, even for the most worthy causes and the most substantial reasons, associations and traditions which have been the pride of their families for generations. The King has acted in this matter as he has acted throughout the war, with a self-effacing loyalty to the nation which deserves more recognition than it has received. Not many will be found to accuse the *Daily News* of an undue attachment to the institution of monarchy generally, or a proneness to adulation where high personages are concerned. We have spoken our minds about both quite freely in the past, when we believed their activities mischievous; and we shall do so again, upon just occasion, in the future. But *to deny to King George the*

praise which belongs to a man who in a very difficult position has done his duty with an exemplary modesty, diligence and good sense is to deny plain facts. If all our public men had shown an equally single-minded devotion to the public cause, an equal absence of disorderly personal ambitions, and an equal scorn of intrigue and " politics " in their worst sense, the history of the last three years would have been different indeed.

The *Daily Chronicle* assured the King that " Windsor, the new Royal surname, is not new to our peerage " :

It has formed the title or part of the title of many peers in the past. There was William de Wyndsore, who was made a baron by Richard II ; Lord Windsor de Stanwell, created by Henry VIII, who figured on the " Field of the Cloth of Gold," and Viscount Windsor of Blackcastle, an Irish peer, who subsequently, in 1711, became a peer of Great Britain under the title of Lord Mountjoy of the Isle of Wight. All these peerages are extinct now, but the Earl of Bute still retains among his many titles that of Earl of Windsor, which dates from 1796.

The same encyclopædic Daily Chronicler revealed the fact that :

Inquiries come as to the Royal reason for using the plural in the King's Proclamation changing his surname. It is, of course, a survival from the Roman Empire, when two Emperors, one in Italy and one at Constantinople, would issue identical decrees under their joint authority. Prior to that, kings were addressed, and themselves spoke, in the singular. King John used the plural in Magna Charta, so did Richard I in his charter to Winchester, but Henry II preferred the singular.

The new titles sound strange, and people—the few who have no graver questions to propose—ask, in some cases, why ? For instance, Milford Haven is not much of a place, you hear, and disparaging remarks are made as to its appropriateness, and the roundness of its name in the mouth of an announcing groom of the chambers. Nevertheless it is very much of a place, its name is honourable and round in the mouth anywhere, and full of dignity ; because Imogen was making her hard way

thither from the persecutions of the Court, disguised as the loveliest boy of Shakespeare's adventurous women. Excellent was the choice of such a title.

NOMS DE GUERRE

[" *Coburg* " *is the name of a common form of loaf.*]

The Royal House, determined to disown
Teutonic titles of unlucky omen,
Has added now to kindred names its own
Cognomen.

The East-End with its problems, like the West—
Loaves dear, bombs cheap—would gladly " put the kybosh "
On profiteers and on that other pest,
The sky-Bosch.

Thus, in accord, the highest in the land
Join with the proletariat—they've both a
Desire to see brought low the " Coburg " and
The " Gotha." *

I am permitted to add to my own impressions of the Sovereign these extracts " From a London Club Window," a vivacious article regularly appearing in the *Liverpool Daily Post*:

His subjects have no conception of the amount of work His Majesty gets through in a day, apart from all his public appearances. Hardly one of those owing him allegiance has so much put before him. The King is served by a marvellously efficient staff of secretaries, but he conscientiously investigates everything, and he is not a man of quick apprehension, which renders his task the more onerous. When he is going anywhere a

* *Punch* (with cartoon: " Long Live the House of Windsor!") July 25, 1917.

secretary prepares for him a brief digest of local topics and historical data. When he has to make a speech, Lord Stamfordham presents him with a suggested draft of what he should say, which His Majesty copiously annotates and alters before a fair copy is made. He is very punctilious about details, turns of phrases, and so forth. It is asserted that he has never yet put his signature to a single document without informing himself of its nature, and this in itself represents a prodigious amount of labour. He dislikes using a stylo, though he often carries one, but habitually uses a rather long-handled gold pen, which has a medium nib, and he writes his signature with invariable care. Like his father, he looks after his own multifarious private affairs with minute attention, and these past years has paid particular heed to the finances of the Duchy of Cornwall.

His Majesty at work occupies a rather deep arm-chair with a very high back, and when discussing anything sits somewhat askew in it and taps the table with his pen or pencil as he talks. Those around him are well aware of the obstinate tenacity of his opinions. Nothing modifies his view of a thing except on the grounds of public utility. He has very little leisure for reading, beyond what he devotes to studying the daily papers. When he takes up a book it is never a novel, but a volume of geographical exploration, and he is fond of studying the reports of the Geographical Society.

The King is not a man of many words, and though a good listener, he has not his father's knack of getting the utmost information out of everybody he came across. King Edward was blessed with an infinite curiosity on every subject and a portentous memory. King George possesses a conscientious feeling that he ought to set everybody at their ease, but his own range of interests is more limited.

What interests the King beneath his courteous, if perfunctory, general demeanour ? First of all his own children. He is the most domestic of men, the kindest of fathers, and always happy in the bosom of his family. It is no secret that the Queen has the main voice in directing the trend of the education of their children. But it must not be thought that the King is a domestic cypher. On the contrary, he not only occupies himself with every detail about all his offspring, but when he thinks it right he insists on having his own way. An example of this was when he appointed [the late] Major Cadogan Equerry to the Prince of Wales. This immeasurably benefited the Heir

Apparent, and was done on the suggestion of Lord Rosebery, with whom the King privately takes council. The King is the best father in England, and would have been perfectly happy as a private gentleman bringing up his children, who come to him with the utmost frankness and trustfulness on all occasions, whilst he idolises his daughter, who sometimes rather cleverly takes advantage of his goodness, and manages to evade the more stern behests of her mother.

His Majesty has a good appetite, and likes meals less restricted in length than those made fashionable by the example of King Edward. Unlike his father, he is fond of sweets, creams, ices, and fruit, whereas the elder Monarch preferred savouries. The King loves a good English cheese both at lunch and when he is dining quietly. He is a considerable smoker, though he rarely has more than one pipe a day, and cigarettes are for stray moments. He likes a choice, somewhat mild cigar.

Like his father, he is very keen on farming, and much interested in all that concerns the land; but he has practically no time for this. He would have made a capital country gentleman, but he would never have been an M.F.H., for he is not keen on hunting. His horses are all trained to be docile to a degree: not one of them will flinch at the loudest crack of a whip or if a pistol is fired off close to its ears.

Shooting he delights in, and had opportunity favoured him he would have been a big game shot of the most daring description. Being a thorough sportsman, he dislikes things being made easy for him, and, after the Durbar, at the great battue, he was annoyed at the wild beasts being so tamed; but it was pointed out to him that a huge "bag" had to fall to his own gun for the sake of native esteem in India. There can be no question that the shooting season is [or was] the most congenial part of the year to him, and in Scotland he insists on taking only his fair share of the excellent deer-stalking.

So far from being a ladies' man, as his father was, one is tempted to say that, apart from his wife and daughter, the King is completely indifferent to the fair sex. He is invariably markedly courteous to all ladies, but when left to his own devices his associates are solely men, and he seems to enjoy the occasional dinners he gives to male guests at Buckingham Palace. Nothing during his reign irritated him so much as the militant suffragette movement.

Queen Alexandra

The Empress Frederick wrote of her Danish sister-in-law: "Our good, sweet Alix! I have known many women who pleased all men, but never one who, like Alix, has gained the good word of her own sex without either arousing or exciting jealousy."

In these later years Queen Alexandra has been seldom seen fulfilling a ceremonious duty at a public gathering, but on May 7, 1917, she opened a bazaar held at the Royal Albert Hall in aid of the After-Care Fund of that patriotic institution, the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel in Regent's Park. Visitors had an opportunity of seeing a procession composed of eight princesses, seven marchionesses, and fair bearers of other titles, all taking an active part in the bazaar. There were seventy stalls, presided over by the Princess Royal, Princess Maud, Princess Victoria, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Alexander of Teck, Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein,* and among other well-known people Lady Londesborough (assisted by her daughter, Lady Irene Denison), the Countess of Clancarty, the Countess of Limerick, the Countess Curzon, the Countess Torby, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Portland, Lady Jellicoe, and Mrs. Lloyd George. Lady Pearson, wife of Sir C. Arthur Pearson, who has done so much for the sightless brave fellows at St. Dunstan's Home, presided over Stall No. 1.

* The Royal Princesses are described here by their former designations, which underwent a change on June 20, 1917.

In October, 1907, the Queen and her sister, the Empress Marie, who were then staying at their Danish residence, Villa Hvidöre, made their appearance at the Tuborg brewery, acccompanied by two of her brothers (the late King Frederick of Denmark and the late King George of Greece), the Russian Grand Duke Michael (brother of the ex-Tsar), Princess Victoria, and several of the Danish Princes and Princesses. All the processes of brewing were shown to them, and the workgirls were plied with questions about their wages and conditions of labour. Queen Alexandra surprised and amused her party by climbing to the roof of the brewery, 110 ft. high, whence a picturesque view of Villa Hvidöre is had, and requested that lager beer should be served to her guests. In conversation with the manager the Queen thanked him for the splendid gift of "convalescence beer," which the brewery sent for the use of the English troops during the Boer War. She accepted souvenirs of the visit, and the party drove off amid the cheers of the workers, who were granted a holiday for the rest of the day.

Very shortly after the death of King Edward I saw at several shops a post-card portrait of the widowed Queen which I felt certain portended trouble for the publishers; and on June 11, 1910, this official communication was sent to the Press: "We are requested to state that a photograph which has recently appeared in certain illustrated papers, and which represents Queen Alexandra as sitting to Mr. Wade, the sculptor, is one which was taken two years ago, when Her Majesty was giving sittings for her statue for the London Hospital.

The statement that Her Majesty 'wished that it should be circulated among the people' is without the slightest foundation, and the deepest regret has been occasioned by the creation of the entirely erroneous impression that the photograph in question is one of recent date."

The celebration in 1914 of Queen Alexandra's birthday was even more than in previous years an essentially family *fête*. What made the day particularly remembered by Her Majesty was the arrival of a congratulatory telegram dispatched by her soldier grandson from "the front," a birthday remembrance such as no member of our Royal Family had ever experienced. It was the fifty-first of Her Majesty's birthdays kept in her adopted country.

In May, 1911, a report, originating in a leading Paris journal, gained currency here that Her Majesty was engaged in writing a Memoir of her beloved consort intended primarily for circulation among her own personal friends, with possibly a public issue of the work later. The announcement had not the slightest foundation.

Had the Serajevo tragedy occurred ten days before, and not ten days after, the contest for the "Cup" in 1914, the King and Queen and Queen Alexandra would not have been seen at Ascot, accompanied, attended, or surrounded by an exceptionally large number of English and other Royal personages, e.g. the now ex-Dowager Empress Marie of Russia, "Queen" Augusta Victoria and her consort, the ex-King of Portugal; Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria (no longer "of Schleswig-Holstein"), the Duchess and

Prince and Princess Alexander, formerly " of Teck," and the Duchess of Albany. As they saw Mr. Fairie's five-year-old " Aleppo " win the trophy by three-quarters of a length their thoughts were as remote from war as from the Millennium. They may have read in that morning's papers (June 18) that on the previous day the German Emperor had opened the Hohenzollern canal from Berlin to the Oder, but even those who were not enthusiastic admirers of William II probably had nothing very wicked to say about him. They had not seen him, but were soon to see him, " in his true colours. . . ." In my paper (it was only a halfpenny then) the next morning I was assured that this particular Gold Cup day at Ascot was " the day of diaphanous frocks " :

'Tis of Ascot I sing, of the Queen and the King,
Of three Queens and two Kings as a fact ;*
Of the old and young " swells," of the beaux and the belles,
And the crowds which the races attract ;
Of the people who lose, and go home in the " blues "
(Like wethers who've strayed from their flocks),
And the elegant dames (see the papers for names)
Who appeared in Diaphanous Frocks.

Of stock—I mean hose—and other *belles choses*
I could readily rhyme by the yard,
And give you some thrills about fal-lals and frills,
But from that sort of thing I'm debarred.
I may not indite that Somebody's a " fright "
And says things productive of shocks ;
But chatter I may, just for once in a way,
About those Diaphanous Frocks.

Diaphanous ? Yes—very much so, I guess ;
But that doesn't trouble my mind.
There was no make-believe, nothing hid up the sleeve ;
Yet to censure would be most unkind.

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* Poetical licence.

The Queens, like the rest, were all in their best
Up there in the Royalties' box;
But I hasten to say, disbelieve me who may,
They were not in Diaphanous Frocks.

On September 7, 1914, the Chairman of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary received this letter:

It is my earnest desire to express through your kind medium my heartfelt thanks to the matron of your hospital for the response made to our appeal for nurses during the present terrible war crisis. Pray also accept my grateful appreciation of the prompt and untiring trouble taken in selecting them and sending them out with the shortest possible delay to the seat of war. May God bless their efforts.—ALEXANDRA.

In 1914–15 Queen Alexandra sent, through the Editor of the *Gentlewoman*, this charming message:

I wish to send to the women of the Empire at this great crisis in our history a message of hope and consolation for the New Year. You have been through a period of great suffering by the loss of dear ones, and many more sacrifices will yet be demanded of you, but I feel that they will be borne with that patience and fortitude which have supported and sustained you throughout the last five terrible months. You have suffered in a great and just cause, and my earnest prayer is that in your sorrow you may be consoled by the thought that those who are near and dear to you have died like heroes for their King and country. May God pour His infinite blessings upon you in whatever cala-

mities you are called upon to bear until the blessings of peace once more dawn upon us.—ALEXANDRA.

The Salvation Army has long had a warm supporter in Her Majesty, as evidenced by this letter:

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, PALL MALL,
June 3, 1914.

DEAR GENERAL BOOTH,—I am writing to you by command of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra to express to you and through you to the Salvation Army Her Majesty's most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the grievous loss of so many of your members through the terrible disaster to the *Empress of Ireland* in the St. Lawrence.

Her Majesty thinks it is so unutterably sad that the Canadian representatives who were coming over to England with such happy hearts to participate in your great International Congress on the 11th June should have lost their lives in such a sudden and awful way, and Her Majesty shares with you the great sorrow which has overtaken the Salvation Army, a sorrow which she knows must overshadow all those who are assembling from all parts of the world to take part in your memorable meeting.—Yours very truly,

(Signed) HENRY STREATFEILD,
Private Secretary to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

Elsewhere I have referred to Queen Alexandra's remembrances of her dead friends. She wrote on her cross of lilies and orchids, which was placed on the coffin at Edensor: "In remembrance of our dear Duke of Devonshire; in deepest sorrow and regret.—From ALEXANDRA." And there was this quatrain, in the Queen's hand:

When the day of trial is o'er,
When the race of life is run
Father, grant Thy blessed one
Rest and peace for evermore.

On her "Day" in 1915 Her Majesty wrote to the Duchess of Portland, president of the executive committee of the Alexandra Day Fund:

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, *June* 23, 1915.

MY DEAR DUCHESS,—I wish to take the earliest opportunity to express to you and to your Committee, and through you to all those who have helped and worked by organising, by selling, and by contributing towards "Alexandra Day," my most sincere and heartfelt thanks for their splendid work in the great cause of charity. The conditions under which "Alexandra Day" has been celebrated this year are so very different to former occasions that I have some difficulty in expressing what I feel. Then peace reigned, and all was happiness; now the dark cloud of war overshadows the country, and for this reason I am more than conscious of the strain imposed upon your workers, and am grateful to them. The tension and anxiety felt by all throughout the country is so great that anything in the shape of a display would be contrary to the feelings and instincts of our people; but I feel that the sale of roses in the streets to-day shows our object not only to assist the sick and suffering, but directly and indirectly to benefit our glorious wounded soldiers and sailors in our hospitals. The British nation is always ready to respond generously to such an appeal as has been made to-day, whilst to me it is my greatest pride and happiness that my name should be associated with an undertaking that brings comfort to those who are so sadly in need of it.

I wish to tell you how greatly I appreciate the co-

operation and help which the Mayors and chairmen of urban district councils in London and our provincial centres have given to the movement, and to them and their kind helpers I offer my very sincere and cordial thanks. I also desire to express my gratitude to the Lord Mayor for his kind assistance, and to his Administrative Committee for the work they have undertaken to distribute the Fund. The organisation which bears my name has spread throughout the Empire, and it is most gratifying to me to know that Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the West Indies are helping us to-day.

It is also a pleasant surprise to me to hear that over 150 Belgian ladies are giving their kind and welcome assistance to our cause. I would ask you especially to express to Miss Beeman, organising secretary of the Alexandra Day Fund, my very cordial appreciation of her untiring labours and my congratulations on the splendid success which has attended her efforts, and please tell your Committee and the ladies who so kindly undertook the task of selling the roses how greatly I value all their work and the time they have so generously given for the purpose.

In conclusion, I have only to say that the reception given me to-day, at such a moment, in my drive through the streets has touched me more than ever, and I can only thank every one from my heart and tell them how deeply I felt its warmth.

ALEXANDRA.

Never has Queen Alexandra held a warmer place in our hearts than now. Throughout the war she

has kept in close touch with and daily helped forward the patriotic movements. The war shrines strongly appealed to her sensitive nature. The first was placed outside the church of St. Mark, Kennington, on October 14, 1916, and unveiled and dedicated by Dr. Taylor, Bishop of Kingston. The Vicar, the Rev. John Darlington, was the recipient of this letter from Queen Alexandra's Private Secretary, Colonel Sir Henry Streatfeild: "Her Majesty wishes me to assure you of her sincere sympathy with this movement, particularly in the erection of memorials, with their rolls of honour, of those who have laid down their lives upon the field of battle for their King and country." For the Kennington shrine the parishioners were indebted to the *Evening News*, whose editor was honoured by a letter from Her Majesty, assuring him that she had "heard with much interest that nearly a thousand men of your parish, or connected with your church, are upon active service."

On the eve of the war the Lord Mayor received this letter from Queen Alexandra:

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
July 28, 1914.

MY LORD MAYOR,—I have already expressed, through Lady Wilton, my approbation of the splendid work carried out by the ladies and their fellow-workers in connection with the celebration of "Alexandra Day" this year, and I am desirous, now that the list of awards has been published, to convey to you and the Administrative Committee my sincere thanks for your kind co-operation and valuable help, as I feel that the wonderful success

which has been achieved is, in a great measure, due to the care and thought bestowed upon the management of the Fund by you and the gentlemen composing your committee.

I am glad to take this opportunity of again thanking all those who have worked so devotedly upon behalf of our hospitals and charitable institutions and I wish, especially, through you, to say how highly I appreciate the whole-hearted support given to the movement by the Mayors of the metropolis and also by the Lord Mayors and Mayors and by the local authorities of our great cities, towns, and districts throughout the country, who, by their efforts to promote the charitable cause which is so near my heart, have done so much to bring relief to our sick and suffering poor.

ALEXANDRA.

The communications addressed to the public by Queen Alexandra between 1863 and 1917 have never lacked felicitous phraseology, proof of which is given by the examples of her style which appear in these pages. Her patriotic preference for home-made "goods" was made clear in a letter (August 2, 1901) expressing her hope that "all ladies attending the Coronation would employ as much as possible materials made or ornamented in England." It is safe to say that these words were as much commented on by women and girls of all classes as if they had been penned on (if it be not treason to say so) an even more important subject.

On March 24, 1917, at Christie's, there was a Red Cross Art Sale of modern pictures and drawings. An album of drawings presented by Queen Alexandra

comprised twelve illustrations to the "Arabian Nights," by R. Westall, R.A., also nineteen landscape and river scenes by John Varley, and other drawings by Sir Digby Murray mounted on brown boards ruled around and inscribed in gold. Bidding rose from 100 guineas to 220 guineas, at which price Colonel Bretherton became the envied purchaser.

The First of December is a "date," marking, as it will do in 1917, the seventy-third birthday of the King's mother. The intrinsic value of birthday offerings is as naught to the illustrious lady, whom a book gratifies more than almost any other present. The most magnificent presents ever bestowed upon Queen Alexandra were those bearing the date of March 10, 1888, the "silver wedding" day of the Royal couple. At that time—and there is no necessity for disguising it to-day—the Courts of Berlin and St. James's were "on terms." But the aged Emperor William I, who had not become seriously ill until March 7, died unexpectedly on the 9th, and so the "silver" celebration was shorn of most of its lustre. Nevertheless, the gift of the ladies to "the Princess" was made, and presents and addresses, both public and private, flowed in; and Queen Victoria dined at Marlborough House on the evening of the *fête*, and did not get back to Windsor until midnight. Just over three months later (June 15) the Prince of Wales's brother-in-law, the new Kaiser Frederick, died, and Bismarck's "Young Man" began a reign the history of which has been and is being written in Red.

On July 27, 1917, Queen Alexandra, who, with Princess Victoria, paid a surprise visit to the

National Economy Exhibition, gave much attention to the black currants and cherries dried under the grill of a gas-stove. "But why do you put water with them?" she asked, pointing to a glass jar of broad beans. It was explained that the beans had already been dried. When asked by a rifleman to sign her name on a tray-cloth he had worked, Queen Alexandra said it would spoil the cloth to do that, but, smiling, she assented to the man's request. "I wouldn't sell it for the world," he said, showing the cloth to his comrades.

For the sixth successive year "Alexandra Day," or "Rose Day," was celebrated on June 20, 1917, and once more the popular idol drove through the streets in which the enthusiastic flower-sellers were posted in their white dresses and rose-trimmed hats. Her Majesty was accompanied, as heretofore, by Princess Victoria, and attended by the Duchess of Portland (Mistress of the Robes), the Hon. Charlotte Knollys (Lady-in-Waiting), General the Right Hon. Sir Dighton Probyn (Comptroller), and Colonel Sir Henry Streatfeild (Equerry), to see the sale of flowers which was being carried on in aid of the London hospitals and charitable institutions. No. 20 King Street, St. James's, had just become the New Red Cross Gift House for Prisoners of War, and as the Royal lady drove past she informally opened the new galleries, a fact of which the crowd in St. James's Street were at the time unaware. There was a scramble for the roses which Her Majesty smilingly threw from her carriage.

From the rose-sellers' baskets was suspended a large card, bearing this printed appeal:

Since the wild rose first blossomed in our streets six years ago

its gay little petals have carried £313,000 into our hospitals. Much of this sum came from the pennies of our working men nd women, but they would not know where to offer them if they did not meet the Wild Rose once a year. It also carries memories of Home and Love to country-bred hearts that toil in our City. Therefore, when you meet the Wild Rose greet it not only generously, but reverently, for the sake of our beautiful lady whose name it bears, and for its glad mission to our sick and sorrowful ones.

On returning to Marlborough House (June 20, 1917), Queen Alexandra wrote to the Duchess of Portland, president of the committee :

There is mourning and sorrow in many a home throughout the length and breadth of the Empire, but it is so wonderful how brave and resigned are all those who have lost their dear ones, and this is because I feel it is the fixed determination of all classes of the community to accept their losses with courage and devotion as a united people to bring victory to the Allied cause. As in former years, I was deeply touched by the affectionate welcome I received during my drive through the streets.

Her Majesty had previously sent a wreath to be placed on the large grave of the local children, victims of the raiders, buried in the East London cemetery on June 17. On the card attached to her wreath were the words : " In deepest sympathy with the poor bereaved parents who are mourning the loss of their beloved little children. ' Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'—From ALEXANDRA, June 20, 1917." The wreath was received by the Town Clerk of Poplar from the Rector.

The women and girls who get a living, or what passes for one, by selling flowers in the streets—at Piccadilly Circus and Charing Cross in particular—find their takings reduced on "Rose Day." Here, luckily for them, the Royal heroine of the day "comes in" with a gift to each one of half a crown every year. Included in this thoughtfulness are fifty or so match-sellers. On "Rose Day," 1917, Queen Alexandra invited some of the elder vendors of blossoms to Marlborough House, where they found a nice tea waiting for them.

A new experience came to Queen Alexandra on July 4, 1917, when she paid a surprise visit to a fuse manufactory, taking with her the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria, and Princess Maud. As the girls' sleeves were rolled up Her Majesty noticed tattoo marks on the arms of some of them. Her inquiry of one strapping damsel: "What are those marks?" elicited the answer: "That's the name of my sweetheart, please your Majesty. I had it put on my arm the day he went to France." As the Royal ladies were leaving the works there was a great rush of girls towards a barrier, which gave way, falling on several of the young toilers. The Queen would not leave until she had been assured that none of them had been hurt. She departed amidst cheers and "Good-bye, your Majesty!"

A *soirée* at the Copenhagen Yachting Club was attended by King Christian, nephew of Queen Alexandra, and brother of the King of Norway. Like his fellow-members the Danish Sovereign wore the regulation buttoned and gold-braided jacket. He had a pleasant word for all. When the ball began the King was sitting between two

ladies, whom he asked successively to dance. Later he extended his invitation to several others, his partners including a lady who is, or was at the time, one of the "stars" of the ballet at the Royal Theatre. This was quite in accord with the *convenances*, for in Denmark nearly all actresses belong to the best *monde*, and many of them are the wives of officers or dignitaries. Most of the ballet ladies —married women with families—are particularly accomplished, and the fact that the King danced with some of them was quite in conformity with the protocol and also with tradition. His Majesty looked on amusedly at the tango, but, needless to say, took no part in it.

At a function Queen Alexandra was followed by a venerable personage, with flowing white locks, which had evidently, in Thackeray's phrase, not "known the barber's shear" for a considerable time. People unfamiliar with Court officials wondered who the old gentleman, with a stick in one hand and an umbrella in the other, might be; and, a question to this effect being addressed to me, I replied: "Sir Dighton Probyn, Queen Alexandra's Comptroller of the Household. He was one of King Edward's men, 'belongs' to the Lady at Marlborough House, and is on intimate terms with King George, who puts one of the Royal carriages at his disposal whenever he requires it or is sent for by the King, as often happens."

He would probably like everything that is written about King Edward to be submitted to him before publication, so that he might censor anything of which he disapproved. A sarcastic person asked me, after the gathering of the eight stalwarts at

Buckingham Palace in 1914, if I thought Sir Dighton lent his valuable assistance in the drafting of that remarkable document which the King read to the *conférenciers*, and had the unexpected result of momentarily "putting the fat in the fire." I replied, evasively: "You should address your query to Lord Stamfordham, who knows more about this matter than any one else, except His Majesty, Mr. Asquith, and Lord Esher."

In the Park one of the fair members of the Rhododendron Club inquired: "Who wears those hideous straw Homburg hats that disfigure some of the shop windows, and that we read about in the papers? I never see the wretched things on any one's *head*." "I saw a straw-coloured one only to-day," I answered, "and it was on the head of Sir Dighton Probyn, who was being driven to the Palace in a Royal brougham; so you must not say that this quaint headgear is not *à la mode*. I remember when brown straw 'toppers' were modish; but that, my dear friend, was when you took your exercise in the Park in a 'pram.'"

"The Poorer they are the Louder they Cheer"

The late Mr. George Wyndham said of the Irish people: "They have never been given a channel for their loyalty"—which is somewhat enigmatical. Mr. Gatty, in his recently issued work,* narrates the part played by Mr. Wyndham (Secretary for Ireland at the time) during the historic visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra to the Green

* "George Wyndham Recognita." By Charles T. Gatty. London: John Murray. 1917.

Isle in 1903, which I have dwelt upon in the extensive section of this work devoted to King George's mother and her and his relatives. Mr. Wyndham wrote of this event: "To begin at the end, the situation was summed up this morning by a little girl, one of thousands and thousands of children who for days and days have done nothing but smile and cheer and wave and yearn towards the King and Queen. She said to the philanthropist who was marshalling them for the last good-bye: '*I am so glad that we may love the King now, because he spoke so nicely about the Pope.*'" The Dublin people will now learn for the first time how Queen Alexandra's heart went out to them. "The poorer they are, Mr. Wyndham, the louder they cheer," she said. As the Royal pair drove through the poorer streets of the Irish capital (writes Mr. Wyndham), "it brought tears to the Queen's eyes and a lump in my throat." Mr. Edward Stanhope wrote of his friend in the *National News* (October 7): "George Wyndham belonged to the gallant days of Charles I, or the glittering Court of Le Roi Soleil, rather than to the dull times of Victoria and the very practical days of Edward." As I read this book there came before me the vision of a beautiful woman on the lawns of Eaton Hall, on the eve of her marriage with that Lord Grosvenor who, had he lived, would have been Duke of Westminster. She was then Lady Sibell Lumley, who, some years after her first husband's untimely death, married Mr. George Wyndham, whose end was indeed saddening: their son died a soldier's death in September, 1914.

"My greatest wish," Queen Alexandra often said

in her childhood, " is to be loved." That desire has been gratified to the fullest extent.

Kaiser Stories

The Kaiser at Kiel on June 28, 1904, had toasted King Edward and the British Navy with eager enthusiasm, and shortly afterwards a German squadron had paid a visit to Plymouth, when its officers made the warmest protestations of friendship. The Kaiser's last visit to England (1911) was a very brief one, yet he found time to do, or attempt to do, a little business on his own account—business which, if the slang phrase be permissible, would enable him to " make a bit." For some time he had interested himself in a financial undertaking, a company " spec." An appointment was made, and the Kaiser, " shadowed," as usual, by his notorious spy, Steinbauer, was seen to enter a large block of offices in the City. The object of his visit was to talk over the scheme with its promoter. Something said by the Imperial blusterer at the outset of the interview exasperated the eminent financier, who unceremoniously left the room, banged the door, and entered an adjoining office, where a friend was anxiously awaiting news of what had passed. This gentleman had a large stake in the new scheme, and the insulted promoter was reporting to him the vulgar language used by William II, when the door was opened very gently and the Chief of the House of Hohenzollern entered, or rather crept in. He was now as obsequious as, two minutes before, he had been insufferably rude. Thinking, however, that this sudden change of attitude was only

simulated, and that there might be another "scene," the promoter's friend left the room, hoping that the Emperor had come in to apologise for his "bumptiousness," but might not have the grace to do so in the presence of a third person. In the result the Kaiser, recognising that the *Engländer* was a man who would stand no nonsense, made excuses for his rudeness and promised to go carefully into the matter when he got back to Berlin and would probably "take a hand" in the venture.

Not so long ago I met a gentleman who was one of the *personnel* on the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* in King Edward's time. It had fallen to his lot to see a great deal of the Kaiser when he was visiting his Royal uncle—to witness his braggadocio, listen to his platitudes, which (said my friend) so bored King Edward as to make him remark more than once: "I don't understand what the —— fool is talking about half the time!" It was also his duty (superlative honour!) to ply William II with champagne, "of which," added my informant, "he could put away any quantity."

When the Kaiser was moderately well behaved, and not putting on too much "side," his Uncle Edward was always very tolerant with him, perhaps because the elder believed the younger man to be, as he often declared, "as mad as a March hare." As they were strolling together before lunch one day the egregious Emperor remarked complacently: "My people look upon me as a god!" "Not when you're in mufti, William," rejoined the King, glancing at his nephew's shooting coat. But humour of this agreeably mild character was wasted upon

Queen Victoria's grandson, and failed to "touch the spot."

Another year, when the Kaiser was, as usual in the summer months, cruising in Norwegian waters, he found at Bergen an American man-of-war, lost no time in boarding her, and was entertained at the mess by the commander, one of the most popular officers in the United States navy. All went smoothly for a while, but suddenly the Emperor burst into a tirade against England, the English, and the then Prince of Wales. The Americans could not conceal their surprise at the contemptuous language used by the nephew of the future King Edward, and they were naturally disgusted when their guest impugned the moral character of his English relative, and spoke of certain ladies as "the women who are always at my uncle's heels." The actual words used by this miscreant were, I am assured, too vile to print. I write this on information derived from one who heard the Kaiser's outburst, which was *à propos* of nothing, and was a tissue of gross exaggerations, if not, as many of the listeners honestly believed, of lies, invented and uttered for the sole purpose of injuring the reputation of Queen Victoria's eldest son in the United States.

The Kaiser lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans. On one occasion, when he was cruising in the Mediterranean, he met with a British battleship, and signalled that he would like to pay her commander and his officers a visit. Admiral Allingham replied that he would be very pleased to receive His Majesty, who very shortly arrived, wearing

that uniform of an Admiral of our Fleet of which he professed to be very proud until the day in August, 1914, when, with a gesture of contempt, he declared to those around him that he would never don it again. It is unnecessary to say that he did practically all the talking while he was on board Admiral Allingham's ship.

When the Kaiser's prying brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, was on one of his numerous visits to this country, not so many years ago, a well-known member of our *Corps Diplomatique*, a man who had been on intimate terms for many years with the Kaiser and his brother, hastened to call upon the Prince. The Kaiser's brother threw his arms round his friend and burst into laughter at the latter's unceremonious greeting: "Well, you *jolly old spy*, how are you?" "No, old man," rejoined Prince Henry, very good-humouredly, "I am not a spy. I am just off to have tea with my old friend, Boyd Carpenter" (then Bishop of Ripon).

As the Kaiser sanctioned the publication of a pamphlet, written by one Wagner, an officer in the reserve, containing outrageous libels upon King Edward, so he allowed the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* (June, 1915) to print a farrago of abuse of King George, founded upon the honours conferred by His Majesty on Captain Bell for sinking a submarine which would otherwise have destroyed Bell's vessel and all on board. "There cannot be the least doubt," said the paper, "that, by this official action of the King, England has lost any claim to further observance by our submarines of the ordinary rules of naval warfare. It would be criminal weakness, of a kind which would rightly arouse England's

contempt, if we were to require our brave submarine men any longer to submit to the necessity of hailing and stopping English merchant ships before sinking them." This from a German!

The Newly Titled

The *Morning Post* (August 15, 1917) was first with the announcement that, " with the consent of His Majesty, Major-General Count Albert Edward Wilfred Gleichen and Countess Gleichen would in future be known as Major-General Lord Edward Gleichen and Lady Edward Gleichen, and his sisters, Countess Feodora and Helena Gleichen, as Lady Feodora and Lady Helena Gleichen, ranking as a younger son and daughters of a Marquis." By Royal Warrant of June 11, 1913, the personage formerly styled Count Gleichen was given precedence next to and immediately before Marquises of England; his wife was accorded a similar step, and two of his sisters (the ladies above mentioned) were allowed precedence next to and immediately before the daughters of Dukes of England.

Lord Edward and his sisters are the children of the late Prince Victor Ferdinand Franz Eugen Gustaf Adolf Constantin Friedrich of Hohenlohe-Langenburg (Württemberg), whose mother was Queen Victoria's half-sister. According to the memoir in the " Dictionary of National Biography " (written by Mr. Lionel Cust, F.S.A., " from private information ") Prince Victor ran away from his school at Dresden, and Queen Victoria got him into our Navy when he was fifteen. The Prince saw active service in the Crimea and in China, and

retired from the Navy on half-pay in 1866 owing to ill-health. In 1867 he was made a K.C.B. and (continues his biographer) given the comfortable position of Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle. Prince Victor married a daughter of Admiral Sir G. F. Seymour. As she was not of her husband's rank she could not (by a German law) use his title, and he assumed the name of Count Gleichen, a family title. In 1885 Queen Victoria overrode the German law, and the Count and Countess became Prince and Princess. This episode was ignorantly perverted by a writer in an influential journal on the death of Princess Victor (February, 1912): "Queen Victoria insisted on degrading Prince Victor and his wife to the rank of Count and Countess. But eventually they went to Court as Prince and Princess Hohenlohe-Langenburg. Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar were in a similar position, and claimed and got the same privilege."

Prince Victor, who died in 1892, is best remembered as Count Gleichen, the eminent sculptor, the profession followed by his daughter, now Lady Feodora; Lady Helena is also an artist of merit, with the brush. In his diary for January 13, 1883, the late Duke of Cambridge notes his visit to Woolwich on that date to witness the unveiling, in the Royal Academy enclosure, of the statue of the Prince Imperial. "Gleichen is the artist of this work, which has turned out remarkably well."

To the list of the newly titled was added on September 28, 1917, by Warrant under the King's Royal Sign Manual, the name of Anastasia Michailovna Wernher (hitherto known as Countess Anas-

tasia Michailovna Torby), wife of Harold Augustus Wernher, Esquire, Major in the Army. This lady, in the words of the Warrant, "shall henceforth have and enjoy upon all occasions the same style, title, place, pre-eminence, and precedence as the daughter of an Earl of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." This daughter of the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby is now styled Lady Zia Torby.

The King at Glasgow: The Queen at Coventry

While His Majesty was at Ibrox Park, decorating V.C.'s and workers amidst the cheers of 100,000 onlookers, the Queen and Princess Mary were at Coventry among its 40,000 women and girl toilers. Women constables saluted the Royal visitors on their arrival at the station, and their bodyguard was composed of schoolchildren, for whom, as for all the young (21,000 of them), September 18, 1917, was the day of days. What greater happiness can come to any woman than that which long ago came to Queen Mary—the knowledge that she is adored by the children of her country? And it is not only the very young who are at her feet; their grown-up sisters and their mothers are all under the spell of her gracious informality. At one of the Coventry factories there are small rooms each occupied by three girls toiling in what is classified as the "danger zone." "Are there often accidents here?" asked the Queen. "We have had only one fatality," replied a doctoress, dressed in khaki uniform. A girl employed at a factory presented

Her Majesty with a novelty—a bouquet made of vegetables grown on the firm's allotments. In the centre of the "nosegay" were small tomatoes strung together by carrots. During a busy day the Queen and her daughter visited the hostels, the housing colony, and other institutions, chatting with convalescent "Tommies," women inspectors, superintendents of the Women's Labour Exchange, and medical officers, and finally received a loyally tumultuous "send-off." "The Queen, God bless her! works as hard as any of us"—this was the verdict of the tens of thousands of humble toilers with whom Her Majesty was brought into contact between August, 1914, and October, 1917.

The King, by his hard work and sincere sympathy with the troubles and toils of his people, has beyond doubt in the most legitimate way increased the influence of the Crown in this country. An instance, for which I can personally vouch, of how the working class are touched by the King's genuine feeling has just come to my notice. A factory girl, living in a street injured by a bomb, was talking about his visit to the East End after the last raid. "He's got a nice mind," she said; "he couldn't have minded more if it had been his own street." That expression, his own street, deserves to become historic.*

The War has changed all that

I don't know why I am not popular. I go about as much as possible, and do everything it is in my power to do.

The expression of this long-vanished idea, this heart-cry, was the natural and inevitable outcome of the troublous times of 1912–14, when the United Kingdom was divided into two well-defined, irreconcilable parties; one for, the other against,

* Mr. Archibald Grove, the *Times*, October 30, 1917.

granting Home Rule to Ireland. That sovereign has yet to be born—he never will be born—who could be "popular" with all his or her people at such times as those. When a country is cleft in twain its sovereign is only "popular" with that section of the people with whom he is professedly in accord—those whose views he practically endorses by some positive act or declaration under his hand and seal—an act performed on the advice of his Ministers, or unperformed on the advice of the Opposition, if the members of that Party are willing and able to form a new Government. The condition of the United Kingdom in 1914 is depicted impartially in the first volume of this work, and needs no further mention here. Only the outbreak of the European conflict prevented a Revolution—that Civil War adumbrated by the King, with the full consent of his Ministers, in his address to the members of the Conference at Buckingham Palace. The immediate effect of the German-made war was to transform the King into an idol. And so he remains to this day. This well-deserved idolatry was thrust upon him by the People, and it will outlast his life. It was the great surprise of his reign. Such universal affection as Queen Alexandra's son has enjoyed since that world-astounding first week of August, 1914, has seldom, if ever, been the lot of any sovereign in Europe. This is more than "popularity," a vague phrase even at its best. It may wax, and it may wane. But affection endureth.

Mr. Gerard tells us that on one occasion Wilhelm II declared that "he would blow up Windsor Castle and the whole Royal Family of England" sooner than allow his own family to be

starved by the British blockade. The dynastic freemasonry of which we hear so much does not apparently extend beyond creatures like the ex-King of Greece. It is an unalloyed satisfaction to know that Wilhelm II hates our Royal Family. It should effectually silence the idiotic idea that some tenderness on the part of the King is responsible for Mr. Lloyd George's hesitation in proclaiming "No peace with the Hohenzollerns" as our policy.*

Coronation Aerial Post

An event of King George's reign was the temporary establishment of an aerial mail service, which came into being on September 9, 1911. In the afternoon of that day the late Gustave Hamel left the Hendon aerodrome for Windsor with the first "mails" ever so conveyed in this country. In a Blériot monoplane Hamel carried a small bag, weighing only twenty-five pounds, including letters sent by the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family, greetings from the Postmaster-General to postmasters abroad, messages from Ambassadors and the Lord Mayor, and a few newspapers. In all there were 1000 letters, cards, and journals. Hamel started at 4.58, delivered his mail to a Windsor postman at 5.13, and was back at Hendon at 5.31. He had covered thirty-eight miles in all. The aviator had intended to land on the East Lawn at Windsor Castle, but, owing to gusty winds, came down in a meadow close to the Royal Mausoleum. The Mayor of Windsor, Mr. Rushton, congratulated Hamel, and then sent this telegram to the Sovereign:

To His Majesty the King, Balmoral.

The Honorary Organising Committee of the Coronation Aerial Post present their loyal duty to the King and have the

* *National Review*, September, 1917.

honour to inform His Majesty that the first dispatch of mails left Hendon at 4.58 and arrived at Windsor Castle at 5.13.

The aerial mail-bag was forwarded from Windsor to Paddington by the six o'clock train, and the London letters and cards were delivered the same night, the card sent to me reaching me in St. James's Street long before I returned from Windsor. On the Saturday in question upwards of 100,000 envelopes and post cards were collected from the post-boxes.

Princess Mary and her Brothers

The Sovereigns may well be proud of the impression made upon the People by their only daughter, who, without effort, has gained the admiring goodwill of gentle and simple alike. Under her mother's careful guidance she has acquired all the accomplishments, not the least of which is a knowledge of modern languages and history. She is proficient in music, a good horsewoman, well practised in household affairs, and an earnest, indefatigable war-worker, who may be seen, with sleeves turned up, "hard at it" in a munitions canteen. In April, 1918, the Princess will be twenty-one.

Her second brother, Prince Albert, has long been in indifferent health, and in August had to leave his ship, "owing," said the official announcement (August 21, 1917), "to a return of the gastric trouble which caused him to be invalided in September, 1916."

Prince Henry is at Eton, Prince George at Dartmouth, and Prince John (aged twelve in July, 1917) remains the privileged jester of the family—a very happy family.

The Widowed Princess Christian

On Sunday, October 28, 1917, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein died at Schomburg House, Pall Mall, in his eighty-seventh year, and was buried at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on November 1. The Princess telegraphed to the Lord Mayor:

> Deeply touched by your and the citizens of London's warm sympathy, I beg you to accept my heartfelt thanks. There never was a truer Englishman or one more devoted to England than our beloved Prince.—Helena.

Princess Christian has made herself universally beloved by her kindly manner and the energy with which she has laboured for years in the cause of charity. At Windsor, and in the neighbourhood, where she has been so long the moving spirit of charitable work, she is adored, and this feeling found expression in the handsome present which was given to her by subscription among the inhabitants on the occasion of her silver wedding. She has always shown her readiness to assist in the cause of charity in London and in different parts of the country; and in the alacrity with which she has journeyed about in order to give a fillip to bazaars and concerts, she could challenge comparison with the Princess who in 1901 became Queen Alexandra.

Five children were issue of the marriage in 1866. Their eldest son, Prince Christian Victor, died at Pretoria in 1900, during the Boer War. Prince Albert still serves the Kaiser. Of the two daughters one, Princess Marie Louise (until recently "of Schleswig-Holstein"), married Prince Aribert of An-

halt, the marriage being dissolved in 1900. On May 12, 1876, Princess Christian gave birth to a son, who died of convulsions a week later.

On October 30, 1917, the London papers published the following :

In order to correct certain misapprehensions concerning H.H. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein which have appeared from time to time in the Press, we are authorised to state on the highest authority that, though His Highness, being still on the list of the reserve officers of the German army, was bound in honour to place his services at the disposal of Germany, he has throughout taken no active part in the war.

Honours for Women

In recognition of services rendered during the war the King instituted this year (1917) the Order of the British Empire and the Order of the Companions of Honour, to both of which women as well as men are eligible. The first is an Order of Knighthood, with five " classes " ; the second consists of one " class " only.

" Nicky " to " Dear old Uncle Ned "

A lady known to me was privileged to walk through the private apartments of King Edward, and noticed on the dressing-table an exceptionally beautiful cigarette case. She was scrutinising it very closely when the gentleman in attendance courteously said : " Take it in your hand and look at the inscription—it is interesting." She read : " *To dear old Uncle Ned. From his affectionate Nephew, Nicky.*"

King Edward and his Mother

Our late Sovereign, when Prince of Wales, being asked for his opinion on an important public matter, replied, with his wonted verve: "If I agree with my mother it is *useless* to say anything. If I disagree with her it would be *criminal* to say anything." * Victoria I is characterised in the "Life of Sir Charles Dilke" as the "strong-willed and obstinate Queen, hating Gladstone, and thwarting and obstructing him at every turn. The Prince of Wales," said Dilke, "is very sharp in a way; the Queen not sharp at all, but she carries heavy metal, for her obstinacy carries power of a kind."

Mr. Drury's Busts

The eminent Royal Academician, Mr. Alfred Drury, who enjoys universal celebrity as a sculptor, generously sanctioned the appearance here of his busts of King George and the late King Edward, now reproduced from photographs kindly furnished by the artist himself. The bust of our present Sovereign was exhibited outside the Royal Societies Club on the day of his coronation, and thousands of those who passed along St. James's Street admired and saluted it. Among Mr. Drury's principal works are the following: statues of Queen Victoria at Portsmouth and at Bradford. King Edward VII statue (ten feet high), in Garter robes, at Aberdeen; with on either side two large groups (nine feet), *Peace* and *Unity*, exhibited at the

* M. Carrère, in "L'Impérialisme Britannique." Paris: Perrin. 1917.

Royal Academy. King Edward statue (ten feet), in Field-Marshal's robes, at Sheffield; with three panels and inscription on a fifteen-feet pedestal; exhibited at the Royal Academy. Mural monument to King Edward, at Reading Infirmary. Marble bust of King George V, at Cartwright Memorial Hall, Bradford; exhibited at the Royal Academy, and reproduced in this book. Two large groups on piers, *East Africa* and *West Africa*, on either side of the entrance to the Queen Victoria Memorial in the Mall, in front of Buckingham Palace. Four panels and spandrels for the Queen Victoria Memorial, Calcutta. For St. Alban's Church, Holborn, a recumbent figure of the late Father Stanton; the *Pietà Renunciation* and the principal figures in the Lady Chapel. Mr. Drury has also to his credit numerous classical and other figures—his *Echo* and *Circe* of his early years, and *Innocence*, a more recent work. He also designed the sculptural decorations of the present War Office building, and the new entrance to the South Kensington Museum.

I am greatly indebted to Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co., Limited, the proprietors of *Punch*, for allowing the cartoon entitled "Long Live the Royal House of Windsor!" to be reproduced in this work. The King's happy idea could not have been more happily impressed upon his subjects throughout the Empire than by the gifted artist. On its appearance in the number dated July 25, 1917, the cartoon was acclaimed as "the best thing that *Punch* has ever done"; but that had been often said of previous successes achieved by the one humorous journal which continues to maintain its

popularity in all countries. In the present case it will not be disputed that, apart from its artistic excellence, the picture has an educational value which, in these times of "ferment," cannot be overestimated.

King George's Dog and "Cæsar"

En route to the Solent for what proved to be the last of the Cowes "Weeks" (1913) until after the war, I secured at a Southampton bookseller's what I found to be the most delightful little book I had ever read. Its title? It is the arresting one, "If I were King George"; and it is "By Happy, the King's Dog." And on the title-page I read the aptly quoted proverb, "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner." The booklet is inscribed, "To My King and Queen. They'll understand Happy." On the cover is a portrait of the author—the King's Dog: from a drawing by A. C. Michael, to whom my compliments herewith; also my warmest thanks to the publishers of this unique bijou volume, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, for kindly allowing me to reproduce, in this work about the King, the picture of this lovable "Happy." Now, how is one to review a book professedly written by—a Dog? It seems to me that I must atone for my critical deficiencies by attempting to briefly describe what this literary novelty is about. This, then, is how our author disrespectfully opens his story, in which His Majesty plays a leading part.

"Now, then, out of the way, old sobersided Stick-in-the-mud," I barked. "I do wish you'd get it into that melancholy old head of yours that *I'm* the King's dog now and that you're

not wanted here, moping about the Palace with your watery eyes and twisted mouth. That's right, put your ragged stumpy tail between your legs and slink away. It's *my* Palace now. I'm as happy as a King—I'm Happy, the King's dog."

But here an intervener's voice is heard—one whose word in, as well as out of, the Palace is Law, Constitutional Law.

"Quiet!" said King George. "Lie down at once, Happy. You don't understand."

Something in the King's voice made Cæsar turn his head as he mouched towards the door. I growled. It's rather fun quarrelling with old Cæsar now. . . . I really wasn't in the least angry with Cæsar . . . but, to my surprise, King George seemed most annoyed with me. "Outside, Happy! Now! at once!" said he sharply. . . . As I passed through the door I heard King George say: "Here, Cæsar! Poor old boy. Don't take any notice of him. *He doesn't understand.*"

His Majesty takes the precocious little animal for a stroll:

"Happy," he said, as if he were speaking to himself, "the King cannot be quite like other men, and I suppose they'll expect something different of the King's dog, too. I'm beginning to understand the beginning of what it means to be a King, and you've got to understand, too, little man. . . . No time now, Happy, to teach you. . . . Go and talk to Cæsar. *His* master understood better than any one else, and he had no secrets from his little dog."

Happy apologises to King Edward's dog for upsetting him. But Cæsar says: "Shut up! I was just the same myself. I don't blame you a bit. I understand." "You too?" I said. "Do *you* understand? Where did you learn it?" "From master—my dear, dead master," said Cæsar. . . . "If *I* were King George," said Happy, "I'd just *make* everybody understand." "You can't

do it that way," Cæsar replied, "you've got to persuade them ever so slowly, and teach them ever so carefully. Very few people know how to do it, and everything depends on how it's done. I've heard master say that lots of times." "Will King George know the way?" I asked anxiously. "Of course," said Cæsar, quite sharply. "Master will have told him. He's master's son, you see." There are many beautiful things about the Kings and the Queens in this unique little book.

Lord Morley and King Edward

The Empire and its illustrious Chief owe a debt of gratitude to Lord Morley * for his splendid tribute to King Edward. I find in it the amplest confirmation of the view I took of our late Sovereign's genius in State and diplomatic affairs as opposed to the belittling *Memoir* of the Sovereign which disfigured the "Dictionary of National Biography" in 1912. We have the octogenarian Peer, politician, author, and member of the Order of Merit, bracing himself up to record, in his superb English, the "true truth" about the immortal "Peacemaker." At the outset of the first of those Balkan crises which were the forerunners of the world-war Lord Morley, then holding high office, was at Balmoral, where (he records) he had to *discuss with King Edward the telegrams from the Foreign Office* and to transport himself "from the Ganges, Helmund, and Brahmaputra suddenly to

* "Recollections." By John Viscount Morley, O.M., Hon. Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. 2 vols., 25s. net. London: Macmillan. 1917.

the Neva, Spree, Danube, and Dardanelles" (the "Dictionary"-maker must make what he can of this, and of what follows, in the larger Memoir of King Edward which he announced some time ago he was writing).

Lord Morley says in a letter:

You know the *intense interest of the King* [Edward VII] *in foreign policy, and his intimate, first-hand knowledge both of the players and the cards in the Balkan game.* When I was up here last autumn he found time to take me two long drives through the forest, and splendid scenery it is. I did not much wonder when he told me that if he could have chosen his life he would have liked to be a landscape gardener. It will need a clever set of gardeners, with good strong axes, to trim the diabolic Balkan thickets. *I admired the diligence, attention, and shrewd sense with which he tackled the cunning tangle.* He made me take the long journey with him up to London alone in his special compartment; *red boxes with new supplies of diplomatic points at each of the few stations at which we stopped.*

"Full" Titles of Four Princes

The "full" titles of the former Duke of Teck, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and Prince Alexander of Teck were announced in the official *Gazette* only on November 9, 1917. They are as under:

Duke of Teck: Viscount Northallerton, Earl of Eltham and Marquis of Cambridge.

Prince Louis: Viscount Alderney, Earl of Medina and Marquis of Milford Haven.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG: Viscount Launceston, Earl of Berkhampsted and Marquis of Carisbrooke.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK: Viscount Trematon and Earl of Athlone.

A PARALLEL

What Lord Salisbury said of Queen Victoria is, I have heard from many lips, applicable to King George, especially since the Palace Conference in 1914—that he has become "the adviser of his advisers."

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